BAPT. GVARINI FER. AVTHORIS
OF PASTOR FIDO ÆT. SVÆ. LXIII
Not Mars is this, but learnd Apollo's Knight
Of Italie the glory, and delight.

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OF PASTOR FIDO ÆT. SVÆ. LXIII
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IL

PASTOR FIDO:

THE

Faithful Shepheard.

With an Addition of divers other

POEMS,

Concluding with a ſhort Diſcourſe of the long

CIVIL WARRES OF ROME.

By the Right Honourable
Sir Richard Fanſhawe *Knight.*

HORAT.

Patiarque vel inconſultus haberi.

LONDON,
Printed for *A. Moſeley*, and are to be ſold at the *Princes Arms* in St. *Pauls* Church-yard. 1664.

TO THE
HOPE and LUSTRE
Of Three Kingdomes,
CHARLES,
Prince of *Wales*, Duke of *Cornwal*, &c.

SIR,

Our Gracious Reception of Paſtor Fido, *when he was firſt preſented to You by your Servant, ſhewing that your* Highneſſe *doth not deſpiſe the meaneſt*

Shepherd, *if* Faithful; *is that which gives him boldnesse at this time, not only to* come again, *but also* (*being ambitious to advance his* Kindred *with* himself) *to bring his Brothers* (*the* additional Poems) *to partake the same honour.*

They are by him *as the elder and better Courtier, coming out of the School of* GUARINI, pre-instructed *to approach your* Royal Highnesse, *if not without* Rusticity *yet without* Irreverence: *And, to take up and minister such* Discourses *in your Presence, as* (*for the* Subject-matter *thereof, though in no other respect*) *may be in some sort fit for a Prince of your high Birth and Hopes to entertain vacant*

Hours

Houres with; at leaſt, that may not with any ſcurrility *offend at once both your* Dignity *and your* Vertue. *In fine,* Sir, (*ſuch as they are*) *he caſts both* them, *and* himſelf, *with all humbleneſs at your Princely feet. As doth alſo*

Your Highneſſe

Moſt faithful, and ever dutiful,

and obedient Servant,

Richard Fanſhawe.

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TO

To the most Illustrious, and most Hopeful Prince, CHARLES, Prince of WALES.

SIR,

WHilst I had the honour to serve your *Highnesse*, I did it (how weakly soever) with that fidelity and dutiful affection to your person, which found your gracious acceptance, together with some encouragement from your own mouth, to hope a new and more fixt relation to you in the future; the only suit I was bold to make: as having ever esteemed that to serve your *Highness*, would of it self be an abundant reward for having served you.

In

In the mean time I hold my ſelf bound to pay your *Highneſſe* ſome tribute of my hours of vacancy, preſenting to your Princely view for the preſent this *Italian Paſtoral*, into which the no leſſe wiſe than witty *Guarini* (having grown unprofitably grey in *Travel*, *Univerſities*, and *Courts*, as out of the fifth Act, where he perſonates himſelf under the name of old *Carino*, may be collected) infuſed whatſoever of excellent ſo eminent *Schools* could teach ſo apt a *Scholar*. His ſcope therein being to make a *Dernier effort* (as the French call it) or general muſter of the whole forces of his Wit, before his princely Maſter (the then Duke of *Savoy*) and withall

to

to insinuate and bring into that awful presence, in their Masking clothes (as I may say) such principles of Vertue, and knowledge *Moral*, *Political*, and *Theological*, as (peradventure) in their own grave habits, out of the mouths of severer Instructers, would not have found so easie admittance to a Prince in the heat of his youth, heightned with the pomp and flatteries that attend on Greatness, and with the glorious triumphs and felicities of his Royal *Nuptials* then celebrating: though this was the same *Charles Emanuel*, who proved afterwards in his riper years, by his Councels and by his prowesse, the *Bulwark* indeed of *Italy*, against the puissance

of

of the *great Henry* of *France* himself, your Highness most renowned Grandfather.

Your Highness may have seen at *Paris* a Picture (it is in the Cabinet of the *great Chancellor* there) so admirably design'd, that, presenting to the common beholders a multitude of little faces (the famous Ancestors of that Noble man); at the same time, to him that looks through a *Perspective* (kept there for that purpose) there appears only a single portraict in great of the *Chancellor* himself; the Painter thereby intimating, that in him alone are contracted the vertues of all his progenitors; or perchance by a more subtile philosophy demonstrating, how

the

the *Body Politick* is compoſed of many *natural ones*; and how each of theſe, intire in it ſelf, and conſiſting of head, eys, hands, and the like, is a head, an eye, or a hand in the other: as alſo, that mens *privates* cannot be preſerved, if the *publick* be deſtroyed, no more than thoſe little Pictures could remain in being, if the great one were defaced: which great one likewiſe was firſt and chiefeſt in the Painters deſign, and that for which all the reſt were made.

Juſt ſo our Author (expoſing to *ordinary view* an Enterlude of Shepherds, their loves, and other little concernments, with the ſtroke of a lighter pencil) preſents through the *perſpective* of the *Cho-*

rus,

tus, another and more ſuitable object to his *Royal Spectators*. He ſhews to *them* the image of a *gaſping State* (once the moſt flouriſhing in the world): *A wild Boar* (*the ſword*) depopulating the *Country*: the *Peſtilence* unpeopleing the *Towns*: their gods themſelves in the mercileſs *humane Sacrifices* exacting bloody contribution from *both*: and the *Prieſts* (*a third eſtate of miſery*) bearing the burthen of *all* in the *Chorus*, where they deplore their *own* and the *common* Calamity. Yet in the *Cataſtrophe*, *the Boar ſlain*; the *Peſtilence* (but this was before upon that miſerable compoſition with their Gods) *ceaſed*; *the Prieſts* above all others *exulting* with pi-

ous

ous joy: and all this miraculous change occasioned by the presaged Nuptials of two of Divine (that is, Royal) extraction; meaning those at that time of the *Duke* of *Savoy* with the *Infanta* of *Spain*, from which fortunate conjunction, he propheſies a final period to the troubles that had formerly diſtracted that State: *ſo much depends upon the Marriages of Princes.*

I am not ignorant (SIR) that this famous *Dramatick Poem* muſt have loſt much of the life and quickneſſe, by being poured out of one Veſſel (that is, one *Language*) into another, beſides what difference may be in the capacity and mettle of the

Vessels themselves (the *Italian* being transcendently both copious and harmonious,) and besides the unsteadiness of the hand that poures it; And that a *Translation* at the best is but the *mock-Rainbow* in the Clouds, faintly imitating the true one: into which *Apollo* himself had a full and immediate influence.

Yet because it seems to me (beholding it *at the best light*) a *Lantskip* of these Kingdomes, (your *Royal Patrimony*) as well in the former flourishing, as the present distractions thereof, I thought it not improper for your Princely notice at this time, thereby to occasion your Highnesse, even in your Recreations, to reflect upon

the

the ſad *Original*, not without hope to ſee it yet ſpeedily made a perfect *parallel* throughout; and alſo your ſelf a great Inſtrument of it. Whether by ſome happy Royal Marriage (as in this *Paſtoral*, and the caſe of *Savoy*, to which it alludes) thereby uniting a miſerably divided people in a publick joy; or by ſuch other wayes and means as it may have pleaſed the *Divine Providence* to ordain for an *end of our woe*; I leave to that Providence to determine.

To the AUTHOR Of this Translation.

Such is our pride, our folly, or our fate,
That few but such as cannot write, translate.
But what in them is want of wit, or voice,
In thee is either Modestie or Choice.
Whiles this restored work at thy command
Casts off the blemish of an Artless hand.
Secure of Fame, thou justly dost esteem
Lesse honour to create, than to redeem.
Nor ought a Genius less than his that writ,
Attempt Translation; for transplanted wit
All the defects of air and soil doth share,
And colder brains like colder Climates are:

In

In vain they toil, since nothing can beget
A vital spirit, but a vital heat.
That servile path thou nobly dost decline
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
Those are the labour'd births of slavish brains,
Not the effects of Poetry, but pains.
Cheap vulgar arts, whose narrownesse affords
No flight for thoughts, but poorly sticks at words.
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue
To make Translations, and Translators too.
They but preserve the Ashes, Thou the Flame,
True to his sense, but truer to his fame.
Foording his current, where thou find'st it low
Let'st in thine own to make it rise and flow.
Wisely restoring whatsoever grace
It lost by change of Times, or Tongues, or Place.
Nor fetter'd to his Numbers, and his Times,
Betray'st his Musick to unhappy Rimes,
Nor are the nerves of his compacted strength
Stretch'd and dissolv'd into unsinnewed length:
Yet after all (lest we should think it thine)
Thy spirit to his circle dost confine.
New names, new dressings, and the modern cast,
Some Scenes, some persons alter'd, bad out-fac'd
The world, it were thy work; for we have known
Some thank't and prais'd for what was less their own.

That curious hand which to the life can trace
The airs, the lines, and features of a face;
May with a free and bolder stroke expresse
A varyed posture, or a flatt'ring Dresse;
He could have made those like, who made the rest,
But that he knew his own design was best.

JOHN DENHAM.

The Scene ARCADIA.

THE SPEAKERS.

SILVIO,	Son to *Montano*, & contracted to *Amarillis*.
LINCO,	An old man, servant to *Montano*.
MIRTILLO,	In love with *Amarillis*.
ERGASTO,	Friend to *Mirtillo*.
CORISCA,	A wanton Nymph, in love with *Mirtillo*.
MONTANO,	The chief Priest, Father to *Silvio*.
TITIRO,	Father to *Amarillis*.
DAMETA,	An old man, servant to *Montano*.
SATYRO,	An old gouty fellow, in love with *Coriſca*.
DORINDA,	In love with *Silvio*.
LUPINO,	A Goat-herd, servant to *Dorinda*.
AMARILLIS,	Daughter to *Titiro*.
NICANDRO,	Chief Miniſter to the Priest.
CORIDON,	In love with *Coriſca*.
CARINO,	An old man, ſuppoſed Father to *Mirtillo*.
URANIO,	An old man, Friend to *Carino*.
MESSENGER.	
TIRENIO,	A blind Prophet.

CHORUS of { *Shepherds.* *Hunſmen.* *Nymphs.* *Prieſts.*

ALFEO. F.

IL PASTOR FIDO.

THE PROLOGUE,

Spoken by *Alfeo*, a River of *Arcadia*.

IF from old Fame, and peradventure not
Believ'd at all by you, or elſe forgot,
O'th Amorous Brook ye heard the wonder ever,
Which to purſue the coy and flying River
Of his beloved Arethuſa, *ran*
(O force of Love!) piercing the Ocean,
And the Earth's hidden bowels, to that Iſle,
Where underneath the huge Etnean Pile
Upon his back the kicking Gyant lies,
Spitting deſpightful flames at hoſtile Skies,
And leaves it doubtful to the world that's under,
If heav'n at him, or he at heaven thunder:
That Brook am I. Though what you have been told
Ye may, your eys ye cannot doubt. Behold!
Leaving my loved Nymph, and thridding back
That well known way where I had made a track
Through the great waters, I in perſon riſe
And view (with tears of gladneſs in mine eys)
That antient and that venerable earth,
From whoſe cold entrails I receiv'd my birth,

Not thrall'd and ſlundered (as of late) but free
And beautiful as it was wont to be.
O my dear Mother! O Arcadia, *known*
By me thy ſon, though ſo long abſent! own
Thy dear, and (being improv'd by travel) now
Thy great Alfeo, *and as fam'd as thou.*
Theſe be the ſtreets once ſo renown'd, theſe be
The woods where the old ruſſet honeſty
Did live and dye: unto this only nook
O'th iron world, when ſhe her flight had took
From ſinful men, the golden age retir'd.
Here (that which elſewhere is in vain deſir'd)
Freedom unſtrain'd, and from ſuſpicion free,
Flouriſh'd in peace and ſweet ſecurity.
An unarm'd people had for their defence
A wall of Vertue, and of Innocence,
Stronger than that whoſe living ſtones were laid
About great Thebes, *whilſt he that built it playd.*
For when tumultuous war flam'd moſt in Greece,
And other her more warlike Provinces,
Arcadia *arm'd, to this bleſt part alone,*
This Sanctuary, there was never known
The leaſt Alarum, the leaſt ſound to come,
Or of a friends, or of an en'mies Drum.
And ſo much Corinth, Thebes, Mycene *hop't*
To triumph o're their foes, as they were propt
By this good people, and their care were held,
Who were the care of Heav'n, whom heav'n upheld.
A bleſſed mutual bulwark they did prove,
Thoſe to theſe here, and theſe to thoſe above:

Thoſe fought with weapons, and theſe fought with Pray'r,
Nor though each here a ſhepherds habit ware,
And bore the name; yet either in his meen,
Or exerciſes, was the ſhepherd ſeen.
But ſome would place themſelves as ſpyes to pry
Into the ſtars and Elements (the high
Secrets of Heav'n and Nature) others here
Were wholly giv'n to chaſe the fearful Deer;
Others, whom glory had inflamed more,
T' encounter with a Bear, or tusked Boar.
Some ſwift in running, ſome were terrible
At Barriers, ſome in wraſtling did excell;
One threw a dart, another drew a flight,
Both hit with cunning the intended white.
Some one thing, ſome another did affect,
(Each as his mind and fancy did direct)
The ſacred Muſes moſt, Virgins of yore
In high eſteem, though now deſpis'd and poor.
But how tranſported hither where the Po
Falls into Dora, *is* Arcadia *now?*
This is the cloyſter ſurely, this the cave
Of ancient Erycina, *and that brave*
Aſpiring Temple yonder is the ſame
Was conſecrated to great Cynthia's *name:*
How then remov'd? What new-come power can ſo
Tranſplant a Land, and all the People? O
Royal Infanta, *but a child in age,*
Yet ev'n already as a Matron ſage!
The vertue of your Name, power of your Blood
Great Catharina (*now 'tis underſtood*)

Wrought this; from that great House descended, which
New Kingdoms daily, and new worlds enrich.
Those great effects which we as wonders view,
Are natural and usual things with you.
As by that Sun which from the East doth rise,
So many excellent varieties
Are brought into the world, herbs, flowers and trees,
So many beasts, fowl, fish, in earth, air, seas:
So by the living Sun of your bright eys
(Which in the new more worshipt West did rise)
New Provinces from every Clime about,
New Realms, new Laurels, and new Trophies sprout.
Low as my bottom then I bow to you,
Majestick Daughter of that Monarch, who
Enjoys an Empire, so August, so great,
That Phœbus *in it doth both rise and set:*
And Wife of him, to whose breast, hand, and wit,
Heaven did the walls of Italie *commit.*
But Alpian rocks are needed now no more,
Bulwarks, nor horrid cliffs to stand before
Fair Italie, *securer in your guard,*
Than in those hills which have her entrance barr'd.
That bulwark so invincible in war,
You make soft Peace's Temple, where from far
Men come to worship her. Long live as one
Ye Royal pair; this fair Conjunction
Presages Christendom again shall boast
Those many Eastern Scepters she hath lost.
This is a field worthy of none but you
(Magnanimous CHARLES*) and a field trodden too*

By your brave Anceſtors. This Land is great,
Great are your names, great blood in you is met;
Great your deſigns, your minds, and your aſpects,
Great off-ſpring too, and deeds the world expects.
But whilſt I propheſie, and Fate prepares
Circles of gold to crown your ſilver hairs,
Diſdain not (mighty Souls) *this flowry wreath*
Gather'd on Pindus *by thoſe Maids that breath*
Life in dead men. Poor offring (I confeſs)
Yet ſuch as, if Devotion it expreſs,
Even Heaven it ſelf diſdains not: And if from
Your ſmiling heaven a fav'ring gale ſhall come,
This Lute, which from its gentle warbling ſtrings
Sending ſtill Muſick to your ears, now ſings
Soft Loves, and pleaſing Hymeneal Rites,
Shall turn a Trumpet to proclaim your Fights.

Actus Primus.

Scena Prima.

SILVIO, LINCO, *with Huntſmen.*

Sil. GO you that lodg'd the Monſter, as y'are wont
Amongſt the neighb'ring Sheepcoats, raiſe the Hunt.
Rowſe eys and hearts with your ſhrill voice and horn;
If ever in *Arcadia* there were born
A Shepherd, who did follow *Cynthia*'s Court
As a true lover of her rural ſport,
Within whoſe Quarry-ſcorning mind had place
The pleaſure or the glory of the Chaſe,
Now let him ſhew that courage and that love,
By following me, where in a little grove
To Valour a large field doth open lye,
That dreadful Boar, I mean, that Prodigy
Of Nature and the Woods, that huge, that fell,
And noted'ſt Tyrant that did ever dwell
And reign in *Erimanthus*; the fields mower,
The mowers terror: Go you then before,

And

And do not only with your early Horn
Anticipate, but wake the drowsie morn.—*Exeunt Hunts.*
We, *Linco*, will to prayers, this perilous Chase *sounding.*
(Heav'n being our guide) we may more boldly trace.
" That work which is begun well, is half done,
" And without Prayer no work is well begun.
Lin. Thy worshipping the Gods I well commend,
But not thy troubling them who do attend
The Gods: The Priests as yet are all asleep,
To whom day springs yet later, where the steep
Surrounding hills a short Horizon make.
Sil. To thee whose heart is hardly yet awake
The whole world sleeps. *Lin.* O *Silvio*, *Silvio*,
Why did frank Nature upon thee bestow
Blossoms of beauty in thy prime, so sweet
And fair, for thee to trample under feet?
Had I thy fresh and blooming cheek, Adieu
I'ld say to beasts, and nobler game pursue.
The Summer I would spend in feasts and mirth
In the cool shade, the Winter by the hearth.
Sil. How's this? Thou art not *Linco* sure, for he
Such counsel never us'd to give to me.
Lin. "Counsel must change as the occasion doth;
If I were *Silvio*, so I'ld do insooth.
Sil. And I, if I were *Linco* would do so,
But as I am, I'll do like *Silvio*.
Lin. Fond youth, for a wild Beast so far to roam,
Whom thou must hunt with danger: when at home
One's safely lodg'd! *Sil.* Dost thou speak seriously?
How near is it? *Lin.* As thou art now to me.

Sil.

Sil. Th'art mad. *Lin.* Thou art. *Sil.* In what wood doth
Lin. *Silvio*'s the wood, and cruelty the beaſt. (he reſt?
Sil. Mad I was ſure! *Lin.* To have a Nymph ſo fair,
(Rather a Goddeſs of perfections rare)
Freſher and ſweeter than a Roſe new blown,
Softer and whiter than an old Swans down,
For whom their lives not at this day a ſwain
So proud 'mongſt us but ſighs, and ſighs in vain:
To have, I ſay, this matchleſs Paragon
By gods and men reſerv'd for thee, nay, thrown
Into thine arms without one ſigh or tear,
And thou (unworthy!) to diſvalue her?
Art thou not then a beaſt? a ſavage one?
Rather a ſenſleſs clod, a ſtock, a ſtone?
Sil. " If not to be in love be cruelty,
" Then cruelty 's a Vertue: Nor do I
Repent, but boaſt, I lodge him in my breaſt
By whom I've conquer'd Love, the greater beaſt.
Lin. How couldſt thon conquer (ſilly Idiot)
VVhom thou ne're try'dſt? *Sil.* In that I try'd him not.
Lin. O hadſt thou try'd him *Silvio*, and once found
In mutual Lovers what true joyes abound,
I know thou'ldſt ſay, O Love, the ſweeteſt gueſt,
VVhy haſt thou been an alien to this breaſt?
Love, leave the woods, leave following beaſts, fond boy,
And follow Love. *Sil.* *Linco*, I take more joy
In one beaſt caught by my *Melampo*, far
Than in the love of all the Nymphs that are.
Keep they thoſe joyes unto themſelves alone
That find a ſoul in them; for I find none.

Lin.

Lin. No soul in LOVE (the worlds great soul)? But fool
Too soon (believe 't) thou'lt find he is all soul:
(Perchance too late;) for "hee'll be sure before
"We dye, to make us all once feel his power.
And (take my word) "worst torment none can prove
"Then in old limbs the youthful itch of love:
"All tampring then will but exaspirate
"The sore. If Love a young man wound, he straight
"Balms him again, hope holds up sorrows head,
"And smiles revive him, if frowns strike him dead;
"But if an aged man those flames endure,
"Whose own defects his own repulse procure,
"Then, then the wound is unsupportable
"And mortal; then the anguish is a Hell:
"Then if he pity seek, it is a curse
"To go without it, and to gain't a worse.
"Ah! hasten not before th' appointed day
"The curse of dayes; for if when thou art gray
"Thou learn to love, 'twill breed a double sense,
"Of thy youth's pride, and age's impotence.
Leave, leave the Woods, leave following Beasts, fond Boy,
And follow Love. *Sil.* As if there were no joy.
But these Chimera's in a Lovers head,
Of strange Eliziums, by his feavour bred!
Lin. Tell me if in this jolly Month of *May*,
When earth is clad in all her best array,
In stead of bladed fields, brooks uncontroul'd,
Green woods and painted meeds, thou shouldst behold
Bald fields and meads, brooks bound with Ice, the Pine,
The Beech, the Ash, the Oak, the Elm, the Vine,

And

And Poplar, like inverted Sceletones,
Stand deſolate, ratling their naked bones;
Wouldſt thou not ſay, Nature is out of tune,
The world is ſick, and like to dye in *June*?
Now the ſame horror which thou wouldſt receive
From ſuch a monſtrous novelty, conceive
At thine own ſelf. " The all-diſpoſing Heav'n
" To ev'ry age hath proper Humors giv'n:
" And as in old men love abſurdly ſhows;
" So young men enemies to love oppoſe
" Nature and Heav'n. Look *Silvio* round about,
Examine the whole Univerſe throughout:
All that is fair or good, here, or above,
Or is a Lover, or the work of Love.
Th'all-ſeing Heav'n, the fruitful earth's a Lover,
The Sea with love is ready to boyle over.
Seeſt thou yon Star of ſuch excelling hew,
The Suns Poſtillion? That's a lover too:
Nor is exempted from her own ſon's laws,
But feels that paſſion which her beauties cauſe.
Perchance this very hour too ſhe did part
From her ſtoln ſweets, and Him that keeps her heart.
Mark what a wanton eye ſhe has! In woods
Rough Bears, the crook-backt Dolphin loves in floods,
And ſluggiſh Whales; That little bird which ſings
So ſweetly, and ſo nimbly playes the wings,
Flying from Tree to Tree, from Grove to Grove,
If he could ſpeak, would ſay, *I am in love.*
But his heart ſayes it, and his tongue doth ſay't
In language underſtood by his dear Mate:

And

And *Silvio*, heark how from that wilderneſs
His dear Mate anſwers, *And, I love no leſs.*
The Cows low in the Valley; and what's this
But an inviting unto amorous bliſs?
The Lyons roar in ſolitary Groves,
Not for their prey, but for their abſent Loves.
All things that are, but *Silvio*, are in love,
The burthen's that: Here, round us, and above,
No ſoul but *Silvio* is a foe to joy.
Leave, leave the woods, leave following beaſts, fond boy,
And follow Love. *Sil.* Had I my tender years
Committed to the care of thy gray hairs,
That thou ſhouldſt thus effeminate my heart
With love? Knowſt thou who I am? who thou art?
Lin. Thou art a man (or ſhouldſt be one) and I
Another; what I teach Humanity.
And if thou ſcorn that name (which is my pride)
Take heed, inſtead of being deifi'd;
Thou turn not beaſt. *Sil.* That monſter-taming King,
From whom my lofty Pedegree I bring,
Had never grown ſo valiant, nor ſo fam'd,
If firſt the monſter Love he had not tam'd.
Lin. See fooliſh youth, how idly thou talkſt now!
Had great *Alcides* been no Lover, how
Hadſt thou been born? Rather, if he orecame
Monſters and men, to love impute the ſame.
Knowſt thou not yet, that to comply with fair
Omphales humour, he not only ware
(Inſtead of the fierce Lyons rugged skin)
Womens ſoft robes, but taught thoſe hands to ſpin,

And

And hold a feeble diſtaffe, which did bear
The knotty Club? His interludes theſe were
Between his Acts; And when his ribs were beat
With dear bought Conqueſts, he would then retreat
Into her lap (the bay of ſweet delight)
As in Love's port to be new-built for fight.
" His ſighs from his paſt toyls ſweet breathings were,
" And ſpirits ſtrengthning him new toyls to bear.
" For as the iron, of it ſelf too rough,
" And of a harſh unmalleable ſtuffe,
" Softned with fire, and gentler metal, ſtrength
" From weakneſs gathers, and becomes at length
" Fit for the nobleſt uſe: ſo hearts untam'd,
" (Which their own ſtifneſs often breaks) enflam'd
" With generous Love, and with his ſweets allay'd,
" Are clearer, apter for great Actions made.
If th'art ambitious then to imitate
Great *Hercules*, and not degenerate
From thy high ſtrain, ſince woods thou doſt affect,
Follow the woods, but do not love neglect;
I mean ſo lawful and ſo worthy love
As that of *Amarillis*. I approve
(So far from blaming that as crueltie)
Thy ſhunning of *Dorinda*: For in thee
Who ſtandſt upon thy blood, 'twere double ſhame
To ſcorch thy breaſt with an unlawful flame,
For injuring thy Spouſe. *Sil.* What ſay'ſt thou man?
She is not yet my Spouſe. *Lin.* Was there not than
A promiſe ſolemnly receiv'd and giv'n?
Take heed proud Boy, how thou provokeſt Heav'n.

Sil.

Sil. 'Man's freedom is heav'ns gift, which doth not tak
'Us at our word when forced Vows we make.
Lin. I, but (unleſs our hopes and judgments fail)
Heav'n made this Match, and promis'd to entail
A thouſand bleſſings on't. *Sil.* 'Tis like that there
Is nothing elſe to do; a proper care
To vex the calm reſt of the gods above!
Linco, I like nor this, nor t'other Love.
I was a Huntſman, not a Lover bred;
Thou who art all for love, go back to bed.
Lin. Thou ſprung from Heav'n, harſh boy? nor of di
Can I ſuppoſe thee, nor of humane Line. (vin
Alecto's poyſon thy cold limbs did faſhion;
Sweet *Venus* had no hand in thy creation.

Scena Secunda.

MIRTILLO, ERGASTO.

Mirt. O *Amarillis*, Authreſs of my flame, (name
(Within my mouth how ſweet now is thy
But in my heart how bitter!) *Amarillis*,
Fairer and whiter than the whiteſt Lillies,
But crueller than cruel Adders far,
Which having ſtung (leaſt they ſhould pity) bar
Their ears, and flie; If then by ſpeaking I
Offend thee, I will hold my peace and dye.
I'll hold my peace, but what will that do good,
If hills and dales roar for me, and this wood

Which

Which thy dear name can ne're forget, from me
So often heard, and carv'd on every Tree?
The winds shall sigh for me, the Fountains shed
Abundant tears, grief mourn, and pity plead.
Or couldst thou bribe whole Nature with a fee
To silence, lastly Death shall speak for me:
Hee'll thunder 't out, and to the world proclaim,
I dy'd a Martyr in my true Loves flame.

Erg. Mirtillo, "Love is a great pain at best,
"But more by how much more it is suppreſt.
"For as hot Steeds run faster at the check,
"Than if you laid the reins upon their neck;
"So love restrain'd augments, and fiercer grows
"In a close Prison, than when loose he goes.
Why hidst thou thy flames cause so long from me,
When the effect could not concealed be?
Mirtillo burns: how often have I said?
But inward burns, and will not call for aid.

Mirt. Courteous *Ergasto*, out of my respect
To her (alas) I did my self neglect:
Nor would my festring passion yet unfold,
But that necessity hath made me bold.
I hear a buzzing rumour every where
(Which to my heart finds passage through my ear)
That *Amarillis* shortly weds; nor dare
Ask more, lest so I should my love declare,
Or prove my fear too true. Full well I know
(Nor hath Love strook me blind) that in my low
And slender fortunes, it were simple pride
To hope a Nymph so shap't, so qualifi'd,

So

So rais'd in wealth, in ſpirit, and in blood,
Above all theſe, ſo gentle, and ſo good,
Can e're be mine: No, I have tane the height
Of my unhappy Star, my ſullen Fate
Made me for fuel only, born to ſmother
In fires, I cannot kindle in another.
Yet ſince Fate's pleas'd I ſhould affect death more
Than life, at leaſt I'ld have her know before,
That ſhee's beholding to me for my death,
And deigne when I ſigh out my lateſt breath
To caſt her fair eyes on me, and ſay, *Dye.*
This reaſonable boon obtain would I,
That ere ſhe go to make another bleſt
In having her, ſhee'ld hear me ſpeak at leaſt,
But once, my dear *Ergaſto.* Now if love
Or pity of me thy ſoft entrails move,
Procure me this, this phyſick only lend,
To make the paſſage eaſie to my end.

Erg. From one that loves, a juſt, from one that dyes,
A ſmall requeſt: yet a hard enterprize.
Woe be to her, ſhould her ſtern father hear
That to ſtoln prayr's ſhe ere had lent an ear!
Or if ſome baſer pick-thank ſhould diſcloſe
It to the Prieſt her father-in-law! Who knows
But out of theſe reſpects ſhe may eſchew
Thy company, and yet affect thee too?
" For women are more prone to love than men;
" But to conceal't have more diſcretion then.
And if 'twere true that ſhe did love thee, what
Could ſhe do leſs than ſhun thee for all that?

" Sh

" She that wants power to help listens in vain;
" And flies with pity, when her stay breeds pain;
" And I have heard 'tis still the wisest course
" To quit that soon, which one must quit perforce
Mir. O were this true, and could I think it so,
Sweet were my pain, and fortunate my woe!
But dear *Ergasto* (hide it not from me
So help thee *Pan*) who may this Bridegroom be
So lov'd of all the Stars? *Erg.* Dost thou not know
(I'm sure thou dost) that famous *Silvio*,
Silvio the rich, the gallant and the fair,
The Priest *Montano*'s only Son and Heir?
'Tis he. *Mir.* O happy youth, whose joy appears
So ripe for harvest in his spring of years!
Pardon me gentle Swain, I envy not
Thy happiness, but mourn my own hard lot.
Erg. Indeed there is no reason to envy,
Rather to pity him. *Mirt.* To pity? VVhy?
Erg. Because he loves her not. *Mirt.* And hath he wit?
Hath he a heart? Is he not blind? — And yet
VVhen I consider with what full aspect
Her starry eys their influence direct
Into my breast, she cannot have a dart
Left in her quiver for another heart.
But why do they a gemm so precious throw
To one that knows it not, and scorns it so?
Erg. Because the Heav'ns did through this Marriage
Into *Arcadia* long ago presage
Deliverance. Hast not thou heard that here
Is paid to the great Goddesse ev'ry year

Of a Nimphs guiltlesse blood a cruel and
Unconscionable tribute by this Land?

Mirt. 'Tis news to me; nor let that strange appear,
Since I my self am but a stranger here,
And since I came (by Fate's decree and Love's)
Almost a constant Burgesse of the Groves,
But what strange crime deserv'd so sharp a doom?
How could such monstrous crueltie find room
In a Coelestial mind? *Erg.* Of me then know
From the first head the torrent of our wo:
A Storie that would tears of pitie wrest
From heart of oak, much more from humane brest.
VVhilst yet the Priesthood was not ty'd to age,
A youthful Swain of noble Parentage,
Then *Dian*'s Priest (*Aminta* was his name)
The Nymph *Lucrina* did with love enflame.
All creatures of her sex exceeded she
As much in beauty as unconstancy.
She long requited, or at least to sight
(If looks and eys have tongues) she did requite
The pure affection of the Love-sick lad,
And fed his hopes whilst he no Rival had.
But when a rustick Swain her favour sought,
(See now a perfect woman!) in a thought,
She left the former, with one sigh was shook,
VVith the faint batt'ry of one amorous look:
Her hearts new guest now takes up all the room,
Dislodg'd *Aminta* e're he knew for whom.
Hapless *Aminta*! who from that day forth
VVas to abhorr'd, held of so little worth,

By that ungrate whom he did ſtill adore,
That ſhe would neither hear nor ſee him more.
If this unkindneſſe cut the wretch to th' heart,
If he ſigh'd, wept, and rav'd, to thee who art
Acquainted with Love's pangs, I leave to gueſs.
Mir. O 'Twas a torment no man can expreſs!
Erg. When then his tears & prayers he had caſt
After his heart, to *Dian* turn'd at laſt;
If ever with pure heart Goddeſſe (quoth he)
And guiltleſſe hand I kindled flame to thee,
Revenge my faith, which a perfidious Maid
Under ſafe conduct of her ſmiles betraid.
The Goddeſs (gentler than the Nymph was) hears
The faithful Lovers and her ſervant's tears
And prayr's: and pity kindling her juſt ire,
By oppoſition did augment the fire
Her powerful bow into her hand ſhe took,
And in *Artadia's*, wretched boſome ſtuck
Arrows of death and catching Peſtilence
Inviſible, and therefore without fence.
Without remorſe they execute her rage
Without reſpect on every ſex and age.
Nor Antidotes nor Med'cines here avail'd,
Nor flying now; weak Art her Maſter fail'd:
And oft, whilſt he the remedy apply'd,
Before the Patient the Phyſician dy'd.
The only hope that's left is from the skie,
So to the neareſt Oracle they flie,
Which ſoon return'd an anſwer clear enough,
But above meaſure terrible and rough;

That Cinthia *was incenst, but that the Land*
Might be reliev'd, if by Aminta's *hand*
That faithlesse Nymph Lucrina, *or some one*
For her, of the Arcadian Nation
Were as an offring to Diana *slain.*
So she, when long sh' had pray'd, long wept in vain,
And long expected her new Lovers aid,
To th' holy Altars like a Bride array'd,
And with what pomp Religion could devise,
VVas led a miserable Sacrifice.
VVhere at those feet from which hers fled so fast,
(The feet of her Idolater) at last
Bending her trembling knees, she did attend
From the offended youth a cruel end.
The sacred knife he boldly did unsheathe,
Rage and revenge his nostrils seem'd to breathe,
His eys to sparkle; turning then to her,
Said with a sigh, (death's hollow messenger,)
VVhom thou hast left *Lucrina*, and whom took,
Learn by this blow: And with that word he strook
Himself, and plung'd the knife in his own brest
To th' haft: In one both Sacrifice and Priest
Fell bleeding at her feet, whilst she (amaz'd
To see that dire unlookt for object) gaz'd
As one 'twixt life and death, nor yet did know
If grief had stab'd her, or the threatned blow.
But when she found her tongue again, and knew
Distinctly what was acted there, O true,
O brave *Aminta*, (bathing in a flood
Of tears) she said! O Lover, understood

Too late! who by thy death doſt give to me
Both life and death. If in forſaking thee
I ſinn'd; lo, I redeem that ſin of mine,
Wedding my ſoul eternally to thine.
This ſaid, that knife freſh reeking with the gore
Of the now lov'd in death, and purpled ore,
She drew from his pale breſt, and in her own
Sheath'd it again; then willingly ſunk down
Into *Aminta*'s arms, who yet had breath,
And felt perchance that lightning before death.
Such was this pair of Lovers tragick fall,
'Cauſe he kept too much faith, ſhe none at all.

Mir. O hapleſs ſwain, yet happy in his Love,
Having ſo rich occaſion to approve
His ſpotleſſe faith, and dying to revive
That ſpark in her he could not being alive!
But what became then of the poor diſeas'd?
Did the plague ceaſe? was *Cynthia*'s wrath appeas'd?

Erg. It did relent, but was not quite put out:
For the ſame month (the year being wheel'd about)
It burſt out with more fury, and did make
A dire relapſe: This forc'd us to betake
Our ſelves unto the Oracle agen;
Which utter'd now a ſadder doom; *That then*
And yearly, we to Nights offended Queen
A Maid or Wife ſhould offer, paſt fifteen
And ſhort of twenty; by which means the rage
Which ſwallow'd thouſands, one death ſhould aſſwage.
Moreover a hard law, and weighing well
The nature of that ſex, impoſſible

To keep; a law in bloody letters writ
On wretched women was impos'd by it;
That whatsoever Maid or Wife should prove
In any sort a changeling in her love,
Unless some friend would pay the penalty
Instead of her, should without mercy die.
This dire, this national Calamitie
The good old man hath hope to remedie
By means of this desired Match; because
The Oracle after some little pawse
Being ask'd again what end our woe should have,
To our demand this punctual answer gave;
Your woe shall end when two of Race Divine
Love shall combine:
And for a faithlesse Nymphs apostate state
A faithful Shepherd supererogate.
Now there are left in all *Arcadia*
Of heavenly Stock no other slips this day
But *Silvio* and *Amarillis*; She
From *Pan* descended, from *Alcides* He.
Nor had there ever (to our much regret)
Of those two Lines a Male and Female met,
As now there do: whence the believing Father
Great hopes of good not without cause doth gather.
For though the things foretold by th' Oracle
Be not fulfill'd yet in each particle,
This is the fundamental point; the rest
Is still reserv'd in Fates own secret brest,
And of the Marriage one day shall ensue.

Mir. And all this do *Mirtillo* to undoe?

What a long ſwing is fetcht! what armies band
Againſt one heart half murther'd to their hand!
Is't not enough that cruel Love's my foe,
Unleſs Fate too conſpire my overthrow?

Erg. Alas, *Mirtillo!* grieving does no good,
" Tears quench not Love, but are his milk and food.
'T ſhall ſcape me hard, but ere the Sun deſcend
This cruel one ſhall hear thee, Courage friend:
" Theſe ſighs refreſh not (as thou doſt ſuppoſe)
" Thy burning heart; but rather are like thoſe
" Impetuous winds, which in a Town on fire
" The bellows are to blow and fan it higher:
" Love's whirl-winds, bringing to poor Lovers ever
" Black clouds of grief, which ſhowers of tears deliver.

Scena tertia.

CORISCA.

WHo ever ſaw, what heart did ever prove
So ſtrange, fond, impotent a paſſion? Love,
And cold Diſdain; a miracle to me
Two contraries ſhould in one ſubject be
Both in extremes! I know not how, each other
Deſtroy, and generate; enflame, and ſmother.
When I behold *Mirtillo's* every grace,
From his neat foot to his bewitching face,
His unaffected carriage, ſweet aſpect,
Words, actions, looks, and manners, they erect

Such flames of love, that every paſſion
Beſides ſeems to be conquer'd by this one,
But when I think how dotingly he prizes
Another woman, and for her deſpiſes
My almoſt peerleſſe face (although I ſay't)
On which a thouſand eys for alms do wait,
Then do I ſcorn, abhor, and loath him more
Than ever I did value him before,
And ſcarce can think it poſſible that he
Had ever any intereſt in me.
O if my ſweet *Mirtillo* were mine own,
So that I had him to my ſelf alone!
(Theſe are my thoughts ſometimes) no mortal wight
More bliſs could boaſt of than *Coriſca* might!
And then I feel ſuch kindly flames, ſo ſweet
A vapour riſe, that I could almoſt meet
His love half way; yea, follow him, adore
His very ſteps, and aid from him implore:
Nay, I do love him ſo, I could expire
His ſacrifice in ſuch a pleaſing fire.
Then I'm my ſelf again: And what (ſay I)
A proud diſdainful boy! one that doth fly
From me, and love another! that can look
Upon this face of mine, and not be ſtrook!
But guard himſelf ſo well as not to die
For love! Shall I, that ſhould behold him lie
Trembling and weeping at theſe feet of mine
(As many better men have done) incline
Trembling and weeping at his feet? O no!
And with this thought into ſuch rage I grow

Against my self, and him, that sounding straight
Unto my eyes, and fancy a retreat;
Mirtillo's name worser than death I seem
To hate, and mine own self for loving him;
Whom I would see the miserablest swain,
The most despised thing that doth remain
Upon the earth; and if I had my will,
With mine own hands I could the Villain kill.
Thus like two Seas encountring, Hate and Love,
Desire and Scorn in me dire battel move:
And I (the flame of thousand hearts, the rack
Of thousand souls) languish, and burn, and lack
That pity I deny'd to others. I
Who have in Cities oft been courted by
Gallants and wits, to whom great Lords have bent,
And yet withstood vollies of complement,
Squadrons of Lovers, jeer'd their idle fires,
And with false hopes deluded their desires;
And now enforc'd t'a rustick swain to yield
In single fight t'a fellow that's unskil'd!
O thou most wretched of all womankind
Corisca! Where couldst thou diversion find
Hadst thou no other Lover? how assuage,
Or by what means deceive thy amorous rage?
Learn women all from me this housewifery,
Make you conserve of Lovers to keep by.
Had I no sweet heart but this sullen Boy,
Were I not well provided of a joy?
" To extream want how likely to be hurl'd
" Is that ill housewife, who in all the world

" But

" But one Love only, but one Servant hath?
Coriſca will be no ſuch fool. " What's faith?
" VVhat's conſtancy? Tales which the jealous feign
" To awe fond girls: names as abſurd as vain.
" Faith in a woman (if at leaſt there be
Faith in a woman unreveal'd to me)
" Is not a vertue, nor a heavenly grace,
" But the ſad penance of a ruin'd face,
" That's pleas'd with one, cauſe it can pleaſe no more,
" A handſome woman ſought unto by ſtore
" Of gallant youths, if pleas'd with one alone
No woman is, or is a fooliſh one.
" VVhat's beauty (tell me) if not view'd? or view'd,
" If not purſu'd? or if purſu'd, purſu'd
" By one alone? VVhere Lovers frequent are,
" It is a ſign the party lov'd is rare,
" Glorious and bright. A womans honour is
" T' have many Servants: Courtly Dames know this
VVho live in Towns, and thoſe moſt practiſe it
VVho have moſt wealth, moſt beauty, and moſt wit.
'Tis clowniſhneſs (ſay they) to reject any,
And folly too, ſince that's perform'd by many,
One cannot do: One Officer to wait,
A ſecond to preſent, a third to prate,
A fourth for ſomewhat elſe; ſo it doth fall
Out oft, that favours being general
No favours ſeem: or jealouſie thus thrown
To whet them, all are eaſier kept than one.
This merry life is by great Ladies led
In Towns, and 'twas my fortune to be bred

VVith one of them; by whose example first,
Next by her Rules, I in Loves art was nurst
Up from my childhood: she would often say,
" *Coriſca*, thou must use another day
" Thy Lovers like thy garments, put on one,
" Have many, often shift, and wear out none.
" For daily conversation breeds distast,
" Distast contempt, and loathing at the last.
Then get the start, let not the servant say,
H'as turn'd his Mistress, not she him, away.
And I have kept her rules: I've choice, and strive,
To please them all: to this my hand I give,
And wink on him, the handsom'st I admit
Into my bosome; but not one shall get
Into my heart: and yet I know not how
(Ay me!) *Mirtillo*'s crept too near it now.
He made me sigh, not sigh as heretofore
To give false fire, but true flames to deplore;
Robbing my limbs of rest, my eyes of sleep,
Ev'n I can watch till the gray morning peep
(The discontented Lovers truce;) ev'n I
(Strange change!) to melancholy walks can fly;
And through the gloomy horrors of this Grove
Trace the sweet footsteps of my hated Love.
VVhat wilt thou do, *Coriſca*? sue? my hate
Permits not this, nor stands it with my State.
VVilt thou then flie him? That would shew more brains,
But Love sayes no to that: VVhat then remains?
First I will try allurements, and discover
The love to him, but will conceal the Lover;

I'll

I'll uſe deceipts, if that avail me not;
And if thoſe fail me too, my brain ſhall plot
A brave Revenge: *Mirtillo* ſhall partake
Hate, if he ſpurn at Love; and I will make
His *Amarillis* rue, that ſhe was ere
A Rival unto me, to him ſo dear.
Laſt I will teach you both what 'tis to move
A woman to abhor where ſhe did love.

Scena Quarta.

TITIRO, MONTANO, DAMETAS.

Tit. I Speak *Montano* what I know is true,
And ſpeak to one who knows more than I do.
" Your Oracles are ſtill obſcurer far
" Than we imagine: and their anſwers are
" Like knives, which if they warily be caught
" By that ſafe part which for the hand was wrought,
" Are uſeful; but if raſhly they be tane
" By th' edge or point, one may be hurt or ſlain.
That *Amarillis* (as thou argu'ſt) ſhould
By Heav'n be deſtin'd for the gen'ral good
And ſafety of *Arcadia*, who ſhould rather
Deſire and joy, then I who am her Father?
But when I mark the words of th' Oracle,
Methinks with thoſe the ſigns agree not well.
If Love muſt joyn them, and the one doth flie,
How can that be? How can the ſtrings which tie

The

The true Love's knot be hatred and diſdain?
" That cannot be oppos'd which Heav'ns ordain:
Since then we ſee ſuch oppoſition here,
That Heav'ns did not ordain it, is moſt clear.
Had they been pleas'd that *Silvio* ſhould have had
My *Amarillis*, they would him have made
A Lover, not a Huntſman. *Mont.* Doſt not ſee,
He's young, not yet ſeventeen? In time ev'n he
Will feel the dart of Love. *Tit.* A dog hath got
His love: I know not why a Nymph ſhould not.
Mont. " Youths are inclined more to recreation.
Tit. " And is not love a nat'ral inclination?
Mont. " Before the time 'tis an unnat'ral thing.
Tit. " Love is a bloſſom which adorns our ſpring.
Mont. " Your forward bloſſoms ſeldom come to good.
Tit. " They ſeldom fail where froſts nip not the bud.
But came I hither to diſpute with thee,
Montano? I nor can, nor fits it me.
Yet I'm a Father too of a moſt dear
And only child; and (if Love do not blear
My eyes) a worthy one; ſuch (under favour)
That many woo'd me, and ſtill do to have her.
Mont. Were not this Marriage made in heav'n by Fate,
'Tis made in earth by Faith, to violate
Which (*Titiro*) were raſhly to prophane
The godhead of great *Cynthia*, in whoſe Fane
The ſolemn Oath was taken. Now how ready
She is to wrath, and how incens'd already
Againſt this Countrey, thou art not to learn.
But I profeſs, as far as I diſcern,

And

And a Priest's mind rap't up above the sky
Into th' eternal counsels there can pry,
This knot by th' hand of Destiny was knit,
And all those signs which should accompan' it
(Have thou but Faith) will fall out jump and right
In their due time. I'll tell thee more; this night
I in my dream a certain thing have view'd,
VVhich my old hopes hath more than ere renew'd.
Tit. "Dreams are but dreams: but well, what didst thou
Mont. Thou dost remember, I presume (for who (view
Amongst us all is such a stupid wight
As to forget?) that lamentable night
VVhen swelling Ladon (weary of his yoke)
The banks with his rebellious waters broke;
So that where birds were wont to build their nests,
Usurping fishes swam, and men, and beasts,
And flocks, and herds promiscuously tane
Th' impartial deluge swept into the Main
That very night (O bitter memory!)
I lost my heart, or rather that which I
More dearly priz'd, a child, a tender one
In swathing bands, and then my only son.
Both then and since (though he be dead) as dear
To me, as if my only son he were:
The cruel torrent ravish'd him away
Before the people of the house (who lay
In darkness, fear and sleep buri'd alive)
VVith any timely succour could arrive:
VVe could not find the empty Cradle neither,
But (as I guess) that and the child together
VVere

VVere swallow'd by the flood. *Tir.* VVhat else can be
Suppos'd? I think I've heard (perchance from thee
This loss of thine before, in very truth
A miserable one, and full of ruth;
And I may say, of thy two sons the Floods
Have swallow'd one, the other's lost i'th' Woods.
Mont. Perhaps kind Heav'ns in the surviving brother
Will make me rich amends yet for the other:
'Tis always good to hope. Now list me out:
'Twas at the dawning of the morn, about
That mungrel hour which gotten betwixt night
And day, is half an Ethiop and half white,
When having watch't out all the night almost,
With various fancies of this Marriage tost,
Quite overcome at length with weariness,
A gentle slumber did mine eyes oppress,
Which with it such a lively vision brought,
That though I slept, I was awake. Methought,
On fam'd *Alfeo*'s bank I angling sate
Under a shady Beech, there came up straight
A grave old man, down to the middle bare,
His chin all dropping, and his grisled hair,
Who with both hands, and countenance benine
Put a nak'd weeping infant into mine,
Saying, *Lo here thy Son, and take good heed*
Thou kill him not; then div'd into the reed.
With that, black clouds obscur'd the Heavens round,
And threatning me with a dire tempest, frown'd.
I to my bosome clapt the babe for fear,
And cry'd, Shall then one hour both give and bear

Away

Away my joy: Straight all the welkin turn'd
Serene, and thunderbolts to ashes burn'd
Fell hissing in the River, with bows broken
And shafts by thousands, signs which did betoken
Extinguisht vengeance; then a shrill voyce brake
From the riv'd Beech, which in his tongue thus spake
Believe Montano, *and thy hope still nourish,*
Thy fair Arcadia *once again shall flourish.*
So ever since in my eyes, mind, and brest
The pleasing figure of this dream's impreſt,
Standing before me still in every place;
But above all, the courteous meen and face
Of that old man (methinks I see him wet)
Which made me coming now, when thee I met,
Directly to the Temple, there with pure
And holy Sacrifice my Dream t' insure.

Tit. " Truly *Montano*, Dreams are Histories
" Of what is past, rather than Propheſies
" Of what's to come: Meer fragments of some sight,
" Or thought of the past day, which prints at night
" A vain reflection of it self, like those
" Which in a cloud the Sun opposed shows.

Mont. " Not alwayes with the senses sleeps the soul:
" Rather when she is free from all controll
" Of cousening forms, which do the senses blind,
" Whilst they re asleep, more wakeful is the mind.

Tit. In short: how Heav'ns have destin'd to dispose
Of our two children, neither of us knows.
But this is clear to both of us, thine flies,
And againſt *Nature's* law, doth *Love's* deſpiſe.

And

And mine (as't proves) is ty'd; her ſelf yet hath
No benefit of her engaged faith.
Nor do I know whether ſhe love or no:
That ſhe makes others love, full well I know;
And can I think it probable that ſhe
Should others wound, and go her ſelf ſtill free?
Methinks of late ſhe's alter'd in her chear,
Who us'd all mirth and jollity t'appear.
'But to put Maids in mind of marrying,
'And then not marry them, is an ill thing.
'As in a curious Garden a fair Roſe,
'Which (cloyſtred up in leaves) did late repoſe
'Under the ſable canopie of night
'Upon its mother-ſtalk, with the firſt light
'Raiſes its head, then opes its tender eye,
'Whence whiſpring Bees ſuck Nectar as they fly;
'Then to the Sun which on its form doth gaze,
'Its purple and perfumed breſt diſplays:
'But if it be not gatherd then, and ſtay
'Till it be kiſt by the Meridian Ray,
'Before the Sun to th'other world be fled,
'Upon its mourning ſtalk it hangs the head;
'So pale, ſo ſhrunk, ſo without life it ſhows,
'That one can hardly ſay, This was a Roſe.
So a young Virgin, whilſt her Mothers care
Shuts and preſerves her from the blaſting air,
Shuts her own boſom too againſt deſire:
But if ſhe find ſome amorous youth to eye her,
And hears him ſigh, ſhe opes him ſtrait her heart,
And in her tender breſt receives Love's dart.

'Then if by fear, or elſe by maiden ſhame,
'She be with-held from ſhewing of her flame,
'(Poor ſoul!) Concealment like a worm i'th' bud,
'Lies in her Damask cheek ſucking the blood:
'So all her beauty's gone, if that fire laſt,
'And all her Lovers when her beauty's paſt.

Mont. Take courage *Titiro*; do not embaſe
Thy ſoul with mortal fears, but nobly place
Thy hopes above; 'Heav'n favours a ſtrong faith,
'And a faint prayer ne'r clomb that arduous path.
'And if all men ſhould pray to Heaven at need,
'And pray with hope, much more ſhould Heavens owe
Our childrens pedigree it is Divine, [ſee
'And Heaven that ſhines on all, will ſurely ſhine
'On its own Progenie. Come *Titiro*,
Together to the Temple let us go,
Together offer, thou a hee-Goat there,
To *Pan*, and I to *Hercules* a Steer.
'The Gods who bleſſe the Herds, will bleſſe no leſſe,
'Them, who the Gods do with thoſe bleſſings bleſſe.
Truſty *Dametas* go, and quickly cull
From my fair Herd the beſt and gentleſt Bull;
And bring him to me to the Temple ſtraight;
Come by the hill, the neareſt way is that.

Tit. And good *Dametas*, from my Herd bring one
Of the beſt Goats. *Dam.* Both ſhall with ſpeed be don
May the high Gods pleas'd in their goodneſſe be
To bleſſe (*Montano*) this thy Dream to thee,
Ev'n to thy utmoſt wiſh: this memory
Of thy loſt Son is a good augury.

Scena Quinta.

SATYR.

'AS frost to Plants, to ripened Ears a storm,
'To Flowers the mid-day sun, to Seed the worm,
'To Stags the toyls, to Birds the lime-twig; so
'Is Love to man an everlasting Foe.
And he that call'd it fire pierc'd well into
Its treach'rous nature; for if fire thou view,
How bright and beautiful it is? Approach it,
How warm and comfortable? But then touch it,
O how it burns! The monster-bearing earth
Did never teem such a prodigious birth:
It cuts like Razors, like wild beasts devours,
And through a wood like winged lightning scowrs,
Where-e're it fixes its imperious foot,
Cottage and Pallace, all must yield unto't:
So Love, if thou behold it in a pair
Of starry eys, in a bright tresse of hair,
How temptingly it looks! what kindly flames
It breaths! what peace, what pardons it proclaims!
But in thy bosome if thou do it keep,
So that it gather strength, and 'gin to creep,
No Tygresse in Hircanian mountains nurst,
No Lybian Lioness is half so curst,
Nor frozen Snake fostred with humane breath,
His flames are hot as hell, bonds strong as death;
He is Wrath's hangman, Pitie's enemy,
And to conclude, Love void of love. But why

Accuse I him? Is he the Author then
Of all those pranks which mortal wights, not when
They are in love, but out of their wits, do?
Women, perfidious women, 'tis to you
That I impute Love's rancour; all that's naught
In him from you is by infection caught.
He of himself is good, meek as the Dove
That draws the chariot of the Queen of Love:
But you have made him wild; for though ye joy
With your own hands to feed the winged boy,
Yet do you shut each pore so of your breast,
That in your hearts he cannot build his nest.
And all your care, pride, pleasure ye do place
In the meer outside of a simpring face.
Nor is't your study how to pay true love,
And wager whether shall more constant prove;
To bind two souls in one, and of one heart
To make the other but the counter-part;
But how your silver hair with gold to hatch,
Then purse it up into a net, to catch
Poor souls withal, and like gold valence let
Some curls hang dangling o're your brows of jet.
How much against my stomack doth it go
To see you paint your cheeks, to cover so
The faults of Time and Nature! How ye make
Pale Feulemort a pure Vermilian take,
Fill up the wrinkles, Dye black white a spot
With a spot hide, where 'tis, make't where 'tis not.
You tie a thred across, whereof one end
Held in your teeth, the other is sustein'd

By

By your left hand, whilst of the running knot
Your right hand makes a noose to ope and shut
Like shaving tongs: This instrument you fit
To your rough downy foreheads, and with it
Shave all the down, and the wild hairs which shoot
Above their fellows, pull up by the root;
And all the while such torment you are in,
That 'tis at once a pennance and a sin.
Nor is this all; your qualities are much
After your faces, and your faith is such
As are your works. For what is there in you
That is not counterfeit and painted too?
Do your lips ope? before ye speak ye lie;
And if ye sigh, ye lie most damnably.
False lights your eys are, and false weights your ears;
Your hearts false measures, and false pearl your tears:
So talk, or look, or think, or laugh, or cry,
Seem or seem not, walk, stand, or sit, ye lie.
Nay, there's more yet, your cousening those
Most who on you do most repose;
Your loving most those who do least love you,
And chusing to die rather than be true;
These are the arts, these are the ways
That make Love hateful in our days.
All his faults then we may most justly lay
On you; or rather on our selves: for they
Sin that believe you. Then the fault's in me
(Perjur'd *Corisca*) who did credit thee;
Come hither only for my bane (I think)
From *Argos* wicked streets, of vice the sink,

Yet th'art so sly, and play'st so well the Scout,
To keep thy deeds and thoughts from tracing out,
That 'mongst the chasteſt Dames thou jett'ſt it now,
With honesty stampt on thy haughty brow:
What scorns have I receiv'd, what discontent
From this ungrateful woman! I repent,
Yea, blush I was so fond. Example take
By me, unskilful Lovers, how ye make
'An Idol of a face, and take't for granted,
'There's no such devil as a woman painted.
'She thinks her wit and beauty without peer,
'And o're thy slavish soul doth domineer
'Like some great Goddesse, counting thou wert born
'(As a thing mortal) only for her scorn;
'Takes all that praise as tribute of her merit,
'Which is the flattry of thy abject spirit.
Why so much serving? so much admirations?
Such sighs, such tears, such humble supplications?
These are the woman's arms: Let us expresse
Ev'n in our Loves valour and manlinesse.
Time was when I (as lusty as I am)
Thought tears and sighs could womans heart enflame.
But now I find I err'd; for if she bears
A stony heart, in vain are sighs and tears.
We must strike fire out of her breſt by dint
Of steel: what fool us'd bellows to a flint?
Leave, leave thy tears and sighs, if thou wouldst make
A conquest of thy Dame; and if thou bake
Indeed with unextinguishable fire,
In thy hearts center smother thy desire

The

The best thou canst, and watch thy time to do
That which both Love and Nature prompt thee to,
'For Modesty's the charter of the woman,
'Who will not have her priviledge made common;
'Nor though she uses it her self with men,
'Would she have them to use't with her agen:
'Being a vertue for the admiration
'Of them that court her, not their imitation.
This is the plain and natural way of Love,
Indeed the only one that I approve.
My coy *Corisca* shall not find of me
A bashful Lover (as I us'd to be)
But a bold Foe, and she shall feel I can
Assault her with the weapons of a man,
As well as with the womans arms. Twice now
I've caught this Eel, and yet I know not how
She hath slipt through my hands; but if she come
A third time near my boat, I'le strike so home
Through both her gills, that I shall marre her flight.
Here she comes forth to Relief ev'ry night,
And I like a good hound snuffe round about
To find her track: If I do scent her out,
Have at her coat; O how I mean to be
Reveng'd upon her! I will make her see
That Love sometimes (though he appear stark blind)
Can from his eys the hand-kerchief unbind:
And that no woman (though she may awhile)
Can glory long in perjury and guile.

CHORUS.

O powerful Law! which Heaven or Nature,
Writ in the Heart of every Creature.
Whose amiable violence,
And pleasing rapture of the sense
Doth byas all things to that good
Which we desire not understood.
Nor the exterior bark alone
Subject to th' sense of every one,
Whose frail materials quickly must
Resolve again into their dust;
But the hid seeds and inward cause,
Whose substance is eternal, moves, and draws.
And if the ever-teeming world bring forth
So many things of admirable worth,
I' whatsoever Heaven's great eys
The Sun and Moon, or his small spies
The Stars behold, doth own a soul
Whose active pow'r informs the whole;
If thence all humane seed have birth,
All plants and Animals; if th' earth
Be green, or on her wrinkled brow it snows,
From that immortal and pure Spring it flows.
Nor this alone: On mortal Crown
What-ever restless Spheares rowl down;
Whence all our actions guided are
By a happy or unhappy Star;

Whence

Whence our frail lives their Qu receive
This Stage to enter, and to leave.
Whatever thwarts, whatever ſtills
Our froward, and our childiſh wills
(Which ſeeming to be Fortune's Play
To give, and take our things away,
The world aſcribes to her) hath All
From that high vertue its original.
Soul of the world: if it were thou didſt ſay
Arcadia *ſhould have reſt and peace one day,*
And like a ſnake renew her youth,
What man dares queſtion ſo divine a truth?
If what the famous Oracle
Of two whom Fate ſhould couple did foretell,
It ſpake but as thy mouth, if fixt it be
In the eternal depth of thy Decree,
And if the Tripods do not falſhoods vent,
Ah! who retards thy wills accompliſhment?
Behold, a ſcornful boy, a foe
To Love and Beauty: He (although
Extract from Heav'n) with Heav'n contends!
Behold another youth offends
In love as much (in vain deſerving
To be preferr'd for humbly ſerving)
And with his flame thwarts thy Decree!
And the leſs hope he hath to ſee
His ſervice and his true loves hire,
The clearer burns his faith and fire;
And he now for that Beauty dyes,
Which t'other (whom 'tis kept for) doth deſpiſe.

Is Jove divided then about his doom?
Hath doubtful Fate twins ſtrugling in her wombe
Or doth man's mount ain-hope, unleveld yet,
New impious Giants in rebellion ſet
On both ſides to aſſault the Towr of Jove,
By loving, and by ſhunning Love?
Have we ſuch ſtrength? and ore the Powrs above
Shall two blind Powrs triumph, Diſdain, and Love?
But thou high mover of the Orb, that rid'ſt
The Stars and Fate, and with thy wiſdom guid'ſt
Their courſe, look down upon our tott'ring State,
And reconcile Diſdain and Love with Fate.
That ice, this flame, thaw, quench with heavenly dew,
Make one not flye, another not purſue.
Ah! let not two mens obſtinacy ſtand
Betwixt thy promis'd mercy and a Land.
And yet who knows? what we imagine is
Our greateſt croſſe, may prove our greateſt bliſſe.
"If on the Sunne no humane eye can gaze,
"Who then then can pierce into Jove's hidden wayes?

Actus

Actus Secundus.

Scena Prima.

ERGASTO, MIRTILLO.

Erg. O What a walk have I had! At the Race,
The Mead, Hill, River, Fountain, wraſtling
I've been to ſeek thee: Heav'n be prais'd, at laſt (Place
I've found thee here. *Mir.* What news requires ſuch haſte?
Bringſt thou me life or death? *Erg.* The laſt's a thing,
Which I had for thee, I would not bring:
The former, though I have not for thee yet,
I hope to bring. But why art thou ore-ſet
With thy own ſighs? If thou wouldſt overcome
Another, overcome thy ſelf at home:
Breathe, and revy't again——. But to proceed
To that which made me ſeek thee with ſuch ſpeed
The matter's this: Knowſt thou (who doth not know?)
Ormino's Siſter? rather tall than low
She is of ſtature, cherry-cheekt, her hair
Inclin'd to red, and of a ſprightly ayr.
Mirt. What is her name? *Erg. Cariſca.* *Mir.* Yes, I do
Know her, and have converſed with her too.
Erg. Know then that ſhe (ſee the good luck on't! What
Hath been the means to work it I know not,

Or on whose score it comes) is grown of late
With *Amarillis* very intimate.
Which I perceiving, a relation made
Of thy affection unto her, and prayd
Both her assistance and her secresie
Therein, which she accorded readily.

Mirt. O blest a thousand thousand times and more
Than all (*Mirtillo*) that ere lov'd before,
If this be true: But prethee, did she say
Nothing at all unto thee of the way?

Erg. Nothing as yet, and I will tell thee why:
Corisca said, she could not certainly
Determine of the way till she might know
Some circumstances of thy love, that so
She might be better able to discern
The inclination of the Nymph, and learn
How to address her self, with subtilty,
Or with intreaties; what 'twere best to try,
Or what to leave: This was the cause made me
To come so hastily in search of thee.
Therefore from first to last thou shalt do well
Thy Love's whole story unto me to tell.

Mirt. I le do it. But know Friend, to stir again
The bitter memory of Love in vain,
Is like the tossing of a Torch about
One's head i'th air, thinking to shake it out,
When agitation kindles it, and makes
The flame cling faster to the melting wax.
Or like the tugging of a deep-fixt dart,
By which the wound's made greater, and the smart.

Most

Most true it is, I shall a tale relate
Which will demonstrate the unsure estate
Of Lovers hopes, and that how-ere the Roote
Of Love be sweet, it bears a bitter fruit,
In that fair season when Day's wheels out-run
The Night's ('twas just a twelvemonth since) this Sun
Of Beauty, this fair Pilgrim came to bring
With her approach as 'twere a second Spring
To my then only rich and happy nest,
Elis and *Pisa* with her presence blest;
Brought by her Mother in those solemn dayes
When Sacrifices and Olympick Playes
Through all the world so famous are kept there
In honour of the mighty Thunderer.
Shows worthy sure of those fair eyes; But those
Fair eyes themselves were far the worthier shows.
Whence I, who till that instant never knew
What flames of Love did mean, at the first view
Of those bright lamps, yielded, and never fought
One stroke against her; for I felt (methought)
Two fiery balls flie whizzing through my liver,
And Beauty (a bold Thief) cry'd *Stand. Deliver*
Thy heart, *Mirtillo. Erg.* O Love's piercing steel,
Which they alone can understand that feel!

Mir. But now to see what cunning Love suggests
Even to the youngest and the simplest breasts!
I made a dear young Sister of mine own
(Who was my cruel Nymph's companion
Whilst she in *Elis* and in *Pisa* staid)
Acquainted with my pain. This silly Maid

Was

Was all the counsel love allotted me
For managing my amorous busnes: she
With her own garments decks me in great order;
And imps my short hair with a borrow'd border,
Then braids it all with flowrs, hanging a bow
And Quiver by my side, and last doth show
How I should frame my words and count'nance,
No footsteps of a beard did then appear. (where
The hour approached, she conducted me
Where my Nymphs us'd to play; and there found
Some noble Megarensian Maids, whom blood (we
And Love linkt to her, as I understood.
'Mongst them was she like Royal Rose 'mongst
Born Violets: And when as they had so (low-
For a good space without more pastime staid,
A Megarensian Virgin rose, and said;
What, at a time for Pastime so renown'd
Shall we without our sports be idle found!
And have not (Sisters) we our weapons then
To make mock-fights withall as well as men:
By my advice wee'll practice our arms now
Against our selves in jest, as we must do
In earnest one day against men: Let's kiss,
And wage a kissing war; and she that gi's
The best and sav'rest one, shall have for meed
This curious wreath. All laught, and cry'd *Agreed.*
Forthwith, not staying for the word or sign,
These eager Amazons in battel joyn:
No ranks they kept, no colours knew, nor side,
But all confused, and each each defy'd.

The Megarensian this perceiving, straight
To the disordered Troops sounds a retrait;
And after faith; Let her deservedly
The Judge of all our kisses be
Whose mouth is fairest. With one voice
Of peerless *Amarillis* they made choice.
She sweetly bending her fair eyes,
Her cheeks in modest blushes dyes,
To shew through her transparent skin
That she is no less fair within
Then shee's without; or else her countenance
Envying the honour done her mouth perchance,
Puts on her scarlet Robes, as who
Should say, And am not I fair too?

Erg. Blest man to be transform'd at such a time,
As if this accident thou couldst divine!

Mirt. The fair Judge takes her seat, and now renews
The amorous fight, according to the use
Of war; by lots they march up one by one,
To try their mouths by hers (the Paragon
Of sweetness) or (as I may term it well)
Of orient pearls a perfum'd *Indian* shell,
And the two lips a two-leav'd Coral door
With honied lock, to ope and shut with more
Facility upon the pearly treasure.
O my *Ergast'* that I could tell the pleasure
Of those sweet kisses! But do thou hence guess it,
That mouth which tasted it, cannot express it.
Extract then all the sweetness which remains
In Hybla-combs, in *Cyprian* Sugar-canes,

It will be nothing to that world of blisses
I suckt from thence. *Erg.* O happy theft! sweet kisses
Mirt. Sweet, but yet lame; the better half was missing
The soul which gives perfection to kissing:
For though Love gave them, Love restor'd them not.
Erg. But hadst thou not some fear when 'twas thy lot
To kiss? *Mirt.* My heart (*Ergasto*) to say true,
Was at my mouth, and my soul shrunk into
A narrow volume; 'twas one kiss, whence all
My limbs stood tott'ring like an ill propt wall,
And when I came under the battery,
And within aim of her sure killing eye,
I fear'd the Majesty of that bright look,
Lest in the very act I should be took
Of theft and guile which I was then about.
But straight her count'nance clearing me that doubt
By a serene and unsuspecting smile,
I ventur'd boldly on. Love stood the while
(*Ergasto*) like a Bee hid in the leaves
Of her lips Roses; and whilst she receives
The kisses of my mouth with hers unmov'd
And passive, I the honey only prov'd.
But when she active likewise grows,
And thrusts out this and t'other rose,
(Whether her gayety of heart it was,
Or my good luck, for 'twas not love alas)
When our two mouths snapt like a bone well set,
And like two tallies that are brothers met,
(O my dear sweet and num'rous treasure!
Do I out-live so great a pleasure?)

Then,

Then, then I felt the ſharp ſweet dart,
The amorous ſting piercing my heart.
Which was (it ſeems) reſtor'd me then,
That I might have it hurt agen.
I then, as ſoon as I had found
Her lips had giv'n me my deaths wound,
Was ready, like ſome deſperate gaſping wight,
The weapon which had wounded me to bite:
When ſuddenly her ſweet breath, like the blaſt
Of an inſpiring Deity, did caſt
An holy damp upon my ſaucy blood,
Which all immodeſt and wild heat withſtood.

Erg. O Modeſty, the block and Remora
Which ever lies in the true Lovers way!

Mirt. Now all of them had had their turns, and come
With thoughts ſuſpended to attend the doom,
When *Amarillis* judging mine t' exceed
All th' others kiſſes, plac'd the Victors meed
(That curious wreath) with her own ſnowy hand
Upon my head. But O! no Lybian ſand
Beneath the Syrian dog e're broyl'd ſo much,
When he both barks and bites; his rage is ſuch,
As my whole heart was then on fire
Betwixt fruition and deſire.
And (being never conquer'd half ſo much
As when I was a Conqu'ror) ſuch
My boldneſs was, that from my head
I reacht the wreath to her, and ſed,
This is thy due, for thee 'tis meet,
Who with thy mouth haſt made my kiſſes ſweet.

And she most curteouslie accepting it,
For her fair hair made it a Coronet,
And crown'd mine with another, which before
Upon her own divine temples she wore:
Which is the same I now do bear, and shall
(Heav'n willing) to my Funeral,
Wither'd as 'tis, to keep in memory
That happy day; but most to signifie
My wither'd hopes. [claim,

Erg. Thy case doth pity, and not envy
Mirtillo: or hereafter let thy name
'Be *Tantalus*, for he that jests with Love,
'Or plaies with fire, shall pain in earnest prove.
Poor youth! thou took'st up transitorie treasure
At too much use, and of thy theft the pleasure
And punishment together didst receive.
But did she never the deceit perceive?

Mirt. I know not that, *Ergasto*; this I do,
Whilst she thought *Elis* worthy of her view,
She was still bounteous to me of her eie,
And gracious smiles. But my hard destinie
Snatching her thence, unwares to me almost,
I straight came flying hither, where thou knowst
My Father, though he sojourn'd long abroad,
Yet still retains his wonted poor aboad.
I came and saw (O sight!) my day begun
In such a fair and smiling morn, now run
To its long West. When I appear'd in place
The lightning of disdain flash'd in her face;
Then did she bend her eies, and turn'd away,

These Meteors boad my death, then did I say.
Mean while, that I should so by stealth depart,
My tender Father took deeplie to heart;
And with the grief on't an infirmitie
So terrible, that he was like to die.
This forc'd me back, which prov'd (alas) in one
Health to the Father, sickness to the Son.
For half a year of a Love-caused feaver
I languisht, and I think had languisht ever,
If my indulgent Father had not sought
In time the Tripods Counsel; whence he brought
This Answer, *That th' Arcadian air alone*
Could make me well again. I thereupon
Return'd (*Ergasto*) to revisit her
(O fallacy of that grand Sophister,
The Oracle!) who made my bodie whole
To cause eternal sickness in my soul.

Erg. Thou hast related a strange tale in truth,
Mirtillo, a case worthy of much ruth
Without all doubt. 'But oft a desperate state
'Hath prov'd the cause that cures as desperate
'Have sav'd the sick. And now 'tis time I go
To tell *Corisca* what from thee I know;
Expect me at the Fountain, there will I
E're long be with thee. *Mirt.* Go on prosperously:
And Heav'n at need that pity shew to thee
(Courteous *Ergasto*) which thou shewst to me.

Scena secunda.

DORINDA, LUPINO, SILVIO, *She bringing in* Silvio's *Dog.*

Dor. FAithful and fortunate, delight and care
Of my fair *Silvio*, and as proud as fair.
Thrice fortunate *Melampo*, that I were
Unto thy cruel Master half so dear!
With that white hand with which he gripes my heart,
He ſtroaks and he feeds thee. He doth not part
From thee by night, nor part from thee by day;
Whilſt I that ſo much love him, in vain pray,
And ſigh in vain. And that which worſe I bear
Than all the reſt, he gives to thee ſuch dear
And luſhious kiſſes, one of which would make
Me rich, and I too kiſſe thee for his ſake
Happy *Melamp'*; O dog ſent from above,
To ſteer the erring footſteps of blind Love!
Lead on, ſure guide, whither Affection me,
But Nature only, and Inſtinct draws thee.
But liſt a little, doth not a Horn blow
In this near Thicket? *Sil.* Sogh *Melampo*, Sogh!
Dor. That is (if Love delude me not) the ſound
Of *Silvio*s voice, who ſeems to call his hound
About theſe Woods. *Sil. Melampo*, Sogh, hogh, hogh.
Dor. It is the very voice of *Silvio*.
Happy *Dorinda*, to whom Heav'n hath ſent
The ſelf ſame thing in ſearch whereof I went!

I'll

I'll hide the dog; with that he holds so dear
I may chance buy his love. *Lupino!* *Lup.* Here.
Dor. Go take this dog, and hide thee hereabout:
Conceiv'st thou me? *Lup.* I do. *Dor.* But come not out
Untill I call. *Lup.* I wo'n't. *Dor.* Nay, quickly man.
Lup. And do thou quicklie take some order than,
That if the dog should have a hungry fit,
He may not swallow me up at a bit.
Dor. A Coward? Hence. *Sil.* O whither shall I steer
My wretched steps to follow thee my dear
Faithful *Melampo?* over hill and plain
Till I am tir'd and foundred I in vain
Have hunted for thee. Curs'ed be the Doe
Thou follow'dst. But behold, a Nymph may know
Some news of him! O vile encounter! This
Is she, who with her importunities
Torments me still: but there's no remedy
Save patience now. Fair Nymph, didst thou see my
Faithful *Melampo*, whom I slipt while-ere
After a Doe? *Dor.* I (*Silvio*) fair? I fair?
Why dost thou call me fair, if that I be
Not fair in thy eys? *Sil.* Fair or foul, didst see
My dog? Answer me that: if not, I go.
Dor. So harsh to her adores thee, *Silvio?*
Who would believe in that sweet shape could nest
So sowr a soul? Thou follow'st a wild beast
That flies thee, over rocks; and for a Curre
Vexest thy body and thy mind: but her
That follows thee, and thy content doth prize
Above the world, thou fly'st and dost despise.

Ah! do not follow a wild flying Doe,
Let not a tame one (caught already) go.
Do not unbind her. *Sil.* Nymph, I came in search
Of my *Melampo*, not to hear thee preach.
Adieu. *Dor.* O fly not, cruel *Silvio*:
I'll tell thee news of thy *Melampo*. *Sil.* Go,
Thou mock'st *Dorinda*. *Dor.* By that love I swear
That makes me *Silvio*'s servant, I know where
He is. Thou say'st he did a Doe pursue;
Sil. He did: and straight I lost them both from view.
Dor. The Dog and Doe then at this present time
Are in my power. *Sil.* In thy power? *Dor.* Yes, in mine,
'Twas that I said: Dost thou think much that she
Should love thy Dog (ungrateful) who loves thee?
Sil. My dear *Dorinda*, give 'em to me straight,
Dor. Out Shittle-cock, I'm come to a fine state
When beasts endear me to thee. But indeed
(My heart) thou gett'st them not without some meed.
Sil. And reason good, I'll give thee; Let me see —
(I'll cozen her.) *Dor.* What wilt thou give to me?
Sil. Two fair Queen-apples I will give to thee,
Which my own fairer Mother gave to me
The other day. *Dor.* For apples, I want none:
I could give thee two fairer of my own,
And sweeter too, but that thou careſt not
For what I give. *Sil.* Then wouldſt thou have a Goat?
Or Lambkin? (but my Father will not let
Me make so bold with what is his as yet.)
Dor. Nor Goat, nor Lambkin do I care to have:
Thee only, *Silvio*, and thy love I crave.

Sil.

Sil. My love? No more? *Dor.* No more. *Sil.* I g'it thee: so,
Give me my Dog (dear Nymph, now, and my Doe.
Dor. Ah, thou that knewst the worth of what thou art
So bounteous of, and spak'st now from thy heart!
Sil. Nymph, mark my words: I find thou talkst to me
Still of a thing call'd Love, what this should be
I know not: thou would'st have me love thee; and
I do (as far as I can understand)
With all my heart: thou call'st me cruel; I
Am ignorant of what is cruelty.
How should I please thee? *Dor.* In whom hop'st thou, poor
Dorinda? whence dost thou expect thy cure?
From such a beauty as hath felt as yet
No spark of that which doth all Lovers set
On fire? Art thou my flame, and art not hot?
Dost thou breath Love, and what it is know'st not?
That gentle Goddesse whom the Cyprians honour
Took a most beauteous humane shape upon her
To bring thee forth. Fire-brands thou hast and dart,
Witnesse my flaming and my bleeding heart.
Add wings, another *Cupid* thou wilt prove,
At least want nothing to be Love, but love.
Sil. What is this Love? *Dor.* When I behold thy eys,
It is the light of Paradise,
But mine own heart consider'd well,
It is the very fire of hell.
Sil. Nymph, what a prating is here with thee?
Give me my Dog and Doe, now prithee.
Dor. Give me the love first that I bargain'd for.
Sil. Have I not gi'n it thee? Fie, what a stir

There is to pleaſe this woman! Take it: do
What thou wilt with it. Who forbids thee? who
With-holds it? On what trifles doſt thou ſtand?

Dor. Wretched *Dorinda*, thou doſt ſow the ſand,
And fondly undertak'ſt labour in vain.

Sil. What dream'ſt thou of? why holdſt thou me in pain?

Dor. When thy deſire's once granted, thou wilt go
And leave me ſtraight, perfidious *Silvio*. *Sil.* No
Indeed, fair Nymph. *Dor.* Give me a pawn then.

Sil. Name
The pawn. *Dor.* Alas! I dare not. *Sil.* Why?
For ſhame.

Sil. But how then can I give it thee? *Dor.* I would
Fain without naming it be underſtood.

Sil. If th' art aſham'd to name it, thou maiſt be
Aſham'd to take it. *Dor.* Promiſe it to me,
And I will name it. *Sil.* I do promiſe it:
But thou muſt name it firſt. *Dor.* Canſt thou not hit
My thoughts then? I ſhould have conceiv'd thee
If thou hadſt ſaid but half ſo much to me.

Sil. Thou haſt more wit than I, *Dorinda*. *Dor.* I
Have more Love, *Silvio*, and leſſe Cruelty.

Sil. Truth is, I am no witch: if thou'dſt have me
To underſtand thee, ſpeak. *Dor.* O miſerie!
That which I beg of thee, is one of thoſe
Things thy kind Mother upon thee beſtows.

Sil. A box o'th' ear? *Dor.* To one that loves thee ſo?

Sil. Thoſe things my Mother doth on me beſtow.

Dor. Nay, that's not ſo: But doth not ſhe give thee
A Kiſſe ſometimes? *Sil.* She neither kiſſes me,

Nor would have others kisse me. Is't a Kisse
Thou dost desire of me? It is, it is,
Thy blush betrayes thee. Come, I'le give it thee:
But first my Dog and Doe. *Dor.* Dost promise me?
Sil. I promise thee. *Dor.* And with me wilt thou stay?
Sil. Why dost thou vex me thus? Did I not say
I would? *Dor.* Come forth *Lupino*, dost not hear?
Lupino. *Lup.* Ogh! ogh! what a brawling's there?
Who calls me? O I am come. It was not I
That slept, it was the Dog slept verily.
Dor. Look *Silvio*, there's thy Dog, that might to thee
Have read a lecture of Humanitie.
Sil. How over-joy'd am I? *Dor.* Upon this brest
Which thou despisest so he came to rest.
Sil. (O my sweet true *Melampo.*) *Dor.* Setting by
My sighs and kisses. *Sil.* (I will certainly
Kisse thee a thousand times, poor Cur! But hast
Thou got no harm at all, thou ran'st so fast?)
Dor. Fortunate Dog, that I might change (alas!)
Estates with thee; I'm come to a fine passe
To envie a Dogs life. Bend thou thy gate
Homewards *Lupino*, I will follow straight.
Lup. Mistresse, I goe.

Scena

Scena Tertia.

Manent SILVIO, DORINDA.

Sil. (IN fine, th'ast got no harm.) Now let me see
Where is this Doe which thou hast promis'd me
Dor. Alive or dead woul'dst have her? *Sil.* Strange de
Alive after the dog hath kill'd her? *Dor.* And (mand
If the dog kill'd her not? *Sil.* Alive is she?
Dor. Alive. *Sil.* The dearer than the prey to me:
And had my dear *Melampo* so much art
As not to hurt her? *Dor.* Only in the heart
She had a little prick. *Sil.* Either th'art mad,
Dorinda, or dost mock me. If she had
A prick i'th' heart, how can she live? *Dor.* The Doe
I speak of, I am, cruel *Silvio*:
Hurt by thee, without being hunted; Take me,
I am alive; but dead, if thou forsake me.
Sil. Is this that Doe that prey? *Dor.* Ev'n this: why now
Art thou so discontented? Dost not thou
Love a Nymph better than a beast? *Sil.* My hate
Thou art, brute, lyar, vile, importunate.
Dor. Is this the guerdon, cruel *Silvio*?
Is this the meed thou dost on me bestow,
Ungrateful youth? Take thy *Melampo* free,
And me and all, so thou come back to me:
The rest I do remit. Let me be plac't
But in the sun-shine thy fair eyes do cast.
Truer than thy *Melampo* I will trace
Thy steps, and when th'art wearied with the chase

I'le

I'le wipe thy sweating brow, and on this breast
(Which cannot rest for thee) thy head shall rest:
I'le bear thy arrows, and thy quiver bear
Through these rough woods; and if there want game
Shoot at *Dorinda*'s bosom. At this white (there,
Set thy good bow, when ere it shoots not right.
For I'le be both the prey (if thou think fit)
To keep in ure, and drudge to carry it;
Thy arrows, quiver, and their Butt to hit.
But to whom do I talk? Alas! to thee
That hear'st me not, and fly'st away from me?
But whereso're thou flie (curs'd *Silvio*)
Dorinda will flie after thee: although
To hell it self, if any hell there be
Worse then my Love is, and thy Cruelty.

Scena quarta.

CORISCA.

'FOrtune beyond my wish hath favoured me:
'And fit it is that they should favour'd be
'Who not with wishings only seek her favour.
'Powr'full she is; and men with reason have her
'In reputation of a Goddesse. But
'We must go meet her then, wait a foot
'To finde her humours; and must use our own
'Judgement in playing of our game: a drone
'Seldome or never doth prove fortunate.
Had not my industry made me the Mate

Of

Of her by whom under the name of friend
I have fit means and safe to work my end,
Where had I been? Some fool would now be (shie,
And view her Rivall with a jealous eye,
Bearing the open tokens of ill will
VVrit in her forehead; and she would do ill:
'For open foes are easier to evade
'Then ambushes that are in friendship laid,
'VVise Mariners by rocks hid in the sea
'Are oft deceiv'd: She knows not how to be
'An enemy, that knows not how to seem
'A friend, *Corisca*'s skill shall now be seen
In both: Nor am I yet so simply dull
To think she doth not love. VVell may she gull
Others with this, not me; who am gone out
A Mistresse in the Art. A tender sprout
New peept out of the bark, within whose brest
There's built for Love already a soft nest,
Long woo'd, and woo'd by so compleat a Lover,
And (which is worst) kist too over and over,
And yet hold tyte? Believ't (for me) that list,
But my good *Genius* doth me assist;
For look if *Amarillis* come not here
As sent? I'le walk as if I did not see her.

Scene

Scena quinta.

AMARILLA, CORISCA.

Am. DEar happy Groves, and you ye ſolitary
And ſilent horrors where true peace doth tarry,
VVith how much joy do I review you? And
Had my ſtars pleas'd to give me the command
Over my ſelf, that I might chuſe my lot,
And my own way of life, then would I not
For the Eliſian groves, about which range
The happy ſhades, your happy ſhades exchange
'For what we fooliſh mortals *Goods* do call
'If rightly underſtood, are Evils all.
'He that hath moſt of them, in truth hath leaſt,
'Nor is ſo much poſſeſſor as poſſeſt;
'Not riches, no, but of our freedome ſnares.
'VVhat boots it in the ſpring-time of one's yeers
'To have the attributes of Fair and Good,
'In mortal veins to lock celeſtial blood,
'Graces of body and of mind, here fair
'And laughing fields of corn, rich meadows there,
'In fruitful paſture-grounds more fruitful flocks,
'If with all theſe the heart contentment lacks?
Happy that ſhepherdeſſe whom ſome courſe ſtuffe
Obſcurely cloaths, yet clean and juſt enough!
Rich only in her ſelf, and bravely dreſt
VVith Nature's ornaments which are the beſt

VVho

Who in ſweet poverty no want doth know,
Nor the diſtractions which from riches grow:
Yet whatſoever may ſuffice the mind,
In that eſtate abundantly doth finde:
Poor, but content! with Nature's gifts retrives
The gifts of Nature, Milk with milk revives,
And with the ſweet which from the Bee ſhe gets,
Seaſons the hony of her native ſweets:
One fountain is her looking-glaſs, her drink
Her bath; and if ſhe's pleas'd, what others think
It matters not; ſhe needs not blazing ſtarres
That threaten mighty ones: warres or no warres,
It is all one to her; her battlement
And ſhield is that ſhe's poor: *Poor, but content!*
One only care ('tis a ſweet care) doth keep
Her heart awake; ſhe feeds her Maſters ſheep
With pearled graſſe, and with her lovely eyes
Some honeſt ſwain, that for her beauty dies:
Not ſuch as men or Gods chuſe to her hand,
But ſuch as Love did to her choice commend;
And in ſome favour'd ſhady Mirtle grove
Deſires, and is deſir'd: Nor feels of Love
One ſpark which unto him ſhe doth not ſhow,
Nor ſhows one ſpark with which he doth not glow.
Poor, but content! True life! which till the breath
Forſakes the body, knowſt not what is death.
Would Heaven had made me ſuch a one! — But ſee,
Coriſca! Sweet *Coriſca.* *Cor.* Who calls me?
My *Amarillis?* dearer than mine owne
Eyes, or life to me, whither ſo alone?

Am.

Am. No farther than thou seest; nor any where
Could I be better, since I weet thee here.
Cor. Thou hast met her that never parts from thee,
Sweet *Amarillis*; and now, credit me,
Was thinking of thee, saying in my heart,
If I'm her soul, how can she live apart
From me? When straight I saw thee here: —— but go,
Thou car'st not for *Corisca* now. *Am.* Why so?
Cor. Why? Dost thou ask the question? thou dost wed
To day. *Am.* I wed? *Cor.* Yes: and thou keepst it hid
From me. *Am.* How can I tell thee that which I
Am ignorant my self of? *Cor.* Do, deny,
And wear a mask to me. *Am.* Still jest with me
Corisca? *Cor.* I am jested with by thee.
Am. But speakst thou this for truth? *Cor.* I'le swear 'tis
And knowst thou nothing of't indeed? *Am.* I know (so.
I'm promis'd: but that I should be a wife
So soon, is news to me upon my life.
But from whom knowst it thou? *Cor.* From my own Bro-
Ormino: and he sayes, there is no other (ther
Discourse abroad. —— Thou seem'st perplext: is this
News to perplex one? *Am.* O *Corisca*! 'Tis
A hideous gulfe: I've heard my mother say,
W'are then new born. *Cor.* Most true: 'tis our birth day
T'a better life, therefore rejoyce. Dost fetch
A sigh? leave sighing to that wretch. *Am.* What wretch?
Cor. *Mirtillo*: who was present casually
At what my brother told mee, and was nigh
Strook dead with grief; yea doubtless he had dy'd,
If a good cordiall I had not apply'd,

By promiſing to break this Match. Which though
I ſaid, onely to comfort him, I know
(If need were) how to do't. *Am.* Canſt thou tell
How to break this Match? *Cor.* Yes very well:
Am. I prethee how? *Cor.* With eaſe, if thou wert b
Conſenting likewiſe, and aſſiſting to't.
Am. Could I ſuppoſe this poſſible, and thou
Wouldſt not reveal it, I would tell thee now
A ſecret that hath long burnt in my heart.
Cor. Who, I reveal it? Let the earth firſt part
And ſwallow me alive miraculouſly.
Am. Know then *Coriſca*, when I think that I
Muſt all my life be ſubject to a Boy
That hates and flyes me, and doth take no joy
But in the Woods, preferring hunting farre
Before the love of all the Nymphs that are,
It makes me male content, and deſperate
Indeed almoſt, although I dare not ſay't,
Becauſe my faith *I* have already given
Unto my Father, and (what's worſe to Heav'n,
And break with them *I* neither will nor may.
But if thy induſtry can finde a way
(Alwayes provided, that my Honeſtie,
My Faith, my Life, and my Religion be
Preſerv'd) t' untie this knot that galls me ſo,
To thee my life and ſafety *I* ſhall owe.
Cor. If this were it that caus'd thy ſighing,
Had'ſt great cauſe for it *Amarillis*. How (thou
Oft have *I* ſaid? What pity 'tis to throw
So rich a thing to one that ſcorns it ſo!

A pearl t' a ſwine! why ſpeak'ſt not to thy Father?
Am. Shame ſtops my mouth. *Cor.* There's a diſeaſe!
For my part have a Fiſtula, or Feaver. [I'd rather
'But 'twill be cur'd; O'recome it once, 'twill never
'Return again. *Am.* That cannot be o'recome
'That's natural: For if I drive it from
'My heart, it flies into my face. *Cor.* Alas,
(My *Amarillis*) oft it comes to paſſe,
'She that through too much wiſdom holds her tongue,
'Roars out at laſt like mad, being throughly ſtung.
Hadſt thou before been willing to diſcover
Thy mind to me, this trouble had been over:
And now thou haſt, *Coriſca*'s power this day
In all its colours ſhall it ſelf diſplay.
Into more skilful hands, more faithful then
Mine are, thou never couldſt have faln. But when
From an ill Husband thou art freed by me,
Shall not an honeſt Suitor welcome be? [youth
Am. Wee'l think of that at leiſure. *Cor.* That good
Mirtillo muſt not be forgot in ſooth:
For parts, for ſpotleſſe faith, for ſhape thou knowſt
Of all men living he deſerves thee moſt:
And canſt thou let him dye? O cruelty!
Nor wilt ſo much as hear him ſay, *I dye?*
Hear him but once. *Am.* 'Twere better he would reſt
In peace, and root a love out of his breſt
That's vain. *Cor.* That comfort give him e're he dye.
Am. 'Twould rather double his perplexity.
Cor. If it do ſo, the ſeeking is his own.
Am. And what muſt I expect, ſhould it be known?

Cor. How cowardly thou art? *Am.* And let me ſtill
Be cowardly in any thing that's ill.
Cor. If thou may'ſt fail me in this ſmall requeſt,
Then may I fail thee likewiſe in the reſt
Moſt juſtly, *Amarillis.* So God bu'y.
Am. Nay, ſtay *Coriſca*, hear. *Cor.* Not a word I,
Unleſſe thou promiſe me. *Am.* I promiſe thee
To hear him ſpeak, provided this may be
For all. *Cor.* It ſhall. *Am.* And that he may not know
I was acquainted with't. *Cor.* I'll make as though
Ye met by accident. *Am.* And that I may
At my own pleaſure freelie go away.
Cor. Thou ſhalt, when thou haſt heard him. *Am.* And that he
Shall briefly ſpeak. *Cor.* That too is granted thee.
Am. Nor come within my darts length of me. *Cor.* Fie,
VVhat a ſtir's here with thy ſimplicitie!
To make it ſure, he ſhall not do thee wrong,
I'll tie up all his limbs except his tongue.
Would'ſt thou have more? *Am.* 'Tis well. *Cor.* And when wilt thou
Do this? *Am.* VVhene're thou wilt: Do but allow
Me ſo much time, as to go home to hear
More certain news about this Marriage there.
Cor. Go; but with caution, and before thou'rt gone,
Hear a contrivance I have thought upon
As thou wert ſpeaking: In the afternoon
I would have thee without thy Nymphs to come
Into this ſhady walk, where I will be
Before for this occaſion, and with me

Nerina,

Nerina, *Phillis*, *Celia*, *Aglaura*,
Eliza, *Daphne*, *Silvia*, and *Laura*;
All my no leſſe diſcreet and witty, then
Faithful and ſecret Mates. There thou with them
Shalt play (as thou art wont) at Blind-man-buff,
So that *Mirtillo* will with eaſe enough
Be made believe, that for thy own paſtime
Thou thither cam'ſt, and not to meet with him.
Am. I like it wondrous well. But doſt thou hear?
I would not any of thoſe Nymphs were there
The while *Mirtillo* ſpeaks. *Cor.* I do conceive:
'Twas thought upon with good diſcretion. Leave
The getting them away to my endeavour.
Go: and remember one thing, — to love ever
Thy faithfulleſt *Coriſca*. *Am.* In her hand
Since I have put my heart, ſhe may command
As much love as ſhe pleaſes.
Cor. Is ſhe not ſtiff? We muſt aſſault this rock
With greater force; though ſhe reſiſt my ſhock,
Againſt *Mirtillo*'s ſhe will find no fence
I'm ſure: I know by ſelf-experience
The power of Lovers prayers when they invade
The tender heart of an inclining maid.
If ſhe do yield, I'll make her ſmart ſo for't,
That ſhe ſhall find her ſport was not in ſport.
Through her dark'ſt words her heart ſhall be to me
As viſible as in a 'natomie.
I'll ranſack all her veins: that done, and I
Made Miſtreſſe of her ſecret, eaſily
I'll wind her ſo, and lead her by the noſe

To what I'de have, that ſhe ſhall ne're ſuppoſe
(Much leſſe ſhall others) that it was my skill
That drew her to't, but her unbridled will.

Scena ſexta.

CORISCA, SATYR.

Cor. O I'm dead. *Sat.* But *I* was *quick*.
There's a trick now for your trick.
Cor. My *Amarillis*, *I* am caught.
O come back. *Sat.* She hears thee not.
'Twill now behove thee to be ſtrong.
Cor. O me, my hair! *Sat.* *I* have ſo long
Stood angling for thee in my Boat,
At laſt th' art ſtrook. 'Tis not thy coat,
'Tis thy hair (Siſter) this. *Cor.* To me
This uſage (*Satyr?*) *Sat.* Yes, to thee
Coriſca, or *I* am miſtaken:
That Miſtreſſe in the art of making
The fine-ſpun lyes, that ſells ſo dear
Falſe words, falſe hopes, and a falſe leer?
She that ſo often hath betraid me;
She that ſo many fools hath made me
At every turn: the ſorcereſſe,
The cheat *Coriſca?* *Cor.* *I* confeſſe,
I am *Coriſca*; but not ſhe
Now, that was once ſo lov'd by thee,
My gentile *Satyr*. *Sat.* Pray ſince when
Am *I gentile?* *I* was not then

Whe

When me for *Coridon* thou didſt change.
Cor. Thee for another? *Sat.* See how ſtrange
She makes it now! *I* warrant then
This is great news to thee; and when
Thou mad'ſt me *Silvia*'s Buskins ſteal,
The Bow of *Lilla*, *Cloris* Veil,
And *Daphne*'s Gown, that were to be
The price of love, which promis'd me,
Thou gav'ſt another: and when that
Fair wreath *I* on thy head did plat,
Thou upon *Niſo* didſt beſtow;
And when thou mad'ſt me (cold as ſnow)
Watch many a night out at the Fountain,
The Cave, Wood-ſide, and foot o'th' Mountain,
And for my pains didſt laugh at me,
Did *I* then ſeem *gentile* to thee?
Ah thief! But now as *I* am here,
I'll make thee pay thy whole arrear.
Cor. O me! Thou dragg'ſt me like a beaſt.
Sat. I drag thee like thy ſelf then. Wreſt
Thy neck out of the collar now;
Give me the ſlip if thou knowſt how.
Fox, though thy craft the time before
Did ſave thee, it ſhall do't no more.
For this I'm ſure thou canſt not ſcape.
Unleſſe thou leave thy head i'th' trap.
Cor. Yet give me ſo much time *I* pray,
As for my ſelf to anſwer. *Sat.* Say
Cor. How can *I* if thou hold me ſo?
Sat. 'Tis likely *I* ſhould let thee go.

Cor. I'll gage my faith not to go hence.
Sat. What faith? Hast thou the impudence
(Perfidious woman) to name faith
To me? I'll bear thee where there hath
No Sun, much lesse the feet of men
Approacht, unto the horrid'st den
Of all this Mountain: there— (but I
Will act the rest) to mine own joy
And thy dishonour, I will kerve
Such vengeance as thy faults deserve.
Cor. Canst thou then (cruel) to this hair (which has
Ty'd fast thy heart,) unto this face (which was
Once thy delight,) to this *Corisca* (then
More dear to thee than thine own life was when
Thou swar'st by that, that thou couldst find it sweet
On her behalf, ev'n death it self to meet,)
Canst thou once think to offer injury,
I say, to her? O Heav'ns! O Destinie!
Whom have I hop't in? whom can I believe
Again? *Sat.* Ah Syren! think'st thou to deceive
Me still? still rock me with thy flatt'ring charms?
Cor. My sweet dear *Satyr*, do no harm
To her that loves thee. Thou art not a beast,
Nor hast a marble or a flinty breast:
Behold me at thy feet! O pardon me
If ever I (by chance) offended thee,
My Idol. By those sinewy and more
Than humane knees, which clasping I adore;
By that rough manly visage; by that dear
Affection which thou once to me didst bear;

By

By the ſweet influence of thoſe eys which thou
Wert wont to call two ſtars (two fountains now)
By theſe ſalt tears which trickle down ſo faſt,
Pitie me now, and let me go. *Sat.* Thou haſt
Mov'd me (I muſt confeſſe) and I were gone,
If I ſhould hearken to affection.
But to be ſhort, I do not credit thee;
Thou art too full of wiles and tricks for me,
And he that takes thy word, believes his snares:
Beneath this humble ſhew, beneath theſe pray'rs
There's hid *Coriſca*: *Thou* canſt never be
Another. Struggling ſtill? *Cor.* My head, O me!
Ah cruel! ſtay a little longer yet,
And grant me but one favour. *Sat.* What is it?
Cor. Hear me a little more. *Sat.* Thou hopeſt now
With flatt'ries and ſqueez'd tears to make me bow.
Cor. Ah curteous Satyr! wilt thou kerve in me
Such cruel vengeance? *Sat.* Come, and thou ſhalt ſee.
Cor. And take no pity of me? *Sat.* None at all.
Cor. But art thou firm in this? *Sat.* As a braſs-wall.
Is this charm ended? *Cor.* O thou baſe, and not
To be exampled Rogue; half man, half goat,
And all a beaſt; thou carrion that doth ſtink,
By-blow and bluſh of nature; If thou think
Coriſca loves thee not, thou think'ſt the truth.
What ſhould ſhe love in ſuch a comely youth?
That fair Stags head? that Chimney-ſweepers broom?
Goats ears? that grave of rottenneſſe and rheum
Which once had bones in't? *Sat.* This to me,
Thou wicked varlet? *Cor.* Ev'n to thee.

Sat. To me, thou Scold? *Cor.* To thee, thou Goat.
Sat. And with these pincers pull I not
Thy barking tongue out? *Cor.* Would thou durst
Come near't, there's that will scour their rust.
Sat. A paltry woman, and in such
Condition (being in my clutch)
To injure me! and dare me too!
I will — *Cor.* Base slave, what wilt thou do?
Sat. Eat thee alive I will. *Cor.* Where be
The teeth to do't? *Sat.* Heav'n, dost thou see
And suffer this! But if I do not
Chastise thee — Come along. *Cor.* I wo'not.
Sat. Wo'not, my Mistresse Malapert?
Cor. Wo'not in spight of thy foul heart.
Sat. That shall be seen; Come, or I swear,
This arm I'll from thy shoulder tear.
Cor. Tear my head off, I wo'not go
One foot. *Sat.* Art thou resolved so?
Let's ne're dispute then any longer,
But put to tryal whether's stronger,
And faster on, thy neck-piece, or
My arm. — Thy hands to help too? Nor
Are these (perverse one) enough guard.
Cor. That shall be try'd. *Sat.* It shall. *Cor.* Pull hard.—
Satyr adieu, Get thy neck set. *Sat.* O me!
How I am shatter'd! O my head! my knee!
O my back-bone! my thigh! what a vile fall
Was here! to get upon my legs is all
I have the power to do. But can it be
That she should fly, and leave her head with me?

O marvellous! ye Nymphs and Shepherds run,
Flock hither to behold a wonder; one
That runs away without her head, by skill
In Magick. Hah! how light it is! how ill
Peopled with brains! How comes it that I ſee
None of the blood ſpirt forth? But ſtay; let me
Peruſe it better. O thou ſtock! thou ſtone!
Thou haſt no head, if thou think ſhe hath none.
Was ever any man ſo fool'd? See now
If ſhe had not a trick to ſcape, when thou
Thoughtſt her moſt ſure! Thou all made up of wiles,
Was't not enough thy heart, thy face, thy ſmiles,
Thy looks and ſpeeches falſified were,
But thou muſt likewiſe falſifie thy hair?
The glowing Amber, and the flowing Gold,
Which you (mad Poets) ſo extoll, behold!
Bluſh, bluſh now at your error, and recant
Your thred-bare theam; inſtead whereof, go paint
The arts of a deform'd and impious Witch
Breaking up Sepulchres by night, from which
She ſteals the hair that upon Death's head grows,
To imp her own, which ſhe ſo neatly does,
That ſhe hath made you praiſe what ye ſhould
Than dire *Megara*'s ſnaky locks abhor. (more
Theſe (*Lovers*) are your gyves (I take it) too!
Look on 'em Idiots: and if (as you
Proteſt) your hearts are faſtned to theſe hairs,
Now every one may without ſighs or tears
Come by his own. But why do I forbear
To publiſh her diſgrace? Surely that hair,

Which

Which ſtuck with ſtarres adorns the azure skye,
Never ſo famous was as this; and ſhe
Much more that wore it by my tongue ſhall be
Made infamous to all poſterity

CHORUS.

AH! 'Twas a grievous fault in her (the Cauſe
Of all our ſorrows) who, the ſacred Lawes
Of Love offending, by her breach of troth,
Kindled againſt this Land the mortal wrath
Of the immortal Gods, which not a Flood
Of general tears, nor ſo much guiltleſſe blood
" Can quench yet or abate; ſo high a price
" Unſpotted Faith (Expeller of all vice.
" And moſt undoubted Argument to prove
" A mind deſcended nobly) bears above.
" And ſuch a care to plant love in his creature
" (By which we deifie our humane Nature)
" Hath the eternal Lover. O thoſe blind
Miſtaken mortals, who addict their mind
To wealth, (for which affection's baſely ſold)
Watching the carcaſſe of their coffin'd gold,
Like a pale ghoſt that walks about his grave!
Or why ſhould beauty our free hearts enſlave?
" Theſe are dead loves; the living and divine
" Is where two ſouls by vertue do combine.
" No outward object can with reaſon move
" The heart to love it, 'cauſe it cannot love:

" Onely

" Onely the ſoul, 'cauſe that can love again,
" Deſerves a love, deſerves a lovers pain.
Well may tha kiſſe be ſweet that's giv'n t' a ſleek
And fragrant roſe of a vermilion cheek;
And underſtanding taſters (as are true
And happy Lovers) will commend that too.
'Tis a dead kiſſe, ſay I, and muſt be poor,
Which the place kiſt hath no means to reſtore.
But the ſweet ecchoing, and the Dove-like billing
Of two encountring Mouthes, when both are willing;
And when at once both Loves advance their bows,
Their ſhafts drawn home, at once ſound at the looſe,
(How ſweet is ſuch Revenge!) This is true kiſſing,
Where there is one for t' other without miſſing
A minute of the time, or taking more
Than that which in the taking they reſtore.
Where by an interchange of amorous bliſſes
At the ſame time they ſow and gather kiſſes.
Kiſſe a red ſwelling lip, then kiſſe a wriſt,
A breſt, a forehead, or what elſe thou liſt,
No part of a fair Nymph ſo juſt will be,
Except the lip, to pay this kiſſe to thee.
Thither your ſouls come ſallying forth, and they
Kiſſe too, and by the wandring pow'rs convey
Life into ſmacking Rubies, and tranſfuſe
Into the love ſprightly kiſſe their uſe
Of reaſon; ſo that ye diſcourſe together
In kiſſes, which with little noiſe deliver
Much matter; and ſweet ſecrets, which he ſpels,
Who is a Lover; Gibbriſh to all elſe.

Like

Like life, like mutual joy they feel where Love
With equal flames as with two wings doth move.
" And as where lips kisse lips is the best Kisse:
" So where one's lov'd, to love, best loving is.

Actus Tertius.

Scena Prima.

MIRTILLO.

SPring, the years youth, fair Mother of new flowers,
New leaves, new loves, drawn by the winged hours,
Thou art return'd; but the felicity
Thou brought'st me last is not return'd with thee,
Thou art return'd, but nought returns with thee
Save my lost joyes regretful memory.
Thou art the self same thing thou wert before,
As fair and jocund: but I am no more
The thing I was, so gracious in her sight
Who is Heav'ns master-piece, and Earth's delight,
" O bitter-sweets of Love! Far worse it is
" To lose, than never to have tasted blisse.
" But O how sweet were Love, if it could not
" Be lost, or being lost could be forgot!
Though if my hopes (as mine are wont to be)
Are not of glasse, or my love make me see

Them

Them through a multiplying glaſſe; If I
Be not deceiv'd both by my ſelf, and by
Another: Here I ſhall that Sun behold
Which I adore, impart her beams of gold
To my bleſt ſight, behold her flying feet
Stop at my ſad notes; here upon the ſweet
Food of that lovely face I ſhall ſuffice
After a tedious faſt my greedy eyes.
Here, here behold that proud one on me turn
Her ſparkling lamps, if not to light, to burn.
And if not fraught with amorous delight,
So kindly cruel as to kill outright.
Yet were't but juſt, that after ſo much pain
As I have hitherto endur'd in vain,
Thou Love at length ſhouldſt make the Sun appear
To this benighted earth ſerene and clear.
Hither *Ergaſto* did direct me, where
Coriſca and my *Amarillis* were
To play at Blindman-buffe: but I can finde
In this place nothing but my love that's blinde,
And ſo deceiv'd, miſ-led by a falſe guide
To ſeek that light which is to me deny'd.
Pray Heav'n my hard and envious fate beneath
This ſugred Pill now have not hid my death.
This tedious ſtay afflicts me: "For to thoſe
"That go to meet their Loves, each moment ſhows
"An age. Perchance I have arriv'd too late,
And made for me too long *Coriſca* wait:
Yet I made haſte. Now woe is me! If I
Have done this fault, I will lie down and dye.

Scena Secunda.

AMARILLIS, MIRTILLO, *Chorus of Nymphs*, CORISCA.

Am. BEhold *the Buff*! *Mirt.* O fight! *Am.* Come on,
Mirt. O voice!
That makes my heart both tremble and rejoyce.
Am. What do you do? *Lisetta*, where art thou
That wert so eager of this sport but now?
And thou *Corisca*, whither gone? *Mir.* I finde
Now it is true indeed, that Love is blinde.
Am. You there that are appointed for my guides
To hand and to support me on both sides,
Before the rest of our Companions come,
Out of these trees conduct me to field-room:
Then leaving me alone amidst the plain,
Amongst our other fellows herd again:
So joyning all together, make a ring
About me round, and let the sport begin.
Mir. But what shall I do? Yet I cannot see
Of what advantage this should be to me
In my desires; nor see I my north-starre
Corisca: Succour me blest Heav'n! *Am.* O are
Yee come at last? yee wontons, did you mean
Only to blind my eyes? Begin now then.

Chor. *Love, thou art not blind, I know,*
" *But dost onely appear so*

" *To*

"To blinde us: if thy sight's small
"Thou hast, I'm sure no faith at all.
Blinde or not, thou try'st in vain
Me into thy net to train.
And to keep out of thy pound,
Off I get, and traverse ground.
Blinde as thou art, thou couldst see more
Than Argus *hundred eyes of yore.*
Thou couldst see (blinde as thou art)
Well enough to hit my heart.
But I were a fool indeed,
Should I trust thee now I'm freed.
Sport with thee henceforth that will;
'Tis a sport with thee to kill.

Am. I, but with too much wariness you play:
Yee should strike first, and after get away.
Approach me, touch me, and yet shall not fly
Me then. *Mir.* O ye high Gods! in heav'n am I?
Or earth? O heaven's! do your eternal rounds?
Move in such order, warble such sweet sounds?

Cho. *Well, blind Archer, since thou still*
Urgest me to play, I will.
Now I clap thy shoulder hard:
Now I fly unto my guard:
Strike, and run, and strike again,
And thou wheel'st about in vain.
Now I pinch thee, now remove:
And have at thee now blind love.

Yet thou canst not light on me;
Why? because my heart is free.

Am. In faith *Licoris*, *I* had surely thought
T'ave caught thee there, and 'twas a Tree *I* caught.
I, dost thou laugh? *Mir.* Would *I* had been that Tree.
But do *I* not *Coriſca* hidden ſee
Amongſt thoſe brakes? and ſhe makes ſigns as who
Should ſay, that ſomething ſhe would have me do.

Cho. " *A free heart makes a nimble heel.*
Ah Traytor! doſt thou tempt me ſtill
With thy flattering falſe delight?
Thus then I renew the fight.
Slaſh, and flie, and turn, and ſhove;
And about again blind Love:
Yet thou canſt not light on me;
Why? becauſe my heart is free.

Am. Would thou wert pull'd up by the Root, baſe
That *I* ſhould ever thus be catching thee! (Tree
Deceived by the dancing of a bough,
I did ſuppoſe *I*'d had *Eliza* now.
Mir. Coriſca ſtill is making ſigns to me,
And looks as ſhe were angry; perhaps ſhe
Would have me mix with thoſe Nymphs. *Am.* Muſt I
With nothing but with Tree than all this day? (play
Cor. I muſt come forth and ſpeak, or hee'l not ſtir—
To her (white liver) and lay hold on her.
Why doſt thou gape? to have her run into
Thy mouth? At leaſt, if that thou dar'ſt not do;

Let her lay hold of thee. Come, give me here
This dart, and go to meet her fool. *Mir.* How near
To impotence is strong desire! O Love!
That thou shouldst make a man a coward prove!
Am. Play but once more, for now I weary grow.
Troth y'are too blame for making me run so.

Chor. *That triumphant God survey,*
To whom amorous mortals pay
Impious tribute! See him snaffeld!
See him laught at! See him baffeld!
As a hooded Hawk or Owl
With light blinded, when the fowl
With their armies flock about her,
Some to beat, and some to flout her;
She in vain doth rouze and peck
This and that way with her beak:
So we baffle and deride
Thee (blind Love) on ev'ry side.
One doth pinch thy elbow black;
T'other has thee by the back;
And thy baiting does no good,
Nor thy pecking through thy hood,
Nor thy stretching out thy claws.
'But sweet meats have sowr sawce.
'Birds are caught by playing thus:
'So do Nymphs grow amorous.

Scena Tertia.

AMARILLIS, CORISCA, MIRTILLO.

Am. I'Fath, *Aglaura*, art thou caught at last?
Thou'dst fain be gone, but *I* will hold thee fast,
Cor. Surely, unlesse at unawares by main
Strength *I* had thrust him on her, *I* in vain
Had tyr'd my self to make him thither go.
Am. Thou wilt not speak now: Art thou she or no?
Cor. I lay his Dart here by him, and unto
My bush return, t' observe what will ensue.
Am. Thou art *Corisca*, now it is most clear;
I know thee by thy tallnesse and short hair.
'Twas thee *I* wish'd to catch; that *I* might use thee
Just as *I* list, and thus, and thus abuse thee;
And thus, and thus. Not yet? But since 'twas thou
That boundst me, do thou too unbind me now:
Quickly (my heart) and thou shalt have of me
The sweetest kisse that e're was given thee.
What dost thou stick at? thy hand trembles: what,
Art thou so weary? If thy nails will not,
Let thy teeth do't: come fumbler, let me see;
I can my self untangle without thee.
Fie, how with knots on knots it is perplext?
The best on't is, thou must be blinded next.
So, now 'tis loos'd: Hah! whom have we here?
Traitor avaunt. *I* am unspirited. *Mir.* Dear

Soul

Soul, do not ſtrive to go away. *Am.* Unhand
(Forcer of Nymphs) unhand me, I command.
Ay me! *Aglaura* and *Elitta* tarry,
Betrayers of my innocence, where are ye?—
Unhand me villain. *Mir.* I obey. *Am.* Thisplot
Coriſca laid: Now tell her what th'aſt got.
Mir. O whither fly'ſt thou Cruel? e're thou go
Banquet thy eys yet with my death: for lo,
I pierce my boſome with this dart. *Am.* Ay me!
What wilt thou do? *Mir.* That which it troubles thee
Perchance (dire Nymph) that any ſhould be ſed
T' have done, but thou. *Am.* (Ay me! I'm almoſt dead)
Mirt. And if this action to thy hand be due,
Behold the weapon and the breſt! *Am.* 'Tis true,
Thou haſt deſerv'd it of me. What could move
Thy heart to ſuch a high preſumption? *Mir.* Love.
Am. 'Love never cauſes rudeneſs. *Mir.* Then con-
I was in love, becauſe I was not rude: [clude,
For if within thy arms thou caughtſt me firſt,
I cannot well with rudeneſſe be aſperſt,
Since with ſo fair an opportunitie
To be audacious, and to uſe with thee
The Laws of Love, I had ſuch power yet over
My ſelf, I ev'n forgot I was a Lover.
Am. Upbraid me not with what I blind did do.
Mir. I being in Love was blinder of the two.
Am. 'Pray'r and ſweet language diſcreet Lovers uſe
To win their loves; not theſt and cheats, t' abuſe.
Mir. As a wild beaſt enrag'd with want of food
Ruſhes on travellers out of the wood:

So I, that only live on thy fair eys,
Since that lov'd food thy crueltie denies,
Or else my Fate, if like a ravenous Lover
Rushing to day upon thee from this Cover,
Where I had long been famish't, I did prove
One stratagem to save my life (which Love
Prompted me to) then blame not, cruel Maid,
Me, but thy self; for if (as thou hast said)
Prayer and sweet language only should be us'd
By discreet Lovers, which thou hast refus'd
To hear from me; thou by thy crueltie,
Thou by thy flight mad'st me I could not be
A discreet Lover. *Am.* If th'adst gi'n her over
That fled from thee, th'adst been a discreet Lover.
But know, thou persecutest me in vain; [daig
What wouldst thou have of me? *Mir.* I'd have thee
Once e're I die to hear me. *Am.* See! as soon
As thou hast askt, thou hast receiv'd the boon.
Now then be gone. *Mir.* Ah Nymph! I've scarcely yet
Powr'd one small drop out to thee of the great
Sea of my tears. If not for pities sake,
Yet for the pleasure thou therein wilt take,
List' to a dying mans last accents. *Am.* Well,
To shun more trouble, and thy hopes to quell,
To hear thee I'm content. But this before;
Say little, quicklie, part, and come no more. [bin
Mir. Thou dost command me, cruel'st Nymph, t
In volume too too small that unconfin'd
Desire, which scarcely humane thought (though it
Be as the soul that holds it, infinit)
Hath line to fathom. Th

That I do love thee more than I do love
My life (if thou doubt'st, Cruel) ask this Grove,
And that will tell thee; and with it each beast,
Each stupid stock there can the same attest;
Each stone of these high mountains, which so oft
With the voice of my complaints made soft.
But what need I call any witnesse else
To prove my love, where so much beauty dwells?
Behold these flowers which make low earth so proud!
Those Stars which nail Heavens pavement! all these
Into one ring; A beautie like that same [crowd
Is the high cause and forcer of my flame.
For as by nature Water doth descend,
The Fire unto the higher Regions tend
The Air obliquely spread it self, the Ground
Lie still, and Heaven about all these turn round,
So naturally do I encline to thee,
As to my chiefest good; so naturally
To those lov'd beauties (as unto her sole)
With all her wing'd affections flies my soul.
And he that should imagine he had force
Her from her deerest object to divorce,
Might with as much facilitie command
The Air, the Fire, the Water and the Land,
The Heavens too from their accustom'd tracks,
And make the Pillars of the world to crack,
But since thou bidst me say but little, I
Shall say but little, saying that *I dye*:
And shall do lesse in dying, since I see
How much my death is coveted by thee.

Yet I ſhall do (alas) all that is left
For me to do, of hopes in love bereft.
But (cruel ſoul) when I am in my grave,
Some pitie then upon my ſufferings have.
Ah! fair and lov'd, and that wert once the ſweet
Cauſe of my life (whilſt Heav'n thought it meet)
Turn thoſe bright lamps upon me, as beni'ne
And pitiful as e're I ſaw them ſhine,
Once e're I die, that I may die in peace.
Let thoſe fair amiable eys releaſe
My life, now bitter, which once ſweetned it;
And thoſe bright ſtarres, which my loves torches
Light too my Funeral tapers, and forerun, [li't,
As once my riſing, now my ſetting Sun.
But thou more hard than e're thou wert before,
Feel'ſt yet no ſpark of pity; but art more
Stiff with my pray'rs. Muſt I then talk alone?
Wretch that I am, diſcourſe I to a ſtone?
Say *Dye*, at leaſt, if nothing elſe thou'lt ſay;
And thou ſhalt ſee me dye. O Love! what way
Canſt thou not plague me? when this Nymph that's
In cruelty, and for my blood did thirſt, [nurſt
Finding my death would now a favour be,
Ev'n that ſad favour doth deny to me?
Nor will reply a ſyllable, or daign
One ſtabbing word to put me out of pain?

Am. To anſwer thee if I had promiſed,
As well as hear thee, this were juſtly ſed.
Thou call'ſt me cruel, hoping, that to ſhun
That vice, into the contrary I'll run.

But know, my ears are not so tickled
With that (by me so little merited
And lesse desired) praise thou giv'st to me
Of beauty, as to hear my self by thee
Stil'd Cruel; which to be to any other
I grant were vice; 'tis vertue to a Lover:
And what thou harshnes call'st and cruelsie,
Is in a woman perfect honestie.
But say, that ev'n t' a Lover 'twere a sin;
Yet tell me, when harh *Amarillis* been
Cruel to thee? was't then when justice bad
To use no pitie; yet on thee I had
So much, that I from death deliver'd thee?
I mean, when 'mongst a noble companie
Of modest Virgins mingled, thou didst cover
With a Maids habit a libidinous Lover:
And, our chaste sports polluting, didst intrude
'Mongst kisses feign'd and innocent thy lewd
And wanton kisses (such an act, as yet
I blush as oft as I but think on it.)
But at that time I knew thee not (Heav'n knows)
And when I did, my indignation rose.
Thy wantonnesse I from my mind did keep,
And suffred not the amorous plague to creep
To my chast heart: on my lips outer skin
The poyson suck, but none of it got in.
"A mouth that's kist perforce,
"If it spit out the kisse, is ne're the worse.
But what wouldst thou by that bold theft have got,
If I had to those Nymphs discover'd what

Thou wert? the *Thracian* women never tore
And murther'd *Orpheus* so on *Hebrus* shore,
As they had thee, unlesse her clemencie
Whom thou call'st cruel now had rescu'd thee,
But she is not so cruel as she ought
To be: for if when she is cruel thought
Thy boldnesse is so great, what would it be
If she were judged pitiful by thee?
That honest pitie which I could, I gave;
Other it is in vain for thee to crave,
Or hope: 'For amorous pitie she can ill
'Bestow, who gave it all to one that will
'Give her none back. If thou my Lover be,
Love my good name, my life, my honestie,
Thou seek'st impossibles; I am a ward
To Heaven, Earth watches me, and my reward
If I transgresse, is death: but most of all,
Vertue defends me with a brazen wall.
'For she that is protected by her honour,
'Scorns there should be a safer guard upon her.
Look to thy safety then, and do not give
Battel to me, *Mirtillo*: flie, and live,
If thou be wise. 'For out of sense of smart
'T' abandon life, argues but a faint heart.
'And 'tis the part of vertue to abstain
'From what we love, if it will prove our bane.
Mir. 'He that no longer can resist, must yield.
Am. 'Where vertue is, all passions quit the field.
Mir. 'Love triumphs over vertue. *Am.* Let that man
'That cannot what he will, will what he can.

Mir.

Mir. "Neceſſity of loving hath no law. (draw.
Am. "Love's wounds will heal, which ſalves of abſence
Mir. "We fly in vain what we about us carry, (ry.
Am. "Love drives out love like following billows: mar-
Mir. Strange levitie in me thou doſt preſume.
Am. "If all ways fail, time will thy love conſume.
Mir. But firſt my love will have conſumed me.
Am. Is there no cure then for thy malady?
Mir. No cure at all but that which death affords.
Am. Death? let me ſpeak then; and be ſure theſe words
Beas a charm unto thee: though I know
"When Lovers talk of dying, it doth ſhow
"An amorous cuſtome rather of the tongue,
"Than a reſolve of minde (continuing long)
"To do't indeed: yet if thou ete ſhouldſt take
So ſtrange a frenzie; know, when thou doſt make
Away thy ſelf, thou murtherſt my fame too:
Live then (if thou doſt love me) and adieu:
I ſhall eſteem thee henceforth moſt diſcreet,
If thou take care we two may never meet.
Mir. Sad doom! without my life how can I live?
Or without death end to my torments give?
Am. *Mirtillo*, 'Tis high time thou wentſt away,
Thou haſt already made too long a ſtay:
Be gone; and take this cordial along,
"O hopeleſſe Lovers there's a numerous throng,
"There is no wound but carries with it pain.
And there are others may of love complain.
Mir. I know I'm not the only man hath loſt
His Love; but only wretched I am toſt

'Twixt-

'Twixt life and death; of whom it may be ſed,
That I am neither living, noe yet dead.

Am. Be gone, be gone. *Mir.* O woful parting! O
End of my dayes! from thee how can I go,
And yet not dye? The pangs of death I'm ſure
I feel, and all that parting ſouls endure.
For mine, 'tis paſt into my griefs: Hence I
Have ceas'd to live, thoſe live immortally.

Scena quarta.

AMARILLIS.

Mirtillo, O *Mirtillo*! couldſt thou ſee
That heart which thou condemn'ſt of cruelty,
(Soul of my ſoul) thou unto it wouldſt ſhow
That pity which thou begg'ſt from it I know.
O ill ſtarr'd Lovers! what avails it me
To have thy love? T'have mine, what boots it thee?
Whom Love hath joyn'd why doſt thou ſeparate,
Malitious fate! and two divorc'd by Fate
Why joyn'ſt thou perverſe Love! How bleſt are you
Wild beaſts, that are in loving ty'd unto
No laws but thoſe of Love! whilſt humane laws
Inhumanely condemn us for that cauſe.
" O why, if this be ſuch a natural
" And powerful paſſion, was it capital!
" Nature too frail, that do'ſt with Law contend!
" Law too ſevere, that Nature do'ſt offend!

But

"But what? they love but little who death fear.
Ah, my *Mirtillo*! would to heav'n that were
"The onely penaltie. Vertue which art
"The bindingst Law to an ingenuous heart,
This inclination which in me I feel,
Lanc'd with the sharp point of thy holy steel,
To thee I sacrifice; and pardon (deer
Mirtillo) her, that's onely cruel, where
She must not pitie. Pardon thy fierce foe
In looks and words: but in her heart not so.
Or if addicted to revenge thou be,
What greater vengeance canst thou take on me
Then thine own grief? for if thou be my heart
(As in despight of Heaven and Earth thou art)
Thy sighs my vital spirits are, the flood
Of tears which follows is my vital blood,
And all these pangs, and all these groans of thine
Are not thy pangs, are not thy groans, but mine.

Scena quinta.

CORISCA. AMARILLIS.

Cor. SIster, no more dissembling. *Am.* Woe is me!
I am discovered. *Cor.* I heard all: now see,
Was I a Witch? I did believe (my Heart)
Thou wert in love; now I am sure thou art.
And wouldst thou keept from me? thy closet; tush,
This is a common evil, never blush.

Am.

Am. *Coriſca*, I am conquer'd (I confeſſ't)

Cor. No, now I know't, deny it thou wert beſt.

Am. " Alas! I knew a womans heart would prove
" Too ſmall a veſſel for o're-flowing love.

Cor. Cruel to thy *Mirtillo*! but unto
Thy ſelf much more! *Am.* 'Tis cruelty that grew
" From pitie. *Cor.* Poyſon ne're was known to grow
" From wholſom root: What diff'rence canſt thou ſhow
'Twixt ſuch a crueltie as doth offend,
And ſuch a pitie as no help will lend?

Am. Ay me, *Coriſca*! *Cor.* 'Tis a vanitie
(Siſter) to ſigh, an imbecillitie
Of mind, and taſts too much of woman. *Am.* Were
Not crueller to nouriſh in his heart
A hopeleſſe love? To fly him is a ſigne
I have compaſſion of his caſe and mine.

Cor. But why a hopeleſſe love: *Am.* Do'ſt thou not (know
I am contracted unto *Silvio*?
D'ſt thou not know beſides what the Law ſaith,
'Tis death in any woman that breaks faith?

Cor. O fool! and is this all ſtands in thy way?
Whether is ancienter with us (I pray)
" The Law of *Dian*, or of Love? this laſt
" Is born with us, and it grows up as faſt
" As we do, *Amarillis*; 'tis not writ,
" Nor taught by Maſters, Nature printed it
" In humane hearts with her own powerful hand:
" Both Gods and men are under Loves command.

Am. But if that Law, my life away ſhould take,
Can this of Love a reſtitution make?

Cor.

Cor. Thou art too nice; if women all were such,
And on these scruples should insist so much,
Good dayes adieu. I hold them simple souls
Will live obnoxious to such poor comptrolls
" Laws are not for the wise: if to be kind
Should merit death, *Jove* help the cruel mind!
But if fools fall into those snares, 'tis fit
They be forbid to steal, who have not wit
" To hide their theft. For honestie is but
" An art, an honest gloss on vice to put.
Think others as they list; thus I conceive
Am. These rotten grounds, *Coriſca*, will deceive
" What I can't hold, 'tis wisdom soon to quit.
Cor. " And who forbids thee fool? our life doth flit
" Too fast away to lose one jot of it;
" And men so squemish and so curious grown,
" That two of our new Lovers make not one
" O'th' old. We are no longer for their tooth
" (Believ't) then while w' are new. Bate us our youth,
" Bate us our beautie, and like hollow Trees
" Which had been stuff'd with honey by the Bees,
" If that by licouriſh hands away be ta'ne,
" Drie and despised Trunks we shall remain.
Therefore let them have leave to babble what
They please, as those who know nor reckon not
What the poor woman *Amarillis* bears,
Our case alas is differing much from theirs.
" Men in perfection as in age increase,
" Wisdom supplies the loss of handsomness:
" But when our youth and beauty (which alone
" Conquers the strength and wit of men) are gone,

"All's gone with us; nor canst thou possibly
"Say a worse thing, or to be pardon'd thee
"More hardly, then *Old Woman*. Then before
Thou split on that unevitable shore,
Know thine own worth, and do not be so mad,
As when thou mayst live merry, to live sad.
What would the Lyon's strength boot him, or
Avail a man, unless he used it? (wit
Our beauty is to us that which to men
Wit is, or strength unto the Lyon. Then

"*Let us use it whilst we may;*
"*Snatch those joyes that haste away.*
"*Earth her winter-coat may cast,*
"*And renew her beauty past;*
"*But, our winter come, in vain*
"*We sollicite spring again:*
"*And when our furrows snow shall cover,*
"*Love may return, but never Lover.*

Am. Thou say'st all this only to try me sure,
Not that thy thoughts are such. But rest secure,
Unless the way thou unto me shalt show
Be a plain way, and warrantable too
To break this Match; I am resolv'd to die
A thousand deaths, 'ere stain my honestie.
Cor. More wilful woman *I* did never know.
But since thou art so resolved, be it so.
Tell me good *Amarillis*, seriously,
Do'st thou suppose thy *Silvio* sets by

His

His faith as much as thou thy honestie?

Am. Thou mak'st me laugh at this: wherein should he
Express a faith, who is to love a foe?

Cor. Love's foe? O fool! thou know'st not *Silvio*.
He is the still Sow, he. O these coy fouls!
Believe them not: the deep stream silent rowls.
" No theft in Love, so subtil, so secure,
" As to hide sin by seeming to be pure.
In short, thy *Silvio* loves: but 'tis not thee
(Sister) he loves. *Am.* What Goddess may she be?
For certainly she is no mortal Dame
That could the heart of *Silvio* inflame. (thou saide

Cor. Nor Goddess, nor yet Nymph. *Am.* What hast
Cor. Do'st thou know my *Lisetta*. *Am.* Who? the Maid
That tends thy flocks? *Cor.* The same. *Am.* It cannot be
She, I am sure, *Corisca*? *Cor.* Verie she,
I can assure thee, she is all his joy.

Am. A proper choice for one that was so coy.

Cor. But wilt thou know how he doth pine away
And languish for this Jewel? Everie day
He feigns to go a hunting. *Am.* Everie morn
Soon as it dawns I hear his cursed horn.

Cor. And just at noon, when others are i'th' heat
Of all the sport, he doth by stealth retreat
From his Companions, and comes all alone
Unto my garden by a way unknown:
Where underneath a haw-thorn hedges shade
(Which doth the garden fence about) the Maid
Hears his hot sighs, and amorous pray'rs, which she
Comes laughing afterwards, and tells to me.

Now

Now hear what *I* to ſerve thee 've thought upon;
Or rather, what *I* have alreadie done.
I think thou know'ſt, that *the ſame Law which hath*
Enjoyn'd the woman to obſerve her faith
To her betrothed, likewiſe doth enact,
That if the woman catch him in the fact
Of falſhood, ſpight of friends ſhe may deny
To have him, and without diſloyalty
Marry another. Am. This *I* know full well;
And thereof ſome examples too could tell,
Of my own knowledge; *Egle* having found
Licotas falſe, remain'd her ſelf unbound.
Armilla did from falſe *Turingo* ſo,
And *Phillida* from *Ligurino* go.
Cor. Now liſt' to me: My Maid (by me ſet on)
Hath bid her credulous Lover meet anon
In yonder Cave with her; whence he remains
The moſt contented of all living ſwains,
And waits but th'hour: there thou ſhalt catch him; where
I too will be witneſs of all to bear:
(For without this our plot would be in vain.)
So without any hazard, or leaſt ſtain
To thine, or to thy fathers honour, thou
Shalt free thy ſelf from this diſtaſteful vow.
Am. *I* like it rarelie, but the way, the way,
Coriſca Cor. Marrie thus (obſerve me pray)
I'th' middle of the Cave (which narrow is
And verie long) upon the right hand lies
Another leſſer Grot (*I* know not whether
By nature, or by art, or both together
Made)

Made) in the hollow ſtone, whoſe ſlimie wall
Is hid with clinging Ivie, and a ſmall
Hole in the roof lets light in from above,
Fit receptacles for the theſts of Love,
Yet chearful too enough) there thou ſhalt hide
Thy ſelf, and hidden in that place abide
Till the two Lovers come; I mean to ſend
Liſetta firſt, and after her, her friend,
Following his ſteps my ſelfaloof: And when
I ſhall perceive him ſtept into the den,
Ruſh after him will I. But leſt he ſhould
Eſcape from me: when I have laid faſt hold
Upon him, I will uſe *Liſetta*'s aid,
And joyning both (for ſo the plot is laid
Between us two) together we will make
A cry, at which thou too ſhalt come, and take
The penalty o'th' Law 'gainſt *Silvio*,
Then my *Liſetta* and we two will go
Before the Prieſt; and ſo thou ſhalt untie
The Nuptial knot. *Am.* Before his Father? *Cor.* Why?
What matters that? Think'ſt thou *Montano*'s blood
Will ſtand in balance with his Countries good
Or that his ſacred function he'll neglect
For any carnal or profane reſpect?
Am. Go to then (ſetting all diſputes aſide)
I wink, and follow thee my faithful guide.
Cor. Then linger not (my Heart) enter into
The Cave. *Am.* Unto the Temple firſt I'll go
'T'adore the gods: For unleſſe Heaven give
'Succeſſe, no mortal enterprize can thrive.

Cor. 'To devout hearts all places Temples are:
It will loſe too much time. *Am.* In uſing pray'r
'To them that made time, time cannot be loſt.
Cor. Go, and return then quickly.—So almoſt
I'm paſt the bad way; only this delay
Gives me ſome cauſe of trouble; yet this may
Be of uſe too. Something there would be done
T' abuſe my honeſt Lover *Coridon*.
I'll ſay, I'll meet him in the Cave; and ſo
Will make him after *Amarillis* go.
This done, by a back way I'll thither ſend
The Prieſt of *Dian* her to apprehend:
Guiltie ſhe will be found, and ſentenced
To death without all doubt. My Rival dead,
Mirtillo is mine own: His crueltie
To me being caus'd by's love to her. But ſee
The man! I'll ſound him till ſhe comes. Now riſe,
Riſe all my Love into my tongue and eys.

Scena ſexta.

MIRTILLO, CORISCA,

Mir. HEar ye damn'd ſpirits that in Hell lament,
Hear a new ſort of pain and puniſhment.
See in a Turtles look a Tygers mind!
She, crueller than death, 'cauſe ſhe did find
One death would not ſuffice her bloody will,
And that to live, was to be dying ſtill,

Enjoyns

Enjoyns me not to make my self away,
That I might die a thousand times a day.
Cor. (I'll make as though I saw him not) I hear
A doleful voice pierce my relenting ear,
Who should it be? *Mirtillo*, is it thou? [how
Mir. I would it were my ghost. *Cor.* Well, well: but
(And tell me true) thy self now dost thou find,
Since to thy deareſt Nymph thou brak'ſt thy mind?
Mir. As one who in a feaver caſt
Forbidden liquor long'd to taſte,
If gotten, ſets it to his mouth,
And quenches life, but cannot drouth:
So I, with amorous feaver long
Conſumed, from her eys and tongue
Sweet poiſon ſuck'd, which leaves me more
Enflamed than I was before.
Cor. 'Love upon us no power can have
'But what our ſelves (*Mirtillo*) gave.
'As a Bear doth with her tongue
'Polliſh her miſhapen young
'Which had elſe in vain been born:
'So an Am'riſt giving form
'To a rude and faint deſire
'That would otherwiſe expire,
'Hatches Love; which is at firſt
'Weak and raw, but when 'tis nurſt,
'Fierce and cruel. Take't upon
'My word, an old affection
'Tyrannizes in a breſt,
'And grows a Maſter from a gueſt.

'For when the soul shall once be brought
'To be fettred to one thought,
'And that, not have the pow'r to move
'A minute from its object, Love
'(Made for delight) will turn to sadnesse;
'And which is worse, to death or madnesse.
'Therefore my advice shall be,
'To part thy love to two or three.

Mir. Let death or madnesse me betide
Rather than my Flame divide.
Amarillis (though she be
Cruel and unkind to me)
Is my life and Reason too,
And to her I will be true.

Cor. Foolish Swain! that canst not tell
How to make a bargain well.
What? change love for hatred? I
Rather now than do't would die.

Mir. 'Crueltie doth faith refine,
'As the fire the golden mine:
'Where were the loyaltie of Love,
'If women should not tyrants prove?
In my many suffrings this
All my joy and comfort is,
Sorrows, tortures, exile, gall,
Here's a cause will sweeten all.
Let me languish, let me burn,
Let me any thing but turn.

Cor. O brave Lover! valiant breast!
More impetuous than a beast!

And yet tamer than a rock
Which endures the Ocean's ſhock!
"In Lovers hearts there cannot be
"A worſe diſeaſe than Conſtancie.
"O moſt unhappy thoſe in whom
"This fooliſh Idol finds a room!
"Which ſhackles us, when we might prove
"The ſweet variety of Love.
With this dull vertue Conſtancie,
Tell me (ſimple Lover) why
Amarillis? For her face?
Whom another muſt embrace?
Or doſt thou affect her mind,
Which to thee is not inclin'd?
All then thou canſt doat upon
Is thine own deſtruction.
And wilt thou be ſtill ſo mad
To covet that cannot be had?
Up *Mirtillo*, know thy parts:
Canſt thou want a thouſand hearts?
Others I dare ſwear there be,
That would ſue as much to thee.

Mir. To be *Amarillis* thrall
Is more than to command them all.
And if ſhe my ſuit denie,
All that's pleaſure I defie.
I to make another choice?
In another I rejoyce?
Neither could I if I would,
Neither would I if I could:

But if possible to me
Such a will or power be,
Heav'n and Love before that hour
Strip me of all will and pow'r.

Cor. Thou art enchanted: otherwise
Couldst thou too thy self despise?

Mir. I must, when I'm despis'd by her
(*Coriſca*). *Cor.* Come *Mirtillo*, ne're
Deceive thy self: perhaps thou dost suppose
She loves thee in her heart, although she shows
An outward scorn. If thou but knewst but shee
Talks oftentimes to me concerning thee.

Mir. All these are trophies of my constant love,
With which i'le triumph o're the Pow'rs above,
And men below, my torments, and her hate,
O're Fortune and the world, o're Death and Fate,

Cor. (Wonder of Constancy! if this man knew
How much he's lov'd by her, what would he do?)
Mirtillo, how it pities me to hear
These frantick speeches! Tell me, wert thou 'ere
In love before? *Mir.* Fair *Amarillis* was
My first, and shall be my last Love. *Cor.* Alas!
It should seem then that thou didst never prove
Any but cruel, but disdainful Love.
O that't had been thy chance but once to be
In love with one that's gentle, courteous, free!
Try that a little: try it, and thou'lt finde
How sweet it is to meet with one that's kinde,
That loves and honours thee as much as thou
Thy sowre and cruel *Amarillis*; how

Delightful

Delightful 'tis to have a joy as great
As is thy love, a happineſſe compleat
As thy own wiſh: to have thy Miſtreſſe twine
About thy neck, and her ſighs eccho thine:
And after ſay, My Joy, all that I have,
All that I am, and thy deſires can crave,
At thy devotion is: If I am fair,
For thee I'm fair; for thee I deck this hair,
This face, this boſome; from this breſt of mine
I turn'd out my own heart to harbour thine. —
But this is a ſmall river to that vaſt
Sweet ſea of pleaſure which love makes us taſte,
And they alone that taſte can well relate.

Mir. A thouſand thouſand times moſt fortunate
Is he that's born under ſo bleſt a ſtar!

Cor. Here me *Mirtillo*: (e're I was aware
I'd almoſt call'd him mine) a Nymph as fair
As the proud'ſt ſhe that curls or ſpreads to th' air
Her golden treſſes, worthy of thy love
As thou of hers, the honour of this Grove,
Love of all hearts; by every worthier ſwain
In vain ſollicited, ador'd in vain,
Doth love thee only, and thee only prize
More than her life, and more than her own eys.
Mirtillo, ſcorn her not, if wiſe thou be;
For as the ſhadow doth the body, ſhe
Will follow thee through all the world: ſhe will
At thy leaſt word and beck be ready ſtill
As thy obedient hand-maid: night and day
With thee ſhe'll paſſe the tedious hours away.

Ah! do not wave (*Mirtillo*) do not wave
So rare a bliſſe; the perfect'ſt joyes we have
Are thoſe which neither ſighs nor tears do coſt,
Nor danger, and on which leaſt time is loſt.
Here thou haſt paſſe-time, at thy door a feaſt
Upon the table alwayes ready dreſt.
To pleaſe thy taſte. Ay me! canſt thou receive
A greater gift than this? *Mirtillo*, Leave,
Leave this cold hunting after flying feet,
And her that runs to thy embraces, meet.
Nor do I feed thee with vain hopes; command
Her come, and ſhe that loves thee is at hand,
Now, if thou ſay the word. *Mir.* I prethee reſt
Content, my pallat is not for a feaſt.

Cor. Try but what joy is made of once, and then
Return unto thy wonted grief agen,
That thou maiſt ſay, thou haſt a taſte of both.

Mir. "Diſtemper'd palats all ſweet things to loath.

Cor. Yet do't in pitie unto her that dyes,
Unleſſe ſh' enjoy the ſun of thy fair eyes.
Uncharitable youth, art not thou poor?
And canſt thou beat a beggar from thy door?
Ah! what thou woulſt another ſhould extend.
To thee, do thou now to another lend.

Mir. What alms can beggers give? In ſhort, I ſwo
Allegiance to that Nymph whom I adore,
Whether ſhe tyrant prov'd, or merciful.

Cor. O truly blind, and moſt unhappy, dull
Mirtillo! who is't thou art conſtant to?
I am unwilling to add woe to woe;

Bu

But thou art too much wrong'd I' faith, and I
That love thee am not able to ſtand by
And ſee thee ſo betraid. If thou ſuppoſe
This crueltie of *Amarillis* grows
From zeal to vertue or Religion,
Th'art gull'd: another doth poſſeſs the throne,
And thou (poor wretch!) whilſt he doth laugh, muſt cry.
VVhat, ſtricken dumb? *Mir.* I'm in an extaſie,
'Twixt life and death ſuſpended, till I know
VVhether I ſhould believe thee now or no,
Cor. Do'ſt not believe me then? *Mir.* If I did, I
Had not ſurviv'd it ſure: and I will die
Yet, if it be a truth. *Cor.* Live (Caitiffe) live
To be reveng'd. *Mir.* But I cannot believe
It is a truth. *Cor.* VVilt thou not yet believe,
But force me to tell that which it will grieve
Thy ſoul to hear? Do'ſt thou ſee yonder Cave?
That is thy Miſtreſs Faith's and Honour's grave:
There laughs ſh' at thee, there makes of thy anoy
A poynant ſawce to thy tir'd Rivals joy.
In ſhort; there oft a baſe-born ſhepherd warms
Thy vertuous *Amarillis* in his arms.
Now go and ſigh, and whine, and conſtant prove
Unto a Nymph that thus rewards thy love.
Mir. Ay me *Coriſca*! do'ſt thou tell me true?
And is it fit I ſhould believe thee too?
Cor. The more thou ſearcheſt, 'twill the worſer be.
Mir. But didſt thou ſee't *Coriſca*? woe is me!
Cor. Truth is, I did not ſee it, but thou mayſt,
And preſently, for ſhe her word hath paſt

To

To meet him there this verie hour: But hide
Thy self beneath that shadie hedges side,
And thou thy self shalt see her straight descend
Into the Cave, and after her, her friend.
Mir. So quicklie must I die? *Cor.* See! I have
Her coming down alreadie by the side (spi'd
O'th' Temple: mark! how guiltilie she moves!
Her stealing pace betraying their stoln loves.
To mark the sequel, do thou here remain,
And afterwards we two will meet again.
Mir. Since the discoverie of the truth's so near,
With my belief I will my death defer.

Scena Septima.

Amarillis.

"NO mortal work successfullie is done
"Which with th' immortal gods is not begun.
Full of distractions, and with heavie heart
I did from hence unto the Temple part: (air,
Whence (Heaven be prais'd) I come as light as
And strangelie comforted: for at my pray'r
Pure and devout, I felt from thence, (methought)
Another soul into my bodie shot,
Which whisper'd, Fear not *Amarillis*, go
Securely on. I, and I will do so,
Heav'n guiding. — Fair Mother of love, befriend
Her that on thee for succour doth depend:

Thou

Thou that as Queen in the third Orb do'ſt ſhine,
If e're thou felt'ſt thy Son's flames, pitie mine.
Bring (courteous Goddeſs) by a ſecret path
Quickly that youth to whom I've pawn'd my faith.
And thou dear Cave, till I have done my work,
Suffer this ſlave of Love in thee to lurk.
But *Amarillis*, all the Coaſt is clear,
None nigh to ſee thee, and none nigh to hear;
Securelie enter. O *Mirtillo*, O
Mirtillo, if thou dream'dſt wherefore I go! —

Scena Octava.

MIRTILLO.

I Wake, and ſee, what I could wiſh t'have been
Born without eyes, that I might not have ſeen:
Or rather not to have been born. Curſt Fate!
Why haſt thou thus prolonged my lifes date,
To bring me to this killing ſpectacle?
Mirtillo, more tormented than in Hell
The blackeſt ſoul is, not to doubt thy grief?
Not to be able to ſuſpend belief?
Thou, thou haſt heard and ſeen't: thy Miſtreſs is
Another man's. And (which is worſe) not his
Whoſe by the world's Laws ſhe was bound to be,
But by Love's Laws ſnatcht both from him and thee.
O cruel *Amarillis*! to undo
This wretched man, and then to mock him too

With

With that unconſtant mouth which once did meet,
And once did call *Mirtillo*'s kiſſes ſweet:
But now his loathed name (which haplie roſe
Like bitter drink that 'gainſt the ſtomack goes)
Becauſe it ſhould not bitterneſs impart
To thy delight, hath ſpu'd out of thy heart?
Since therefore ſhe who gave the life, hath ta'ne
That life away, and given it again
T'another: why do'ſt thou thy life ſurvive,
Wretched *Mirtillo*? Why art thou alive?

Die, die *Mirtillo* unto grief and ſmart,
As unto joy alreadie dead thou art.
Die, dead *Mirtillo*, ſince thy life is ſo,
Let thy pangs likewiſe be concluded. Go
Out of the anguiſh of this death, which ſtill
Keeps thee alive, that it may longer kill.
But ſhall I die then unrevenged? Sure
I'le ſlay him firſt that did my death procure.
I will diſpenſe with my dire love of death
Till I have juſtlie ta'ne away his breath
VVho ſlew my heart unjuſtlie. Yield ſtout grief
To anger, death to life, till in my life
I have aveng'd my death.
Let not this ſteel be drunken with the flood
Of its own Maſter's unrevenged blood:
Nor this right hand be Pitie's, till it hath
Firſt made it ſelf the Miniſter of wrath.
Thou that enjoy'ſt my ſpoyls (what ere thou be)
Since I muſt fall, I'le pull thee after me.

n the ſame brake I'le plant my ſelf agen;
nd when *I* ſpie him coming to the den,
Will ruſh upon him with this piercing dart
t unawares, and ſtrike him through the heart,
ut is't not baſe to ſtrike him out of ſight?
is: defie him then to ſingle fight,
Where valor may my juſtice prove. But no:
his place is unto all ſo known, and ſo
requented, that ſome ſwains may interpoſe:
r (which is worſe) enquire of me whence grows
ur quarrel; which if I denie, 'tis naught
hey'l think; if feign a cauſe, I may be caught
hen in a lie; if tell't, her name will be
laſted with everlaſting infamie:
whom, although *I* never can approve
hat which I ſee, yet I muſt ever love
hat which *I* fanci'd, and did hope t' have ſeen,
nd that which ought (I'm ſure) in her t'have been.
ie baſelie then the baſe Adulterer,
Who hath ſlain me, and hath diſhonour'd her.
but the blood may (if *I* kill him here)
he murther ſhow, and that the Murtherer?
What do I care? I, but the murth'rer known
ewrays the cauſe for which the murther's done.
o this ungrateful woman runs the ſame
azard this way of ſhipwrack in her fame.
nter the Cave then, and aſſault him there.
ood, good; tread ſoftlie, ſoftlie, leſt ſhe hear:
hat ſhe's at th' other end her words imply'd.
ow (hid with branches) in the Rock's left ſide

There is a hollow at the ſteep ſtairs foot,
There without anie noiſe, I'le wait to put
In execution my deſign. My foe
Diſpatch'd, his bleeding carcaſs I will throw
To my ſhe-foe, to be reveng'd on two
At once. The ſelf-ſame ſteel I'le then imbrue
In mine own blood: ſo three ſhall die in brief,
Two by my weapon, and the third of grief.
A ſad and miſerable Tragedie
Of both her Lovers ſhall this Tigreſs ſee,
Of him ſhe loves, and him ſhe ſcorns. And this
Cave which was meant the chamber of their (bliſs,
To her and to her minion ſhall become
And (which I more deſire) t' her ſhame, a tomb.
But you dear footſteps (which I long have
In vain) unerring path, lead me at laſt (trac'd
To where my Love is hid; To you I bow,
Your print I follow. O *Coriſca!* now
I do believe thee: now th'haſt told me true.

Scena Nona.

SATYR.

DOes he believe *Coriſca?* and purſue
Her ſteps to *Erycina*'s Cave? a beaſt
Hath wit enough to apprehend the reſt.
But if thou doſt believe her, thou hadſt need
Have from her good ſecuritie indeed,

And hold her by a ſtronger tie than I
Had latelie of her hair, But ſtronger tie
On her there cannot be than gifts. This bold
Strumpet her ſelf to this young ſwain hath ſold.
And here, by the falſe light now of this vaut
Delivers the bad ware which he hath bought.
Or rather, 'tis Heav'ns juſtice which hath ſent
Her hither to receive her puniſhment
From my revenging hands. His words did ſeem
T'imply ſhe made ſome promiſe unto him,
Which he believ'd: and by his ſpying here
Her print, that ſhe is in the Cave, 'tis clear.
Do a brave thing then: ſtop the mouth o'th' Cave
With that great hanging ſtone, that they may have
No means of ſcaping; to the Prieſt then go,
And bring by the back-way (which few do know)
His miniſters to apprehend, and by
The Law deſervedlie to make her die.
For 'tis not unto me long ſince unknown,
That ſhe contracted is to *Coridon*,
However he (becauſe he ſtands in fear
Of me) to lay his claim to her forbear.
But now I'le give him leave at once to be
Reveng'd on her both for himſelf and me.
But I loſe time in talk. From this young grove
I'le pull a Tree up by the root, to move
The ſtone withall. So, this I think will do
How heavie 'tis! The ſtone hath a root too.
What if I min'd it with this trunk? and ſo,
As with a leaver heav'd it from below?

Good, good; now to the other side as much.
How fast it sticks? I did not think it such
A difficult attempt as it hath prov'd;
The Center of the earth were easier mov'd,
Nor strength, nor skill will do this work, I see:
Or do's that vigour which was once in me
Now fail me at my need? What do ye do
My perverse stars? I will, (in spight of you)
I will remove it yet. The Devil haule
Corisca, (*I* had almost said) and all
The sex of them. O *Pan Licæus*, hear;
And to move this, be moved by my pray'r!
Pan, thou that all things canst, and all things art,
Thou once thy self didst woe a stubborn heart,
Revenge on false *Corisca* now, thine own,
And my despised Love. I move the stone
Thus by the vertue of thy sacred name;
Thus rowls it by the vertue of the same.
So, now the Fox is trapt, and finelie shut
Where she had earth'd her self. I'le now go put
Fire to the hole; where I could wish to find
The rest of women, to destroy *the kind*.

Chorus.

O *Love! how potent and how great thou art!*
Wonder of nature and the world: What heart
So dull, as not to feel thy pow'r? What wit
So deep and piercing, as to fathom it?

Who knows thy hot lascivious fires; will say,
Infernal spirit, thou dost live and sway
In the corporeal part. But who so knows
How thou dost men to vertuous things dispose;
And how the dying flame of loose desires
Looks pale, and trembles at thy chaster fires;
Will say, Immortal God, i'th soul alone
Thou hast established thy sacred Throne.
'Rare Monster! wonderful! got betwixt
'Desire and Reason, an affection mixt
'Of sense and intellect: With knowing wild:
'With seeing blind: A God, and yet a child:
And (such) thou sway'st the Earth and Heaven too;
On which thou tread'st as we on mother do.
Yet (by thy leave) a greater miracle,
A mightier thing than thou art I can tell.
For all thou do'st (that may our wonder claim)
Thou dost by vertue of a womans name.
Woman! the gift of heav'n, or of him rather
Who made thee fairer, being of both the Father;
Wherein is Heav'n so beautiful as thou?
That rowls one goggle eye in its vast brow
(Like a grim Cyclop) not a lamp of light,
But cause of blindness and Cymerian night

To the bold gazer: if that speak, it is
A thundring voice; and if it sigh, the hiss
Of earth-engendred winds. Thou, with the fair
Angel-like prospect of two Suns, which are
Serene and visible, dost still the winds
And calm the Billows of tempestuous minds;

And Sound, Light, Motion, Beauty, Majesty,
Make in thy face so sweet a harmony,
That heav'n (I mean this outward heav'n) must needs
Confess thy form the form of that exceeds:
Since beauty that is dead less noble is
Than that which lives, and is a place of blisse.
With reason therefore man (that gallant creature,
That Lords it over all the works of Nature)
To thee as Lady Paramount pays duty,
Acknowledging in thine, thy Makers beauty.
And if he Triumphs gain, and Thrones inherit,
It is not because thou hast lesse of merit;
But for thy glory: since a greater thing
It is to conquer, than to be a King.
Bnt that thy conqu'ring beauty doth subdue
Not only man, but ev n his Reason too,
If any doubt, he in Mirtillo hath
A miracle that may constrain his faith.
This wanted (Woman) to thy pow'r before
To make us love when we can hope no more.

Actus Quartus.

Scena Prima.

CORISCA.

MY heart and thoughts till now were so much set
To train that foolish Nymph into my net,
That my dear Hair (which by that Rogue was ta'ne
From me) and how to get it back again
I quite forgot: O how it troubled me
To pay that ransome for my libertie!
But 't had been worse t' have been prisoner
To such a beast: Who though he doth not bear
A Mouses heart, might have mouz'd me: For I
Have (to say truth) fool'd him sufficientlie:
And like a Horse-leech did him suck and drein
As long as he had blood in any vein.
And now he's mov'd I love him not; and mov'd
He well might be, if him I e're had lov'd.
How can one love a creature that doth want
All that is lovely? As a stinking plant
Which the Physician gather'd for the use
He had of it; when he hath strain'd the juice
And vertue out, is on the dunghill thrown;
So having squeez'd him, I with him have done.

Now will I see if *Coridon* into
The Cave's descended. Hah! what do I view?
Wake I? or sleep I? or am drunk? but now
This Cave's mouth open was I'm sure; then how
Comes it now shut? and with a ponderous
And massie stone rowl'd down upon it thus?
Earthquake I'm sure t' unhenge it there was none.
Would I knew certainly that *Coridon*
And *Amarillis* were within; and then
I car'd not how it came. He's in the den,
If (as *Lisetta* said) he parted were
From home so long ago. Both may be there,
And by *Mirtillo* shut together. 'Love,
'Prickt with disdain, hath strength enough to move
'The world, much more a stone. Should it be true,
Mirtillo could not have deviz'd to do
Ought more according to my heart than this,
Though he *Corisca* had enthron'd in his
Instead of *Amarillis*. I will go
The back way in, that I the truth may know.

Scena Secunda.

DORINDA, LINCO.

Dor. BUt *Linco*. didst not thou know me indeed?
Lin. Who could have known thee in this savage weed
For meek *Dorinda*? But if I had been
A ravenous hound (as I am *Linco*) then

I to thy coſt had known thee for a beaſt.
What do I ſee? What do I ſee? *Dor.* Thou ſeeſt
A ſad effect of Love; a ſad and ſtrange
Effect of loving (*Linco*) *Lin.* Wondrous change!
Thou a young Maid, ſo ſoft, ſo delicate,
That wert (methinks) an infant but of late,
Whom in mine arms I bore (as I may ſay)
A very little child but yeſterday,
And ſteering thy weak ſteps, taught thee to name
(When I thy Father ſerv'd Daddy and Mam,
Who like a tim'rous Doe (before thy heart
Was made a prey t' inſulting Love) didſt ſtart
At every thing that on the ſudden ſtir'd,
At every wind, at every little bird
That ſhook a bough, each Lizard that but ran
Out of a buſh, made thee look pale and wan;
Now all alone o're hills, through woods do'ſt paſs
Fearleſs of hounds or ſavage beaſts. *Dor.* Alas!
'She whom Love wounds, no other wound doth fear.
Lin. Indeed fair Nymph, Love ſhew'd his godhead here,
From woman to a man transforming thee,
Or rather to a wolf. *Dor.* If thou couldſt ſee
Into my breſt (O *Linco!*) then thou'dſt ſay,
A living wolf upon my heart doth prey
As on a harmleſſe lamb. *Lin.* Is *Silvio*
That wolf? *Dor.* Alas, who elſe can be't? *Lin.* And ſo
'Cauſe he's a wolf, thou a ſhe-wolf wouldſt be,
To try, ſince on thy humane viſage he
Was not enamour'd, if he would at leaſt
Affect thee in the likeneſs of a beaſt,

As being of his kind. But prithee where
Gotst thou these robes? *Dor.* I'll tell thee: I did hear
Silvio would chase to day the noble Bore
At *Erimanthus* foot; and there before
The morning peept, was I from wood to wood
Hunting the Hunter; by a chrystal flood
From which our flocks did climb the hills, I found
Melampo the most beauteous *Silvio*'s hound,
Who having quench'd his thirst there as I guesse,
Lay to repose him on the neighb'ring grasse.
I, who love any thing that's *Silvio*'s,
Even the very ground on which he goes,
And shadow which his beauteous limbs do cast;
Much more the dog on which his love is plac't,
Stooping, laid sudden hold on him, who came
Along with me as gently as a Lamb.
And whilst 'twas in my thoughts to lead him back
Unto his Lord and mine, hoping to make
A friend of him with what he held so dear,
He came himself to seek him, and stopt here.
Dear *Linco*, I'll not lose thee so much time,
As to tell all that's past 'twixt me and him;
This only, to be brief, After a long
Preface of oaths on one another strung,
And treach'rous promises, this cruel swain
Flung from me full of anger and disdain,
Both with his own *Melampo* (to his Lord
So true) and with my dear and sweet reward.
Lin. O cruel *Silvio*! ruthful swain! But what
Didst thou do then (*Dorinda?*) didst thou not

Hate

Hate him for this? *Dor.* Rather (as if the fire
Of his diſdain Loves fire had been) his ire
Increaſt my former flame. His ſteps I trace,
And thus purſuing him towards the chaſe,
I met (hard by) with my *Lupino*, whom
Before a little I had parted from.
When ſtraight it came into my head, that I
In his attire, and in the company
Of ſhepherds might be thought a ſhepherd too,
And undiſcover'd my fair *Silvio* view.

Lin. In a wolves likeneſſe amongſt hounds? and none
Bite thee? 'Tis much (*Dorinda*) thou haſt done.

Dor. This (*Linco*) was no miracle: for they
Durſt not touch her who was their Maſters prey.
There I, out of the tents, amidſt a crue
Of neighb'ring ſhepherds that were met to view
The famous paſtime, ſtood admiring more
To ſee the Huntſman, than the hunted Bore:
At every motion of the furious beaſt,
My cold heart ſhiv'red in my breſt:
At every action of the brave young man
My ſoul with all her touch'd affections ran
In to his aid. But my extreme delight
Again was poyſon'd with the horrid ſight
Of the fierce Bore, whoſe ſtrength and vaſt
Proportion, all proportion paſt.
As an impetuous whirlwind in a great
And ſudden ſtorm, which all that it doth meet
(Houſes, and trees, and ſtones) before it bears,
All it can get within its circle tears

To pieces in an instant: so the Bore
Wheeling about (his tusks all foam and gore)
Pil'd in one heap dogs slain, spears knapt, men wounded.
How oft did I desire to have compounded
For *Silvio*'s life, with the inraged Swine!
And for his blood, t' have giv'n the Monster mine!
How oft was I about to run between,
And with my body his fair body screen!
Spare cruel Bore, (how often did I cry!)
Spare my fair *Silvio*'s breast of Ivory;
Thus to my self I spake, and sigh'd, and pray'd;
When his fierce dog (arm'd with a breast-plate made
Of hard and scaly barks of trees) he slipt
After the beast, now prouder, being dipt
Throughly in blood, and lifted from the ground
On slaughter'd trunks. The valour of that hound
(*Linco*) exceeds belief: and *Silvio*
Not without reason surely loves him so.
As a chast Lion, which now meets, now turns
From an untamed Buls well brandish'd horns,
If once he come with his strong paw to seize
Upon his shoulder, masters him with ease:
So bold *Melampo* shunning with fine slights.
The Bore short turns, and rapid motion, lights
At length upon his ear; which having bit
Quite through, and lugg'd him twice or thrice by it,
He with his teeth so nail'd him to the ground,
That at his vast bulk now a mortal wound
Might levell'd be with greater certainty,
(Before but slightly hurt) then suddenly

My lovelie *Silvio* (calling on the name
Of *Dian*) Goddeſs do thou give me aim
(Quoth he) the horrid head is thine. This ſed,
His golden Quiver's ſwifteſt ſhaft to th' head
He drew: which flying to that verie point
Where the left ſhoulder knits with the neck joint,
There wounded the fierce Bore, ſo down he fell,
Then I took breath, ſeeing my *Silvia* well,
And out of danger. Happy beaſt! to die
So ſweet a death, as by that hand, which I
Would beg my end from. *Lin.* But what then became
Of the ſlain beaſt? *Dor.* I know not; for I came
Away, for fear of being known; but, I
Suppoſe, the head to th' Temple ſolemnlie
They'l bear, according to my *Silvio's* vow.
Lin. But wilt thou not get out of theſe weeds now?
Dor. Yes: but my garments with my other geer
Lupino has, who promis'd to ſtay here
With them, but fails. Dear *Linco*, if thou love
Me, ſeek him for me up and down this grove:
Far off, he cannot be; mean while I'le take
A little reſt (doſt ſee there?) in that Brake;
There I'le expect thee; for I am ore-come
With wearineſs and ſleep, and will not home
Accoutred thus. *Lin.* I go: but ſtir not then
Out of that place till I return agen.

Scena

Scena tertia.

CHORUS, ERGASTO.

Cho. HAve ye heard Shepherds that our Deny
(*Montano*'s and *Alcides* worthy blood)
This day hath freed us from that dreadful beast
Which all Arcadia lately did infest?
And that he is preparing himself now
I'th' Temple for it to perform his vow?
If for so great a benefit wee'd show
Our gratitude, to meet him let us go,
And joyn our tongues and hearts together there,
To honour him as our Deliverer.
'Which honour, though it be reward too small
'For such a fair and valiant soul; 'tis all
'Vertue can have on earth. *Erg.* O sad disaster!
O bitter chance! O wound that hath no plaister!
O day to be for ever steep'd in tears!
Cho. What doleful voice is this that strikes our e
Erg. Starres, that are enemies to man alwayes,
Why do you mock our faith? why do you raise
Our hope on high, that when it falls again
The precipice may be with greater pain?
Cho. *Ergasto* by his voice; and it is he.
Erg. But why do I accuse Heav'n wrongfully?
Accuse thy self *Ergasto*: thou alone,
Thou, thou against the steel didst knock the stone
Thou layd'st the match unto the tinder; whence
A flame unquenchable is kindlest since.

ot Heav'n doth know, I for the beſt did do it,
nd pitie only did induce me to it,
ill ſtarr'd Lovers! wretched *Titiro*!
oor *Amarillis*! childleſſe Father! O
ourning *Montano*! O Arcadia gone
a conſumption far! and we undone!
ſhort, moſt ſad, all I have ſeen! or ſee!
r ſpeak! or hear! or think! *Cho.* What may this be
Alas!) That in one accident alone
ncludes a general deſolation?
his way he bends his courſe, let us go meet
im (ſwains). *Erg.* Eternal Gods! is it not yet
ime to abate your wrath? *Cho.* Unfold to us
Courteous *Argaſto*) what afflicts thee thus.
What doſt thou moan? *Erg.* Your ruine and mine own:
he ruine of Arcadia *I* moan.
Cho. Alas! why ſo? *Erg.* The very ſtaffe, the ſtay
f all our hope is broke, is pull'd away.
Cho. Speak plainer. *Erg. Titiro*'s daughter, that ſole prop
f her old Houſe, and Father, the ſole hope
f our deliverance, promis'd here below,
bove decreed to marry *Silvio*,
s th' only means that ſhould Arcadia ſave;
hat Heav'nly Maid, ſo ſober, and ſo grave,
hat Preſident of honour (crown'd with Lillies
f chaſtitie) that peerleſſe *Amarillis*?
he, ſhe (alas! *I* have no heart, no breath
o tell it you). *Cho. Is* dead? *Erg. Is* neer her death.
Cho. Alas! what have we heard? *Erg.* Nothing as yet:
he dies a maleſactreſſe: That, That's it.

Cho. A Malefactress *Amarillis?* how
Ergasto? *Erg.* Caught with an Adult'rer now.
And, if ye stay a little longer here,
Led pinion'd to the Temple ye shall see her.

Cho. " O female structures, glorious and most
" But weak withall! O chastitie, how rare
Art thou! and shall it then be truelie taxt,
No woman's chaste but she that ne're was akst?

Erg. Indeed, when she that's vertue's self doth fall
We well may doubt the vertue of them all.

Cho. Pray, if it will not too much trouble be,
Tell the whole storie to these swains and me.

Erg. I will: The Priest earlie to day (ye know)
Did with this wretched Nymph's sad Father go
Unto the sacred Temple; with one care
Both moved, to facilitate with pray'r
Their childrens desired marriage. For this end
At once their incense did to Heav'n ascend,
At once their offrings bled, their sacrifice
At once was done with due solemnities,
And such glad auspice, that no entrails e're
Were fairer seen, no flame was more sincere,
And less eclips'd with smoke: mov'd with such sign
Thus the blind Prophet speaks, and thus divines;
This day (Montano) *shall thy* Silvio *love:*
Thy Daughter (Titiro) *a wife shall prove:*
Go and prepare the Marriage. O absurd,
And vain depending on an Augur's word!
And thou as blind in soul, as in thy eyes!
If thou hadst said, *Prepare her Obsequies,*

hen a true Prophet thou had'ſt prov'd indeed.
t all the ſtanders by were comforted,
nd the old Fathers wept for joy apace,
nd *Titiro* was parted from the place.
When in the Temple ſuddenlie were heard
niſter omens, and dire ſigns appear'd
ading Heav'ns wrath. At which (alas!) if each
ood there aſtoniſht and bereſt of ſpeech
ter ſo fair beginnings, Friends, judge you.
ean while the Prieſts themſelves alone withdrew
o an inner Room: and whil'ſt they there
d we without intent in praying were,
vout and weeping; puffing through the preſs
e curled *Satyr* (lo!) demands acceſs
to the Prieſts. I (Porter of that place)
mit him: He then (O he has a face
o bring ill news!) cry'd; Fathers, if your Pray'r
d not the gods, your vows and incenſe are
t acceptable, and your ſacrifice;
from your Altars an impure flame riſe,
ink it not ſtrange, that likewiſe is impure
hich is committing now hard by your door,
Ericina's Cave: a falſe Nymph there
reaking with a baſe Adulterer
ur laws, and her own faith. Send with me now
ur Miniſters, and I will ſhew them how
' act to take 'em. Then (O humane mind,
hen thy Fate's near, how dull thou art! how blind!)
e good Prieſts breath'd: ſuppoſing 'twas no more
remove them, and Heaven would as before

Look on their sacrifice beni'nelie. There-
Upon they order their chief Minister
Nicando presentlie to take that guide,
And bring both Lovers to the Temple ty'd:
With all his under-ministers he goes,
Pursuing that vile *Satyr* through a close
And crooked way into the Cave. The Maid,
Strook with their torches sudden light, assay'd
From where she was to ran of the door,
Which that base dog had stopt (it seems) before.
Cho. And what did he the while? *Erg.* He went
When he had led *Nicandro* to the place,
But (friends) I cannot tell the general
Astonishment that fell upon us all,
When it the Daughter prov'd of *Titiro*:
Who taken, in a trice (I do not know
Out of what place) forth bold *Mirtillo* flew,
And a sharp dart which he was arm'd with threw
Like lightning at *Nicandro*: which, if it
The place that it was aimed at had hit,
Had sent him to the shades: But (whether I
May call it Fortune, or agilitie)
At the same instant the one aim'd his blow,
The other stept a little backward; so
The mortal steel past by, leaving his brest
Untouch't, and in his coat of skins did rest;
Into the which (I know not how) 'twas wove
So intricatelie, that *Mirtillo* strove
In vain to pull it out; and so he too
Was taken. *Cho.* And with him what did they do?

Erg. He to the Temple by himself was brought.
Cho. For what? *Erg.* To try if he'd discover ought
ouching the fact in question. Perhaps too
h' affront he in their Minister did do
nto the Priestlie Majestie might some
enance deserve. Would yet I might have come
o comfort my poor friend! *Cho.* What hindred thee?
Erg. The waiters at the Altar may not be
dmitted to delinquents: therefore I
equesterd from the other companie,
o by my self unto the Temple; where
ith manie a prayer and devouter tear
ebeg of Heaven that it would chase away
his sullen storm that overclouds our day.
er Shepherds rest in peace, and joyn with ours
our pray'rs to batter the celestial towers.
Cho. We will, when we have paid to *Silvio*
hat dutie first we to his goodnes owe.
ye great gods! now, now, if ever, prove
our *anger* less eternal than your *love*.

Scena Quarta.

CORISCA.

Mpale ye triumph-decking Lawrel boughs,
Empale my glorious and victorious brows.
o Love's lists (hedg'd round about with flame)
is day *I came, I saw, I overcame:*

This

This day hath Heav'n and Earth, Nature and Art,
Fortune and Fate, Friend and Foe ta'ne my part.
Ev'n that base *Satyr* who abhors me so
Hath helpt me too, as if he too did go
Some ſhare with me. How much more happilie
Did fortune bring *Mirtillo* in, then I
Contriv'd to have brought *Coridon*? to make
Her crime more ſhow of likelihood to take?
And though *Mirtillo*'s apprehended too,
That matters not; they ſoon will let him go:
Th' Adultreſs onlie payes the penaltie.
O famous triumph! Solemn victorie!
If lying may deſerve a trophie, I
Deſerve a trophie for my amorous lie;
VVhich from this tongue and boſome hath done more
For me than Love with all his charms before.
But this is not a time to talk: VVithdraw
Thy ſelf *Coriſca*, till the doom of Law
Fall on thy Rivals head, for fear that ſhe
T'excuſe her ſelf, ſhould lay the blame on thee.
Or that the Prieſt himſelf ſhould wiſh to know
VVhat thou canſt ſay, before he give the blow.
" VVhen a Mine ſprings, 'tis good to ſtand aloof;
" A lying tongue requires a flying hoof.
I'le hide me in thoſe woods, and there will make
Some ſtay, till it be time to come and take
Poſſeſſion of my joyes. O! it hath hit
Beyond all thought. Succeſs hath crown'd my wit.

Scena Quinta.

NICANDRO, AMARILLIS.

Nic. A Heart of flint, or rather none had he
Nor humane ſenſe, that could not pity thee;
Unhappy Nymph! and for thy ſorrow grieve
The more, by how much leſſe they can believe
This ſhould befall thee, who have known thee beſt.
For were it but to ſee a Maid diſtreſt
Of venerable count'nance, and that ſhow'd
So vertuous and ſo excellently good;
One that for heavenly beauty merited
Temples and Sacrifices, to be led
Unto the Temple as a Sacrifice,
Who could behold it without melting eys?
But he that ſhould conſider further, how,
And for what purpoſe thou wert born; That thou
Art Daughter unto *Titiro*, and ſhou'd
Have married been unto *Montano*'s blood,
(Two the moſt lov'd and honour'd ſhall I ſay
Shepherds, or Fathers of *Arcadia?*)
And that being ſuch, ſo great, ſo famous, and
So beautiful a Nymph, and that did ſtand
By nature ſo remote from thy death's brink,
Thou ſhouldſt be now condemn'd. He that doth think
On this and weeps not, wails not thy miſhap,
Is not a man, but wolf in humane ſhape.

Am. If my mishap had come through mine own fault,
And the effect had been of an ill thought
As of a deed that seems ill, it had been
Lesse grievous to me to have death pay sin;
And very just it were I should have spilt
My blood to wash my impure soul from guilt,
To quench Heav'ns wrath, and since man too had wrong,
Pay what to humane justice did belong:
So might I still a crying conscience,
And mortifi'd with a due inward sense
Of deserv'd death, render my self more fit
To die, and through that Purgatory get
Perchance to Paradise. But now in all
My pride of youth and fortune thus to fall,
Thus innocent, is a sad case, a sad—

Nicandro. *Nic.* Nymph, would to Heav'n men had
Sinn'd against thee, rather than thou 'gainst Heav'n.
For satisfaction might be easier giv'n
To thee for thy wrong'd Fame, than unto it
For its wrong'd Deities. Nor know I yet
Who wrong'd thee but thy self. Wert thou not caught
Alone with the adult'rer in a Vault?
To *Silvio* precontracted wert not thou?
And so thy nuptial faith hast broken? How
Then innocent? *Am.* For all this have not I
Transgrest the Law: and innocently die.

Nic. Not Natures law perchance, *Love where thou wilt.*
But that of Men and Heav'n, *Love without guilt.*

Am. Both men and Heav'n (if all our fortune be
Deriv'd from thence) transgrest have against me.

For

For what but an ill destiny could bid
That I should die for what another did?
Nic. What was that Nymph? bridle thy tongue (with [high-
Flown grief transported ev'n to blasphemie.
'The ills we suffer our own sins pull down:
'Heav'n pardons many wrongs, but it doth none.
Am. I blame in Heaven only my own star:
But one that hath deceiv'd me, more by far.
Nic. Then blame thy self, thy self thou didst deceive.
Am. I did when I a coz'ner did believe.
Nic. 'They who desire to be deceiv'd, are not. [that.
Am. Dost think me naught? *Nic.* Nay ask thy actions
Am. 'Actions are oft false comments on our hearts.
Nic. 'Yet those we see, and not the inward parts.
Am. 'The heart may be seen too with th'eys o'th'mind.
Nic. 'Without the sences help those eys are blind.
Am. 'The sences must submit to reasons sway.
Nic. 'Reason in point of fact must sense obay.
Am. Well; I am sure an honest heart I have.
Nic. Prithee who brought thee then into the Cave?
Am. My folly and too much credulity.
Nic. Thou trustedst with a friend thy honesty?
Am. I trusted a friends honesty. *Nic.* Thy blood?
Was that the friend thou wouldst have understood?
Am. *Ormino*'s Sister, who betraid me thither.
Nic. 'Tis sweet when Lovers are betraid together.
Am. *Mirtillo* entred without my consent.
Nic. How enter'dst thou then? and for what intent?
Am. Let this suffice, 'twas not for him I came.
Nic. It cannot, if no other cause thou name.

Am. Examine him about my innocence.
Nic. Him? who hath been the cause of thy offence?
Am. Call her to witnesse who betraid me hath.
Nic. Why should we hear a witnesse without faith?
Am. By chast *Diana*'s dreadful name I swear,
Nic. Thou by thy deeds art perjur'd unto her.
Nymph, I am plain, I cannot flatter thee
Into a hope which in extremitie
Will leave thee more confounded; these are dreams:
" A troubled fountain cannot yeeld pure streams,
" Nor a bad heart good words. And where the deed
" Is evident, Defence offence doth breed.
What dost thou talk? thou shouldst have guarded more
Than thy life now, thy chastitie before.
Why do'st thou cheat thy self? *Am.* O miserie!
Must I then dye, *Nicandro*? must I dye?
None left to hear? none to defend me left?
Of all abandon'd? of all hope bereft?
Only of such a mocking pity made
The wretched object as affords no aide?
Nic. Be patient Nymph, and give me cause to tell,
Though thou didst ill, yet that thou suffredst well.
Look up to heav'n, since thence thou drawst thy birth;
" All good or ill we meet with upon earth
" From thence as from a fountain doth distill,
" And as no good is here unmix'd with ill,
" So punishment, that's ill to flesh and blood,
" As to th' accompt we must make there is good.
And if my words have cut thee, 'tis but like
A faithful Surgeon, who a vein doth strike,

Or

Or thrusts his instrument into the wound
Where it is mortallest and most profound
(In being cruel, merciful). Then be
Content with what is writ in Heav'n for thee.

Am. O 'tis a cruel sentence, whether it
In heaven for me, or in earth be writ:
Yet writ in heav'n I'm certain it is not:
For there my innocence is known. But what
Doth that avail me, if that dye I must?
That's the straight narrow passage! to be dust,
Nicandro, that's the bitter cup: But oh!
By that compassion thou to me dost show,
Lead me not to the Temple yet: stay, stay.

Nic. "Who fears to dye, dyes ev'ry hour o'th' day.
Why hang'st thou back? and draw'st a painful breath?
"Death hath no ill in't, but the fear of death.
"And he that dies when he hath heard his doom,
"Flies from his death. *Am.* Perchance some help may come.
Father, dear father, dost thou leave me too?
An only daughters father, wilt thou do
Nothing to save me? Yet before I die
A parting kisse to me do not deny.
Two bosoms shall be pierced with one blow:
And from thy daughter's wound thy blood must flow.
O father! (once so sweet and dear a name,
Which I was never wont t' invoke in vain)
Thy belov'd daughter's *Wedding* call'st thou this?
To day a Bride; to day a Sacrifice.

Nic. Good Nymphs no more: why dost thou boot-lesly
Stay thus tormenting both thy self and me?

The time calls on: I muſt convey thee hence,
Nor with my duty longer may diſpenſe.
Am. Dear woods adieu then, my dear woods adieu:
Receive theſe ſighs (my laſt ones) into you,
Till my cold ſhade, forc'd from her ſeat by dire
And unjuſt ſteel, to your lov'd ſhades retire.
(For ſink to hell it can't, being innocent;
Nor ſoar to heav'n, laden with diſcontent.)
Mirtillo, (O *Mirtillo*!) moſt accurſt
The day I ſaw, the day I pleas'd thee firſt!
Since I, whom thou above thy life didſt love,
Became thy life, that thou my death mightſt prove.
She dies condemn'd for kindneſſe now to thee,
Whom thou haſt ſtill condemn'd of crueltie,
I might have broke my faith as cheap: Ay me!
Now without fault, or fruit I dye, or Thee
My dear *Mirtill*— *Nic.* Alas! ſhe dies indeed.
(Poor wretch!) Come hither ſhepherds with all ſpeed,
Help me to hold her up. (O piteous caſe!)
She finiſh'd in *Mirtillo*'s name her Race.
(Unhappy maid!) — ſhe breaths yet, and I feel
Some ſigns of life pant in her boſome ſtill.
To the next fountain let us carry her;
Perchance cold water may recover there
Her fleeting ſpirits. — Stay, will not relief
Be cruelty to her who dies of grief,
To prevent dying by the Axe? Howe're,
Yet let not us our charitie forbear.
Men ought to lend their aid in preſent woe:
What is to come, none but the Gods foreknow.

Scena Sexta.

CHORUS of { Huntſmen, / Shepherds, } with SILVIO.

Ch. Hun. *O Glorious youth! true child of Hercules;*
That kilſt ſo ſoon ſuch monſtrous beaſts as theſe!

Ch. Sh. O glorious youth! by whom lies ſlain and queld
This Erimanthian Monſter, (living) held
Invincible! Behold the horrid head,
Which ſeems to breath death when it ſelf is dead!
This is the famous Trophie, noble Toil
Of him whom we our Demy-god do ſtile.
Extol his great name (Shepherds) and this day
Keep ever ſolemn, ever holy day.

Cho. Hunt. O glorious youth, &c.

Ch. Sh. O glorious youth! that doſt deſpiſe thine own
For others ſafeties. 'Vertue climbes her Throne
'By theſe ſteep ſtairs: and the high Gods have ſet
'Before her Palace gates labour and ſweat.
'He that would land at joy muſt wade through woes:
'Nor by unprofitable baſe repoſe
'Abhorring labour, but from gallant deeds
'And vertuous labour true repoſe proceeds.

Cho. Hunt. O glorious youth, &c.

Ch. Sh. O glorious youth! by whom theſe Plains de-
Of tillage, and of tillers long, retriv'd [priv'd
Their

Their fruitful honours have. The plough-man now
Securely goes after the lazie plough,
Sows his plump seed, and from earth's pregnant womb
Expects the wish'd fruits when the season's come.
No more shall churlish tusk, or churlish foot
Trample them down, or tear them up by th' root.
Nor shall they prosper so as to sustain
A beast, to be their own, and others bane.

Cho. Hunt. *O glorious youth! &c.*

Cho. Shep. O glorious youth! as if presaging thine,
The Heav'n to day doth in full glory shine.
Such peradventure was that famous Boar
Alcides slew, yet so thy act is more;
It being (*Silvio*) thy first labour, as
Of thy great Ancestor the third it was.
But with wilde Beasts thy infant valour playes,
To kill worse monsters in thy riper dayes.

Cho. Hunt. *O glorious youth! &c.*

Cho. Sh. O glorious youth! how well are joyn'd in
Valour and pietie! See *Cynthia* see (thee
Thy devout *Silvio*'s vow! behold with white
And crooked tusk, (as if in thy despight)
The proud head arm'd on this side and on that,
Seeming thy silver horns to emulate!
It then (O powerful Goddesse) thou didst guide
The young mans shaft, he is in justice tyde
To dedicate the Trophie unto thee
By whom he did obtain the victorie.

Cho. Hunt. *O glorious youth, true child of* Hercules,
That kill'st so soon such monstrous beasts as these!

Scena

Scena Septima.

CORIDON.

I Have forborn till now to credit what
The *Satyr* told me of *Coriſca* late,
Fearing it might be ſome malicious lie
Devis'd by him to ſhake my conſtancie.
For moſt improbable it ſeem'd, that ſhe
In the ſame place where ſhe expected me
(Unleſs the meſſage which *Liſetta* brought
To me from her were falſe) ſhould ſtrait be caught
With an Adulterer. And yet (the truth
To ſay) here's a ſhrewd token, and it doth
Perplex me much, to ſee the mouth o'th' den
Juſt in that manner he related then
Shut and damm'd up with ſuch a maſſie ſtone.
Ah falſe *Coriſca*! too well by mine own
Experience of thy ungracious deeds
I know thee now: ſtumbling ſo oft, thou needs
Muſt fall at laſt. So manie frauds, ſo manie
Lyes, and yow breaches might have warned anie
(Whom follie or affection did not blear)
That ſome ſuch fearful tumbling caſt was near,
'Twas well for me I tatried by the way;
A happie chance my father made me ſtay:
Though then *I* did ſuppoſe him fooliſhlie
T' have been a tedious Remora. Had I

Come

Come at *Liſetta*'s hour, I might have ſeen
Something which poyſon to my eyes had been.
But what ſhall I do now? arm'd with diſdain,
Shall I revenge and miſchief entertain?
No: I have lov'd her, and this act doth crave
My pity, not my anger. Shall I have
Pity on one deceiv'd me? Me! ſhe hath
Deceiv'd her ſelf, leaving a man of faith,
To give her ſelf a prey into the hand
Of an ignoble Swain, a ſtranger and
A vagabond, that will to morrow be
More wavering, more without faith than ſhe.
Shall I take pains then to revenge a wrong
That carries with it the revenge along?
And quenches all my indignation ſo,
'Tis turn'd to pitie? She hath *ſcorn'd* me though:
Sh'has *honour'd* me: for ſhe who *thus* could chuſe,
Highly commends the man ſhe doth refuſe.
She ſcorn'd me, who the way did never know,
How ſhe ſhould love receive, or how beſtow.
Who lik'd at random ſtill, or had this curſe,
If two were offerd her, to take the worſe.
But tell me *Coridon*, how can it be,
If ſcorn of being ſcorned move not thee
To take revenge; but that to have been croſt
By ſuch a loſſe ſhould do't? I have not loſt
Her whom I never had: My ſelf I have
Regain'd, whom I unto another gave.
Nor can't a loſſe be termed to remain
Without a woman ſo unſure and vain.

In

In fine, What have I loſt? Beautie without
Vertue: A head with all the brains pickt out:
A breſt that hath no heart: A heart that hath
No ſoul in it: A ſoul that hath no faith.
A ſhade, a ghoſt, a carcaſſe of affection,
Which will to morrow turn to putrefaction.
Is this a loſſe? I will be bold to ſay 't,
'Tis a great purchaſe and a fortunate.
Is there no woman in the world but ſhe?
Can *Coridon* want Nymphs as fair as ſhe,
And far more true? But ſhe may well want one
Will love her with ſuch faith as *Coridon*,
Whom ſhe deſerv'd not. Now if I ſhould do
That which the *Satyr* did adviſe me to,
Accuſing her of *vow-breach*, in my breath
I know it lies to have her put to death.
But I have not an heart ſo Aſpine, I,
That with the wind of womans levitie
It ſhould be mov'd. Too great a happineſſe
And honour 'twere to their perfidiouſneſſe,
If with the trouble of a manly breſt,
And breaking of the happy peace and reſt
Of an ingenuous ſoul, I were to be
Reveng'd upon *Coriſca* now. For me
Then let her live: or (to expreſſe it better)
By me not die, Live for my Rival let her.
Her life's revenge for me ſufficient:
Live let her to diſhonour; to repent:
I know not how to envie him, or loath
Her; but with all my heart do pity both.

Scena Octava.

SILVIO, ECCHO *within.*

O Goddeſs of the ſloathful, blind, and vain,
VVho with foul hearts, Rites fooliſh and profane,
Altars and Temples hallow to thy name!

Temples? or Sanctuaries vile ſaid I?
To protect Lewdneſs and Impietie,
Under the robe of thy Divinitie?

And thou baſe Goddeſs: that thy wickedneſs,
VVhen others do as bad, may ſeem the leſs,
Giv'ſt them the reins to all laſciviouſneſs.

Rotter of ſoul and bodie, enemie
Of reaſon, plotter of ſweet thieverie,
The little and great world's calamitie.

Reputed worthilie the Ocean's daughter:
That treacherous monſter, which with even water
Firſt ſooths, but ruffles into ſtorms ſoon after.

Such winds of ſighs, ſuch Cataracts of tears,
Such breaking waves of hopes, ſuch gulfs of fears,
Thou mak'ſt in men, ſuch rocks of cold deſpairs.

Tydes of deſire ſo head-ſtrong, as would move
The world to change thy name, when thou ſhalt prove
Mother of Rage and Tempeſts, not of Love.

Behold

Behold what ſorrow now and diſcontent
On a poor pair of Lovers thou haſt ſent!
Go thou, that vaunt'ſt thy ſelf Omnipotent,

Go faithleſs Goddeſs, ſave that Nymph whom thou
Haſt poyſon'd with thy ſweets (if thou knowſt how)
From her ſwift deaths purſuing footſteps now.

O what a happie day was that for me,
When my chaſte ſoul I did devote to thee
Cynthia, my great and onlie Deitie!

True Goddeſs! unto whoſe particular ſhrine
The faireſt ſouls in all the Earth incline,
As thou in Heav'n do'ſt all the Stars out-ſhine.

How much more laudable and free from pain
The ſports are which thy ſervants entertain,
Than thoſe of faithleſs *Ericina*'s train!

Wild Boars are killed by thy Worſhippers:
By wild Boars miſerablie kill'd are hers.
O Bow, my ſtrength and joy! My conquerers

My Arrows! Let that bug-bear Love come try
And match with you his ſoft Artillerie,
They whom you wound do in good earneſt die.

But too much honour hence to thee would come,
Vile and unwarlike Boy, to chaſtiſe whom

(I speak't aloud) a Rod's enough. *Enough.*
What art thou that reply'st? Ecchо? or Love? *Love.*
That so doth imitate the fame? *The fame.*
Most wish'd! but tell me true; Art thou he? *He.*
The son of her that for *Adonis* once *Once.*
So miserablie pin'd away? *Away.*
Well: of that goddess who was found in bed
With *Mars*, when the stars shot to see her shame,
And the chaste Moon blush'd at her follie? *Folly.*
What madness 'tis to whistle to the wind!
Come (if thou dares't) to the wide air, *Aire.*
And I defie thee. But art thou her son
Legitimate, or else a by-blow? *I-glot.*
O! the Smith's son that's call'd a god. *A god.*
Of what? the follies of the world? *The world.*
The Bawd thou art. Art thou that terrible Boy
That tak'st such sharp revenge upon those wights
Who thy absurd commands digest not? *Fastnot.*
What punishments dost thou inflict on those
Who in Rebellion persevere? *Severe.*
And how shall I be punish'd, whose hard heart
Hath alwayes been at odds with Love? *With Love.*
When (Sot) if my chaste breast be to those flames
More opposite than night to day? *To day.*
So quicklie shall I be in that streight? *Streight.*
What's she can bring me to adoring? *Doring.*
Dorinda, is it not, my little child,
Thou wouldst say in thy lithping gibberish? *Is.*
She whom I hate more than the Lamb the Wolf?
And who to this shall force my will? *I will.*

And how? and with what Arms? and with what bow?
Shall it be happilie with thine? *With thine.*
Thou mean'st perchance, when by thy wantonness
It is unbent, and the nerve broken? *Broken.*
Shall my own bow, after 'tis broken too,
Make war on me? and who shall break't? thou? *Thou.*
'Tis plain now thou art drunk: go sleep. But say,
Where shall these miracles be wrought? here? *Here.*
O fool! and I am going now from hence.
See if thou hast not prov'd thy self to day
A Prophet with the wine inspir'd. *Inspir'd.*

But stay, I see (unless I much mistake)
A greyish thing at couch in yonder Brake:
'Tis like a Wolf, and certainlie 'tis one.
O what a huge one 'tis! how over-grown!
O day of prey to me! What favours are
These, courteous goddess? in one day a pair
Of such wild beasts to triumph ore? But why
Do I delay this work, my Deitie?
The swiftest and the keenest shaft that is
In all my Quiver (let me see, —— 'tis this)
I do select: to thee I recommend it
O Archeress eternal) do thou send it
By Fortunes hand, and by thy pow'r divine
Guide it into the beast. His skin is thine.
And in thy name I shoot. O lucky hit!
Left where the eye and hand designed it.
Would now I had my Javelin here, to make
An end of him at once, before he take

The wood for shelter: but the place shall yield
Me weapons. Not a stone in all the field?
But why do I seek weapons, having these?
This second arrow layes him at his ease.
Alas! what do I see? what hast thou done,
Unhappie *Silvio*? what hast thou run
Thy self into? Thou hast a shepherd slain
In a wolf's skin. O action to remain
For ever overwhelm'd with griet! to lie
Under salt water everlastinglie!
The wretch too I should know, and he that so
Doth lead and prop him up is *Linco*. O
Vile *arrow!* viler *vow!* but vileft *Thou*
That didst direct that arrow, hear that vow!
I guiltie of anothers blood? I kill
Another? I that was so free to spill
My blood for others, and my life to give?
Throw down thy weapons, and inglorious live,
Shooter of men, hunter of men. But lo
The wretched Swain! than theeless wretched though

Scena Nona.

LINCO, SILVIO, DORINDA.

Lin. LEan, daughter, on my arm with all thy weight,
(Wretched *Dorinda*) do. *Sil. Dorinda's* that?
I'm a dead man. *Dor.* O *Linco, Linco!* O
My second Father! *Sil.* 'Tis *Dorinda*: woe,

Woe

Woe on thee *Silvio*! *Dor. Linco*, thou wert ſure
Ordain'd by Fate to be a ſtay to poor
Dorinda. Thou receivedſt my firſt crie
When I was born: Thou wilt, now I'm to die,
My lateſt groan: and theſe thy arms which were
My Cradle then, ſhall now become my Biere.
Lin. Ah daughter! (or more dear than if thou wert
My daughter) ſpeak now to thee for my heart
I can't, grief melts each word into a tear.
Dor. Not ſo faſt *Linco*, if thou lov'ſt me: dear
Linco, nor go, nor weep ſo faſt; one rakes
My wound too bad, t'other a new wound makes.
Sil. (Poor Nymph! how ill have I repaid thy love!)
Lin. Be of good comfort daughter, this will prove
No mortal wound. *Dor.* It may be ſo; but I
That am a Mortal, of this wound ſhall die.
Would I knew yet who hurt me! *Lin.* Get thee ſound,
And let that paſſe: 'Revenge ne're cur'd a wound.
Sil. (Why doſt thou ſtay? what mak'ſt thou in this place?
Wouldſt thou be ſeen by her? Haſt thou the face?
Haſt thou the heart t' indure it? *Silvio*, flee
From the ſharp dart of her revenging eie:
Flie from her tongues juſt ſword. I cannot go
From hence: and what it is I do not know,
But ſomething holds me, and would make me run
To her, whom I of all the world did ſhun.)
Dor. Muſt I then die, and not my Murtherer know?
Lin. 'Twas *Silvio*. *Dor.* How doſt know 'twas *Silvio*?
Lin. I know his ſhaft. *Dor.* Then welcome death, if I
Shall owe thee to ſo ſweet an enemy!

Lin. Look where he ſtands! we need demand no further
His poſture and his face confeſſe the murther alone.
Alone. Now Heav'n be praiſed *Silvio*,
Thy all-deſtroying Arrows and thy Bow
Th' haſt pli'd ſo well about theſe woods, that now
Th'art gone out thy Arts-maſter. Tell me, thou
That *doſt like* Silvio, *not like* Linco, who
Made this brave ſhoot, *Linco* or *Silvio*?
This 'tis for boyes to be ſo overwiſe:
Would thou hadſt taken this old fools advice!
Anſwer, thou wretch: What lingring miſerie,
What horrour ſhalt thou live in if ſhe die?
I know thou'lt ſay, thou err'dſt, and thought'ſt to ſtrike
A VVolf: as if 'twere nothing (ſchool-boy like)
To ſhoot at all adventures, and not ſee,
Nor care, whether a man or beaſt it be.
What Goat-herd, or what Plough-man doth not go
Clad in ſuch skins? O *Silvio*, *Silvio*!
'Soon ripe, ſoon rotten. If thou think (fond child)
This *chance* by chance befell thee, th' art beguil'd.
'Theſe monſtrous things without Divine decree
'Hap not to men. Doſt thou not plainly ſee
How this thy unſupportable diſdain
Of Love, the world, and all that is humane
Diſpleaſes Heav'n? 'High Gods cannot abide
'A Rival upon earth: and hate ſuch pride,
'Although in vertue. Now th'art mute, that wert
Before this hap unſufferably pert.

Dor. *Silvio*, give *Linco* leave to talk: for he
Knows not what pow'r Love gave thee over me

of life and death. If thou hadst strook my heart, [dart:]
Th'hadst strook what's thine (mark proper for thy
Those hands to wound me thy fair eys have taught.
See *Silvia* her thou hat'st so! see her brought
To that extremitie where thou wouldst see her!
Thou sought'st to wound her, see her wounded here!
To prey upon her, lo she is thy prey!
Thou sought'st her death, and lo she's dying! Say,
Wouldst thou ought else of her? What further joy
Can poor *Dorinda* yield thee? Cruel Boy!
And void of Bowels! thou wouldst ne're believe
That wound which from thy eys I did receive:
This which thy hands have giv'n canst thou deny?
Those chrystal showrs which issued from my eye?
Thou couldst not be perswaded were my blood:
What dost thou think now of this crimson flood
Which my side weeps? But (if o'rewhelm'd with scorn
That bravery be not wherewith thou wert born)
Deny me not (though cruel soul, yet brave)
Deny me not ('tis all the boon I crave)
When I shall sigh into thee my last breath,
One sigh of thine. O happy, happy death!
If thou vouchsafe to sweeten it with these
Kind words and pious; *Soul depart in peace.*
Sil. Dorinda, my *Dorinda*, shall I say
(Alas!) when I must lose thee the same day
Th'art mine? now mine, when death to thee I give,
That wert not mine when I could make thee live?
Yes mine I'll call thee: and thou mine shalt be
In spight of my opposing destinie.

For if thy death our meeting ſouls disjoyn,
My death ſhall re-unite us. All that's mine
Haſte to revenge her: I have murder'd thee
With theſe curs'd arrows; with them murder me.
I have been cruel unto thee; and I
Deſire from thee nothing but crueltie.
I ſcorn'd thee in my pride; look! with my knee
(Low louting to the earth) I worſhip thee,
And pardon of thee, but not life demand.
Take ſhafts and bow: but do not ſtrike my hand
Or eye (bad miniſters, 'tis true, yet ſtill)
But miniſters of an unguilty will:
Strike me this breſt, this monſter hence remove,
Sworn enemy of Pity, and of Love.
Strike me this heart, to thee ſo cruel. Loe,
My bared breſt! *Dor.* I ſtrike it, *Silvio?*
I ſtrick that breſt? ſure if thou didſt not mock,
Thou wouldſt not ſhew't me naked. O white rock!
Already by the winds and brinie main
Of my rough ſighs and tears oft ſtrook in vain!
But doſt thou breath? nor art to pity barr'd?
Art thou a tender breſt, or marble hard?
I would not idolize fair Alablaſter,
(Led by the humane likeneſs) as thy Maſter
And mine, when on the outſide he did look,
A harmleſs woman for a beaſt miſtook.
I ſtrike thee? ſtrike thee Love. Nor can I wiſh
For my revenge a greater plague than this.
Yet muſt I bleſs the day that I took fire,
My tears and martyrdome. All I deſire

Is that thou praiſe my faith, my zeal, but no
Revenging me. But courteous *Silvia*,
(That to thy ſervant kneel'ſt) why this to me?
Or if *Dorinda* muſt thy Miſtreſs be,
Obey her then; the firſt command I give,
Is that thou riſe; the ſecond, that thou live.
Heav'ns Will be done with me: I ſhall ſurvive
In thee, and cannot die, whilſt thou rt alive.
But if thou think'ſt unjuſt I ſhould be found
Without all ſatisfaction for my wound,
Be that, which did it, puniſh'd. 'Twas that Bow:
Let that be broke; I'm well revenged ſo.
Lin. (A very heavie doom) *Sil.* Come then thou mad,
Thou bloodie actor of a deed ſo ſad:
That thou maiſt ne're break thred of life again,
Thus do I break thee and thy thred in twain,
And ſend thee a uſeleſs trunk back to the wood.
Nor you (ill ſanguin'd with an innocents blood!)
Which my dear Miſtreſs ſide ſo rudelie rent,
(Brothers in ill) ſhall ſcape your puniſhment.
Not ſhafts, nor flights, but ſticks, ſince ye ſhall want
Thoſe wings and heads which garniſht you: Avant
Plum'd and diſarmed Arms. How well, O Love,
Didſt thou foretell me this from yonder grove
In a prophetick Eccho! O thou high
Conqu'rour of Gods and men, once enemie,
Now Lord of all my thoughts! if 'tis thy glory
To tame a heart that's proud and refractorie,
Divert Death's impious ſhaft, which with one blow
Slaying *Dorinda*, will ſlay *Silvio*

(Now thine): so cruel death, if it remove
Her hence, will triumph o're triumphant Love.
Lin. Now both are wounded: but the one in vain,
Unless the others wound be heal'd again.
About it then. *Dor.* Ah *Linco*! do not (pray)
Carry me home disguis'd in this array.
Sil. Why should *Dorinda* go to any house
But *Silvio's*? surely she shall be my Spouse
E're it be night, either alive, or dead.
And *Silvio* in life or death will wed
Dorinda. *Lin.* Now she may become thy Wife,
Since *Amarilla* is to *marriage, life*,
And *vertue* lost. Blest pair! Ye Gods (that do
Wonders) with one cure now give life to two.
Dor. O *Silvio*! I shall faint, my wounded thigh
Feebly supporting me. *Sil.* Good remedy!
For that! take heart: th'art mine and *Linco's* care,
And I and *Linco* thy two crutches are,
Linco, thy hand. *Lin.* There 'tis. *Sil.* Hold fast: a chi
Let's make for her of our two arms. Rest here
Dorinda, suffring thy right hand t'imbrace
The neck of *Linco*, thy left mine: Now place
Thy body tenderly, that the hurt part
May not be strain'd. *Dor.* O cruel pricking dart!
Sil. Sit at more ease, my Love. *Dor.* It is well no
Sil. Dear *Linco* do not stagger. *Lin.* Nor do thou
Swag with thine arm, but steddie go and warie;
It will concern thee. Ah! we do not carry
A Boars head in triumph. *Sil.* Say, my Dear,
How is it now? *Dor.* In pain; but leaning here

(My Heart) to be in pain, it pleas'd to be;
To languish, health; to die, eternitie.

CHORUS.

FAir golden Age! when milk was th' only food,
And cradle of the infant-world the wood
(Rock'd by the winds;) and th' untoucht flocks did bear
Their dear young for themselves! None yet did fear
The sword or poyson: no black thaughts begun
T' ecclipse the light of the eternal Sun:
Nor wandring Pines unto a forreign shore
Or War, or Riches, (a worse mischief) bore.
That pompous sound, Idol of vanitie,
Made up of Title, Pride, and Flatterie,
Which they call Honour whom Ambition blinds,
Was not as yet the Tyrant of our minds.
But to buy real goods with honest toil
Amongst the woods and flocks, to use no guile,
Was honour to those sober souls that knew
No happiness but what from vertue grew.
Then sports and carols amongst Brooks and Plains
Kindled a lawful flame in Nymphs and Swains.
Their hearts and Tongues concurr'd, the kiss and joy
Which were most sweet, and yet which least did cloy
Hymen *bestow'd on them. To one alone*
The lively Roses of delight were blown;
The theevish Lover found them shut on trial,
And fenc'd with prickles of a sharp denial.

Were it in Cave or Wood, or purling Spring,
Husband and Lover signifi'd one thing.
Base present age, which dost with thy impure
Delights the beauty of the soul obscure:
Teaching to nurse a Dropsie in the veins:
Bridling the look, but giv'st desire the reins.
Thus, like a net that spread and cover'd lies
With leaves and tempting flowers, thou dost disguise
With coy and holy arts a wanton heart;
Mak'st life a Stage-play, *vertue but a* part:
Nor think'st it any fault Love's sweets to steal,
So from the world thou canst the theft conceal.
But thou that art the King of Kings, create
In us true honour: Vertue's all the state
Great souls should keep. Unto these Cells return
Which were thy Court, but now thy absence mourn;
From their dead sleep with thy sharp goad awake
Them who, to follow their base wills, forsake
Thee, and the glory of the antient world.
Let's hope: our ills have truce till we are hurld
From that: Let's hope; the sun that's set may rise,
And with new light salute our longing eys.

Actus Quintus.

Scena Prima.

URANIO, CARINO.

Ur. "ALl places are our Countrey where w'are well:
"Which to the wise is whereſoe're they dwell.
Car. It is moſt true *Uranio*: and no man
By proof can ſay it better than I can:
VVho leaving long ago my Fathers houſe,
(Being verie young, and then ambitious
Of ſomething more than holding of the plough,
Or keeping ſheep) travell'd abroad: and now
To the ſame point where I began, return,
VVhen my gilt locks are to the ſilver worn.
"Yet a ſweet thing (it needs muſt be confeſt)
"To anie that hath ſenſe, is his firſt neſt
"For Nature gave to all men at their birth
"Something of ſecret love unto that Earth
"VVhere they were born, which never old doth grow
"In us, but follows whereſoe're we go.
"The Loadſtone which the warie Mariner
"Doth as Directer of his travels bear
"Now to the riſing Sun, now to his ſet,
"Doth never loſe that hidden vertue yet,

"VVhich

"VVhich makes it to the North retort its look:
"So he that hath his native ſoil forſook,
"Though he may wander far, much compaſs take,
"I, and his neſt in forraign Countries make,
"Yet that ſame natural love doth ſtill retain
"VVhich makes him wiſh his native ſoil again.
O fair *Arcadia!* the ſweeteſt part
Of all the world (at leaſt to me thou art)
VVhich my feet trod on, but my thoughts adore!
Had *I* been landed blindfold on thy ſhore,
Yet then I ſhould have known thee, ſuch a flood
Of ſudden joy runs races with my blood:
Such a Magnetick powerful ſympathie,
And unaccuſtom'd tenderneſs feel I,
Thou then, that my companion haſt been
In travels and in ſorrows, ſhalt be in
At my joyes too: 'tis reaſon thou ſhouldſt go
My half in happineſs, as well as woe.

Ura. Companion of thy travels I have been,
Not of the fruit thereof; for thou art in
Thy native ſoil, where thou repoſe mayſt find
For thy tir'd bodie, and more tired mind:
But I that am a ſtranger, and am come
So many leagues from my poor houſe, and from
My poorer and diſtreſſed Familie,
Trailing my wearied limbs along with thee,
For my afflicted bodie well may find
Repoſe, but not for my afflicted mind:
Thinking what pledges do behind remain,
And how much rugged way I muſt again.

Tread over e're I rest. Nor do I know
Who else could have prevail'd with me to go
From *Elis* in my gray unweildy age
(Not knowing why) so long a pilgrimage.

Car. Thou knowst, my sweet *Mirtillo* (who was giv'n
As a son to me by propitious Heav'n)
Some two months since came hither to be well
(By my advice, or of the Oracle,
To speak more true, which said, *The Arcadian air*
Was th' only means that could his health repair.)
Now I, that find it an exceeding pain
Without so dear a pledge long to remain,
Consulting the same Oracle, enquir'd
When he'ld return whom I so much desir'd.
The answer was the same I tell thee now;
Unto thy ancient Country return thou;
Where with thy sweet Mirtillo *thou shalt be*
Happy; for in that place (by Heaven) he
Is mark'd out for great things: But till thou come
Into Arcadia, *touching this be dumb.*
Thou then, my faithfull'st Companion,
My lov'd *Uranio*, who hast ever gone
A share in all my fortunes hitherto,
Repose thy body, and thou shalt have too
Cause to repose thy minde 'twixt me and thee
(If Hea'n perform what it hath promis'd me)
All shall be common: no successe can glad
Carino, if he see *Uranio* sad.

Ur. My dear *Carino*, what I do for thee,
Rewards it self, if it accepted be.

But

But what at first could make thee to forgo
Thy native Country, if thou lov'st it so?

Car. A love to Poetry, and to the lowd
Musick of Fame resounding in a crowd.
For I my self (greedy of forraigne praise)
Disdain'd Arcadia only should my Layes
Hear and applaud: as if my native Soile
Were narrow limits to my growing Style.
I went to *Elis*, and to *Pisa* then,
(Famous themselves, and giving fame to men)
There saw I that lov'd *Egon*, first with Bayes,
With Purple then, with Vertue deckt alwayes:
That he on earth *Apollo*'s self did seem:
Therefore my heart and Harp I unto him
Did consecrate, devoted to his name.
And in his house (which was the house of Fame)
I should have set up my perpetual rest,
There to admire and imitate the best,
If as Heav'n made me happy here below,
So it had gi'n me too the grace to know
And keep my happinesse. How I forsook
Elis and *Pisa* after, and betook
My self to *Argos* and *Micene*, where
An earthly god I worshipt, with what there
I sufferd in that hard captivitie
Would be too long for thee to hear, for me
Too sad to utter. Only thus much know,
I lost my labout, and in sand did sow:
I writ, wept, sung, hot and cold fits I had,
I rid, I stood, I bore, now sid, now glad,

Now high, now low, now in esteem, now scorn'd;
And as the Delphick iron, which is turn'd
Now to Heroick, now Mechanick use,
I fear'd no danger, did no pains refuse,
Was all things, and was nothing; chang'd my hair,
Condition, custom, thoughts, and life, but ne're
Could change my fortune. Then I knew at last
And panted after my sweet freedom past.
So flying smoakie *Argos*, and the great
Storms that attend on greatness, my retreat
I made to *Pisa* (my thoughts quiet port)
Where (praise be giv'n to the Eternal for't)
Upon my dear *Mirtillo* I did light,
Which all past sorrows fullie did requite. (blest
Ura. "A thousand thousand times that man is
"Can clip the wings of his aspiring brest!
"Nor for the shadow of great happiness
"Doth throw away the substance of the less! (poor?
Car. But who'd have dream't midst plenty to grow
Or to be less by toyling to be more?
I thought by how much more in Princes Courts
Men did excell in Titles and Supports,
So much the more obliging they would be
(The best enamell of Nobilitie,)
But now the contrarie by proof I've seen:
Courtiers in name, and *Courteous* in their meen
They are; but in their actions I could spie
Not the least spark or drachm of *Courtesie*.
People in shew smooth as the calmed waves:
Yet cruel as the Ocean when it raves.

Men

Men in appearance onlie I did find,
Love in the face, but malice in the mind:
With a ſtrait look, a ſquinting heart; and leaſt
Fidelitie where greateſt was profeſt.
That which elſewhere is vertue, is vice there:
Plain troth, ſquare dealing, love unfeign'd, ſincere
Compaſſion, faith inviolable, and
An innocence both of the heart and hand,
They count the follie of a ſoul that's vile
And poor, a vanitie worthie their ſmile.
To cheat, to lie, deceit and theft to uſe,
And under ſhew of pitie to abuſe,
To riſe upon the ruines of their brothers,
And ſeek their own by robbing praiſe from o-
The vertues are of that perfidious race. (thers,
No worth, no valour, no reſpect of place,
Of Age, or Law, bridle of modeſtie,
No tie of love, or blood, nor memorie
Of good receiv'd; no thing's ſo venerable,
Sacred or juſt, that is inviolable
By that vaſt thirſt of Riches, and deſire
Unquenchable of ſtill atcending higher.
Now I (not fearing, ſince I meant not ill,
And in Court-craft not having any skill,
Wearing my thoughts caracterd in my brow,
And a glaſs-window in my breaſt) judge thou
How open and how fair a mark my heart
Lay to their Envie's unſuſpected dart.

Ura. "Who now can boaſt of earth's felicitie,
"VVhen Envie treads on Vertues heels? *Car.* O my
Uranie, If ſince my Muſe and *I* From

From *Elis* past to *Argos*, I had found
Such cause to sing, as I had ample ground
To weep, perchance in such a loftie key
I'd sung my *Master's* glorious Arms, that he
Should have no cause, for the felicitie
Of his Meonian trumpet to envie
Achilles: and my Countrey (which doth bring
Such hapless Poets forth as Swan-like sing
Their own sad fates) should by means have now
A second Lawrel to impale her brow.
But in this age (inhumane age the while!)
The art of Poetrie is made too vile. (fair
"Swans must have pleasant nests, high feeding,
"Weather to sing: and with a load of care
"Men cannot climb *Parnassus* cliffe: for he
"Who is still wrangling with his Destinie
"And his malignant fortune, becomes hoarse,
"And loses both his singing and discourse.
— But now 'tis time to seek *Mirtillo* out:
Although I find the places hereabout
So chang'd and alter'd from their ancient wont,
I for *Arcadia* in *Arcadia* hunt.
But come *Uranio* gladly for all this;
A traveller with language cannot miss
His way: Or, since th'art wearie, thou wert best
To stay at the next Inne to take some rest.

Scena Secunda.

TITIRO, *Messenger.*

Tit. WHich first, my Daughter, shall I mourn in thee,
Thy loss of life, or of thy chastitie?
I'le mourn thy chastitie: for thou wert born
Of mortal Parents, but not bad. I'le mourn
Not thy life lost, but mine preserv'd, to see
Thy loss of life, and of thy chastitie.
Thou with thy Oracles mysterious cloud
(Wronglie conceiv'd *Montano*,) and thy proud
Despiser both of love, and of my Daughter
Unto this miserable end hast brought her.
Ay me! how much more certain at this time
My Oracles have shew'd themselves than thine!
" For honestie in a young heart doth prove
" But a weak sconce against assaulting love.
" And 'tis most true, a woman that's alone,
" Hath a most dangerous companion. (air,

Mess. Were he not under ground, or flown through th'
I should have found him sure. But soft, he's there
(I think) where least I thought. Th' art met by me
Too late, old Father, but too soon for thee: (knife
I've news. *Tit.* What bringst thou in thy mouth? the
That hath bereft my Daughter of her life?

Mess. Not that; yet little less. But how I pray
Got'st thou this news so soon another way?

Tit.

Tit. Doth she then live? *Mess.* She lives, & in her choice
It is to Live or Die. *Tit.* Blest be that voice!
Why is she then not safe, if she may give
Her *no* to death? *Mess.* Because she will not live.
Tit. Will not? what madness makes her *life* despise?
Mess. Another's death. And (if that thy advice
Remove her not) she is thereon so bent
That all the world cannot her death prevent.
Tit. Why stand we talking here then? Let us go.
Mess. Stay: yet the Temple's shut. Dost thou not know
That none but holy feet on holy earth
May tread, till from the Vestry they bring forth
The destin'd Sacrifice in all its trim? [terim
Tit. But before that—*Mess.* She's watcht. *Tit.* I'th' in-
Relate then all that's past, and to me show
The truth unveil'd. *Mess.* Thy wretched Daughter (Oh
Sad spectacle!) being brought before the Priest,
Did not alone from the beholders wrest
Salt tears; but (trust me) made the marble melt,
And the hard flint the dint of pity felt.
She was accus'd, convict, and sentence past
All in a trice. *Tit.* (Poor Girl!) and why such haste?
Mess. Because the evidence was clear as day:
Besides, a certain Nymph (who she did say
Could witness she was guiltless) was not there,
Nor could by any search be brought t' appear.
Then the dire Omens of some threatned ill
And horrid visions which the Temple fill,
Brook no delay, to us more frightful far;
By how much more unusual they are,

Scena Secunda.

TITIRO, *Messenger.*

Tit. WHich first, my Daughter, shall I mourn in
Thy loss of life, or of thy chastitie? (thee,
I'le mourn thy chastitie: for thou wert born
Of mortal Parents, but not bad. I'le mourn
Not thy life lost, but mine preserv'd, to see
Thy loss of life, and of thy chastitie.
Thou with thy Oracles mysterious cloud
(Wronglie conceiv'd *Montano*,) and thy proud
Despiser both of love, and of my Daughter
Unto this miserable end hast brought her.
Ay me! how much more certain at this time
My Oracles have shew'd themselves than thine!
"For honestie in a young heart doth prove
"But a weak sconce against assaulting love.
"And 'tis most true, a woman that's alone,
"Hath a most dangerous companion. (air,

Mess. Were he not under ground, or flown through th'
I should have found him sure. But soft, he's there
(I think) where least I thought. Th' art met by me
Too late, old Father, but too soon for thee: (knife
I've news. *Tit.* What bringst thou in thy mouth? the
That hath bereft my Daughter of her life?

Mess. Not that; yet little less. But how I pray
Got'st thou this news so soon another way?

Tit.

Tit. Doth she then live? *Mess.* She lives, & in her choice
It is to Live or Die. *Tit.* Blest be that voice!
Why is she then not safe, if she may give
Her *no* to death? *Mess.* Because she will not live.
Tit. Will not? what madness makes her *life* despise?
Mess. Another's death. And (if that thy advice
Remove her not) she is thereon so bent
That all the world cannot her death prevent.
Tit. Why stand we talking here then? Let us go.
Mess. Stay: yet the Temple's shut. Dost thou not know
That none but holy feet on holy earth
May tread, till from the Vestry they bring forth
The destin'd Sacrifice in all its trim? [terim
Tit. But before that—*Mess.* She's watcht. *Tit.* I'th' in-
Relate then all that's past, and to me show
The truth unveil'd. *Mess.* Thy wretched Daughter (Oh
Sad spectacle!) being brought before the Priest,
Did not alone from the beholders wrest
Salt tears; but (trust me) made the marble melt,
And the hard flint the dint of pity felt.
She was accus'd, convict, and sentence past
All in a trice. *Tit.* (Poor Girl!) and why such haste?
Mess. Because the evidence was clear as day:
Besides, a certain Nymph (who she did say
Could witness she was guiltless) was not there,
Nor could by any search be brought t' appear.
Then the dire Omens of some threatned ill
And horrid visions which the Temple fill,
Brook no delay, to us more frightful far,
By how much more unusual they are,

Nor ever ſeen, ſince the vext Pow'rs above
Reveng'd the wrong of ſcorn'd *Aminta's* Love.
(Who was their Prieſt whence all our woes had birth)
The Goddeſſe ſweats cold drops of blood, the Earth
Is Palſey ſhook; the ſacred Cavern howls
With ſuch unwonted ſounds as tortur'd ſouls
Send out of graves, and belches up a ſmell
From its foul jawes, ſcarce to be matc'd in hell.
His ſad Proceſſion now the Prieſt began
To lead t'a bloody death thy Daughter, whan
Mirtillo ſeeing her, 'behold a ſtrange
Proof of Affection!) profferd to exchange
His life for hers; crying aloud, Her hands
Untie (Ah how unworthy of ſuch bands!)
And in her ſtead (who is deſign'd to be
A Sacrifice to *Dian* offer me
A ſacrifice to *Amarillis*. *Tit.* There
Spake a true Lover, and above baſe fear!

Meſ. The wonder follows: ſhe that was afraid
Before of dying, on the ſudden made
Now valiant by *Mirtillo's* words, reply'd,
Thus, with a heart at death unterrifi'd,
But doſt thou think (*Mirtillo*) then to give
Life by thy death to her, who in thee doth live?
It cannot, muſt not be: Come Prieſts, away
With me to th' Altar now without delay.
Ah! (cry'd the Swain) ſuch love I did not lack:
Back cruel *Amarillis*, O come back:
Now thou art more unkind than er'e thou wert:
'Tis I ſhould die. Quoth ſhe, thou act'ſt my part,

And

And here between them grew so fierce a strife,
As if that life were death, and death were life.
O noble souls! O Pair eternally
To be renown'd; whether ye live or die!
O glorious Lovers! if I had tongues more
Than Heav'n hath eyes, or sands are on the shore;
Their voices would be drowned in the main-
Sea of your endless Praises, Glorious Dame,
Daughter of *Jove* (eternal as thy Father)
That Mortals deeds immortallizest, gather
Thou the fair storie, and in diamond pages
With golden letters write to after ages
The bravery of both Lovers. *Tit.* But who wan
The conquest in that strife of death? *Mess.* The Man.
Strange warre! which to the victor death did give,
And where the vanquish't was condemn'd to live.
For thus unto thy daughter spake the Priest;
Nymph, lets alone, and set thy heart at rest;
Chang'd for another none can be again,
Who for another in exchange was tan'e.
This is our Law. Then a strict charge he gave,
Upon the Maid such careful watch to have,
As that she might not lay a violent hand
Upon her self through sorrow. Thus did stand
The state of matters, when in search of thee
Montano sent me. *Tit* 'Tis most true I see,
"Well-water'd Meads may be without sweet flowers
"In Spring; without their verdant honour Bowers;
"And without chirping birds a pleasant Grove;
"Ere a fair maid and young without her Love.

But if we loiter here, how shall we know
The hour when to the Temple we should go?
Mess. Here better than elsewhere: For here it is
The honest Swain must be a sacrifice.
Tit. And why not in the Temple? *Mess.* Because in
The place 'twas done our law doth punish sin.
Tit. Then why not in the Cave? The sin was there.
Mess. Because it must be in the open air.
Tit. By whom hast thou these mysteries been told?
Mess. By the chief Minister, and he by old
Tirenio; who the false *Lucrina* knew
So sacrificed, and *Aminta* true.
But now 'tis time to go indeed; for see
The sacred pomp descends the hill! yet we
May for thy Daughter to the Temple go
Before they come: " Devotion marches slow.

Scena Tertia.

Chorus of Shepherds, Chorus of Priests
MONTANO, MIRTILLO.

Ch. Sh. *Sol's Sister, Daughter of great Jupiter,*
That shin'st a second Sun in the first Sphere
To the blind world!

Ch. Pr. Thou whose life-giving, and more temp'rate
Thy Brother's burning fury doth allay; [Ray
Whence bounteous Nature here produces after
All her blest off-springs, and Air, Earth, and Water
Enriches

Enriches and augments with Vegetals,
With Creatures sensitive, with Rationals.
Ah, pity thy *Areadia*, and that rage
Thou dost in *others*, in thy self asswage!

Ch. Sh. *Sol's Sister, Daughter of great Jupiter,*
That shin'st a second Sun in the first Sphere
To the blind world!

Mont. Now sacred Ministers the Altars dress;
You likewise Swains, that shew your selves no less
Devout than they, your voices all unite,
And once again invoke the Queen of Night.

Ch. Sh. *Sol's Sister, Daughter of great Jupiter,*
That shin'st a second Sun in the first Sphere
To the blind world!

Mont. Now shepherds and my servants all,
Withdraw your selves, and come not till I call.
Valiant young man (who to bestow upon
Another, *life*, abandonest thine own)
Die with this comfort: For a puff of breath
(Which by the abject spirit is called death)
Thou buy'st Eternitie: and when the tooth
Of envious Time (consuming the world's youth)
Millions of lesser names devoured hath,
Then thou shalt live the pattern of true faith.
But for the Law commands that thou should'st die
A silent Sacrifice, before thou ply
Thy knee to earth, if thou would'st ought deliver,
Speak; and hereafter hold thy peace for ever.

Mir. Father, (for though thou kill me, yet I must
Give thee that name) My body to the dust,

Whereof 'twas made and kneaded up, I give
My ſoul to her in whom alone I live.
But if ſhe die, (as ſhe hath vow'd) of me
What part (alas!) will then ſurviving be?
How ſweet will death be unto me, if I
In mine own perſon, not in hers, may die!
And if he merit pitie at his death,
Who for meer pitie now reſigns his breath,
Take care dear (Father) of her life, that I
Wing'd with that hope, t' a better life may fly.
Let my Fate reſt at my deſtruction,
Stop at my ruine; but when I am gone,
Let my divorced ſoul in her ſurvive,
Although from her I was divorc'd alive.

Mont. Scarcely can I refrain from weeping now;
O our mortalitie how frail art thou!)
Son be of comfort, for I promiſe thee
I will perform all thou deſir'ſt of me:
Here's my hand on't, and ſolemnly I ſwear,
Ev'n by this Miter'd head. *Mir.* Then vaniſh fear,
And now for the moſt faithful ſoul make room,
For (*Amarillis*) unto thee I come.
With the ſweet name of *Amarillis* I
Cloſe up my mouth, and ſilent kneel to die.

Mont. Now ſacred Miniſters, the Rites begin;
With liquid odoriferous Gumms keep in
The flame, and ſtrowing frankincenſe and mirrhe,
Whole clouds of perfume to the Gods preferre.

Cho. Sh. Sol's Siſter, Daughter of great Jupiter,
That ſhin'ſt a ſecond Sun in the firſt Sphere
To the blind world!

Scena

Scena quarta.

CARINO, MONTANO, NICANDRO, MIRTILLO, *Chorus of Shepherds.*

Car. DId ever man so many houses view,
And the inhabitants thereof so few?
But see the cause! if I mistake me not,
They're gotten all together here: O what
A troop! how rich! how solemn! It is sure
Some Sacrifice. *Mont.* Give me the golden Ewre
With the red Wine *Nicandro.* *Nic.* There. *Mont.* *So may*
Soft pity in thy breast revive to day
By this unguilty blood (*Goddess divine*)
As by the sprinkling of these drops of Wine
This pale and dying flame revives. Set up
The golden Ewre. Reach me the silver cup.
So may the burning wrath be quencht, which in
Thy breast was kindled by a false Maids sin,
As with this water (*powr'd out like our tears*)
I quench this flame. *Car.* 'Tis a Sacrifice, but where's
The Offering? *Mont.* Now all's prepar'd, there lacks
Only that fatal stroak. Lend me the Axe.
Car. I see a thing (unless my eys mistake)
Like a man kneeling this way with his back.
Is he the Offering? 'Tis so, ah wretch!
And o're his head the Priest his hand doth stretch.
O my poor Countrey! after all these years
Is not Heav'ns wrath yet quencht with blood and tears?

Ch. Sh. *Sol's Sister, Daughter of great Jupiter,*
That shin'st a second Sun in the first Sphere
To the blind world!

Mont. *Revengeful Goddess, who a private fault*
With publick rod dost punish; (Thou hast thought
Fit so to do, and so in the Abysse
Of Providence eternal fixt it is)
Since faithlesse Lucrin's *tainted blood was thought*
For thy nice Justice too impure a draught:
Carouse the guiltlesse blood then of this Swain,
By me now at thy Altar to be slain
A willing Sacrifice, and to his Lasse
As true a Lover as Aminta *was.*

Ch. Sh. *Sol's Sister, Daughter of great Jupiter,*
That shin'st a second Sun in the first Sphere
To the blind world!

Mont. Ah, how my breast with pity now relents!
What sudden numness fetters every sense!
I ne're was so before; to lift this Axe
My hands lack strength, and my heart courage lacks.

Car. I'll see the wretches face, and so be gone:
For such dire sights I cannot look upon.

Mont. Perhaps the Sun, though setting will not look
On humane Sacrifice, and I am strook
Therefore with horrour. Shepherd, change thy place,
And to the Mountain turn thy dying face.
So, now 'tis well. Car. Alas, what gaze I at?
Is't not my Son? Is't not *Mirtillo*, that? [my blow—
Mon. Now I can do't. (Car. 'Tis he.) Mon. And aim
Car. Hold sacred Minister, what dost thou do?

Mont.

Mon. Nay thou, profane raſh man, how darſt thou thus
Impoſe a ſacrilegious hand on us?
Car. O all my joy *Mirtillo!* I ne're thought ——
Mon. (Avant old man, that dot'ſt, or art diſtraught,)
Car. T' imbrace thee in this ſort. *Mont.* Avant, I ſay
It is not lawful impure hands to lay
Upon things ſacred to the gods. *Car.* 'Twas they
That ſent me to this place. *Mont. Nicandro,* ſtay
VVe'l hear him, and then let him go his way.
Car. Ah, courteous Miniſter, before thy hand
Upon the life of this young man deſcend,
Tell me but why he dies. This I implore
By that Divinitie thou doſt adore.
Mon. By ſuch a goddeſs thou conjur'ſt me, that
I ſhould be impious to denie. But what
Concerns it thee? *Car.* More than thou doſt ſuppoſe.
Mon. Becauſe to die he for another choſe.
Car. Then I will die for him: O, take inſtead
Of his, this old alreadie tott'ring head.
Mon. Thou rav'ſt friend. *Car.* Why am I deni'd that now
VVhich unto him was granted? *Mon.* Becauſe thou
A ſtranger art. *Car.* And if I ſhould prove none,
VVhat then? *Mon.* Although thou ſhouldſt, it were all one;
Becauſe *he cannot be exchang'd again*
Who for another in exchange was ta'ne.
But who art thou, if thou no ſtranger be
Thy habit ſpeaks thee not of *Arcadie.*
Car. Yet am I an Arcadian. *Mont.* I did ne're
See thee before (to my remembrance) here.

Car.

Car. My name's *Carino*; I was born hard by:
(This Wretche's father who is now to die (love
Mont. Hence, hence, left through thy fond paternal
Our sacrifice should vain and fruitless prove.
Car. O if thou wert a Father! *Mont.* I am one:
I, and the Father of an onlie son.
A tender Father too; yet if this were
My *Silvio*'s head (by *Silvio*'s head I swear)
I would as forward be to do to his
What I must do to this. "For no man is
"Worthie this sacred Robe, but he that can
"For publick good put off the private man.
Car. Yet let me kiss him 'ere he die. *Mon.* Nor touch.
Car. O mine own flesh and blood! art thou so much
A Tyrant to me too, as to afford
To thy afflicted Parent not one word?
Mir. Dear Father, Peace. (*Mon.* Alas! we are all spoild;
The sacrifice (O Heavens!) is defil'd.
Mir. That blood, that life which thou didst give to me,
Spent for a better cause can never be.
Mont. Did I not say his vow of silence he
Would break, when he his Fathers tears should see?
Mirt. That such a gross mistake I should commit
My vow of silence I did quite forgit.
Mon. But Ministers, why do ye gazing stay?
Him to the Temple quicklie reconvay.
There in the holie Cloyster again take
The voluntarie Oath of him; then back
Returning him with pomp along with you
For a new sacrifice bring all things new,

New

New fire, and new water, and new wine
Quicklie; for *Phœbus* doth apace decline.

Scena Quinta.

MONTANO, CARINO, DAMETA.

Mon. NOw thou old doting fool; thank Heav'n thou (art
His Father; for (by Heav'n) unleſs thou wert,
To day I'd make thee feel my furie, ſince
Thou haſt ſo much abus'd my patience.
Knowſt thou who I am? Knowſt thou that this wand
Doth both divine and humane things command?

Car. "Let not the Prieſt of Heav'n offended be
"For begging mercie. *Mont.* I have ſuffer'd thee
Too long, and that hath made thee inſolent
Doſt thou not know, "when anger wanteth vent
"In a juſt boſom, it is gathering ſtrength
"Within, and burſts out with more force at length?

Car. "Anger was never in a noble mind
"A furious tempeſt: but a gentle wind
"Of paſſion onlie, which but ſtirs the ſoul,
"(Where Reaſon ſtill doth keep her due comptroll)
"Leſt it ſhould grow a ſtanding pool, unfit
"For vertuous action. If I cannot get
Thee to extend that mercie which I crave,
Afford me juſtice; this I ought to have
From thee. "For they who laws to others give,
"Ought not themſelves without all law to live.

"And

" And he that is advanc'd to greater ſway,
" Him that requireth Juſtice muſt obey.
And (witneſs) I require it now of thee;
Do't for thy ſelf, if thou wilt not for me.
Thou art unjuſt if thou *Mirtillo* ſlay.
Mont. I prethee how? *Car.* To me didſt thou not ſay,
Thou mightſt not offer here a ſtrangers blood? (Good:
Mon. I did: and ſaid what Heav'n commanded. *Car.*
This is a ſtranger then. *Mon.* A ſtranger? what?
Is he not then thy ſon? *Car.* All's one for that.
Mon. Is't that thou gott'ſt him in a forraign land?
Car. The more thou ſeek'ſt, the leſs thou't underſtand.
Mon. It skills not here, *where*, but by *whom* he's got.
Car. I call him ſtranger, cauſe I got him not.
Mon. Is he thy ſon then, and not got by thee?
Car. I ſaid he was my ſon; not born of me.
Mon. Thy griet hath made thee mad. *Car.* I would it had!
I ſhould not feel my grief, if I were mad.
Mon. Thou art or mad, or impious chuſe thou whether.
Car. For telling the truth to thee I am neither.
Mon. How can both theſe (ſon and not ſon) be true?
Car. Son of my Love, not of my Loins. *Mon.* Go to;
He is no ſtranger, if he be thy ſon:
If he be not, to thee no harm is done.
So Father, or not Father, th'art confuted.
Car. "Truth is truth ſtill: though it be ill diſputed.
Mont. " That man that utters contradictions muſt
" Speak one untruth. *Car.* Thy action is unjuſt,
I ſay again. *Mont.* Let all this action's guilt
Light on my head, and on my ſon's. *Car.* Thou wilt

Repent

Repent it. *Mont.* Thou ſhalt, if thou wilt not take
Thy hands from off me. *Car.* My appeal I make
To men and gods. *Mon.* To gods, deſpis'd by thee?
Car. And if thou wilt not hear, hearken to me
O Heav'n and Earth! and thou great goddeſs here
Ador'd! *Mirtillo* is a Forraigner,
No ſon of mine: the holie ſacrifice
Thou doſt profane. *Mon.* Bleſs me good Heav'ns from this
Strange man! Say then, if he be not thy ſon,
Who is his Father? *Car.* 'Tis to me unknown. (then
Mo. Is he thy kinſman? *Car.* Neither. *Mo.* Why doſt thou
Call him thy ſon? *Car.* 'Cauſe from the inſtant when
I had him firſt, I bred him as mine own
Still with a fatherlie affection. (*Car.* From
Mon. Didſt buy him? ſteal him? from whence hadſt him?
Elis (the gift of a ſtrange man.) *Mon.* From whom
Had that ſtrange man him? *Ca.* That ſtrange man? why he
Had him of me before. *Mon.* Thou mov'ſt in me
At the ſame time both laughter and diſdain:
What thou gav'ſt him, did he give thee again?
Car. I gave to him what was his own; then he
Return'd it as his courteous gift to me. (mad
Mon. And whence hadſt thou (ſince thou wilt make me
For companie) that which from thee he had?
Car. Within a thicket of ſweet Mirtle, I
Had newlie found him accidentallie
Near to *Alfeo*'s mouth, and call'd him thence
Mirtillo. *Mon.* With what likelie circumſtance
Thou doſt thy lye embroider? Are there anie
Wild beaſts within that Forreſt? *Car.* Verie manie.

Mon.

Mon. Why did not they devour him? *Car.* A ſtrong
Had carry'd him into that tuft of wood, (flood
And left him in the lap of a ſmall Iſle
Defended round with water. *Mon.* Thou doſt file
One Lie upon another well. And was
The flood ſo pitiful to let him paſs
Undrown'd? Such Nurſes in thy Countrey are
The Brooks, to foſter infants with ſuch care?
Car. He lay within a cradle, which with mud
And other matter gather'd by the flood
Calk't (to keep out the water) like a Boat
Had to that thicket carry'd him afloat.
Mon. Within a cradle lay he? *Car.* Yes. *Mon.* A child
In ſwathing bands? *Car.* A ſweet one; and it ſmil'd.
Mon. How long ago might this be? *Car.* 'Tis ſoon caſt
Since the great Flood ſome twentie years are paſt,
And then it was. *Mon.* What horror do I feel
Creep thorow my veins! *Car.* He's ſilenc'd, and yet will
Be obſtinate. "O the ſtrange pride of thoſe
"In place! who conquer'd, yield not: but ſuppoſe,
"Becauſe that they have all the wealth, with it
"They muſt be Maſters too of all the wit.
Sure he's convinc'd; and it doth vex him too,
As by his mutt'ring he doth plainlie ſhow:
And one may ſee ſome colour he would find
To hide the error of a haughtie mind. (what
Mon. But that ſtrange man of whom thou tell'ſt me,
Was he unto the child? his father? *Car.* That
I do not know. *Mon.* Nor didſt thou ever know
More of the man than thou haſt told me? *Car.* No.
Why

Why all these questions? *Mon.* If thou saw'st him now,
Should'st know him? *Car.* Yes, he had a beetle-brow,
A down-look, middle-stature, with black hair,
His beard and eye-brows did with bristles stare. (here,
Mon. Shepherds and servants mine, approach. *Da.* W'are
Mon. Which of these shepherds who do now appear,
To him thou talk'st of likest seems to thee?
Car. Not onlie like him, but the same is he
Whom thou talk'st with; and still the man doth show
The same he did some twentie years ago,
For he hath chang'd no hair, though I am gray.
Mon. Withdraw, and let *Dameta* onlie stay.
Tell me, dost thou know him? *Dam.* I think I do:
But where, or how I know not? *Car.* I'le renew
Thy memorie by tokens. *Mon.* Let me talk
First with him if thou please, and do thou walk
Aside awhile. *Car.* Most willinglie what thou
Command'st I'le do. *Mon.* Tell me *Dameta* now,
And do not lie. (*Dam.* O gods, what storm comes here!)
Mon. When thou cam'st back ('tis since some twenty
From seeking of my child, which the swoln brook (year
Away together with its cradle took,
Didst thou not tell me thou hadst sought with pain
All that *Alpheo* bathes, and all in vain?
Dam. Why dost thou ask it me? *Mon.* Answer me this:
Didst thou not say thou couldst not find him? *Dam.* Yes.
Mon. What was that little infant then which thou
In *Elis.* gav'st to him that knows thee now?
Dam. 'Twas twentie years ago, and wouldst thou have
An old man now remember what he gave?

Mon.

Mon. He is old too, and yet remembers it
Dam. Rather is come into his doting fit. (ger!
Mon. That we shall quicklie see: Where art thou stran-
Ca. Here. *Da.* Would thou wert interr'd, & *I* from dan-
Mon. Is this the shepherd that bestow'd on thee (ger!
The present, art thou sure? *Cur.* I'm sure 'tis he.
Da. What present? *Car.* Dost thou not remember when
In *Jove Olympicks* Fane, thou having then
Newlie receiv'd the Oracles replie,
And being just on thy departure, I
Encountred thee, and asking then of thee
The signs of what th'adst lost, thou told'st them me;
Then I did take thee to my house, and there
Shew'd thee thy child laid in a cradle; where
Thou gav'st him me. *Dam.* What is inferr'd from hence?
Car. The child thou gav'st me then, and whom I since
Have brought up, as a tender Father doth
An ōnlie son, is this unhappie youth
Who on this Altar now is doom'd to die
A sacrifice. *Dam.* O force of destinie!
Mon. Art studying for more lyes? Hath this man sed
The truth or not? *Dam.* Would I were but as dead
As all is true! *Mon.* That thou shalt quicklie be
If the whole truth thou dost not tell to me.
VVhy didst thou give unto another what
VVas not thine own? *Dam.* Dear Master, ask not that;
For Heav'ns sake do not: too much thou dost know
Alreadie. *Mon.* This makes me more eager grow.
Wilt not speak yet? Still keepst thou me in pain?
Th'art dead if I demand it once again.

Dam.

Dam. Becauſe the Oracle foretold me there
That *if the child then found returned e're*
To his own home, he ſhould be like to die
By's Father's hand. *Car.* 'Tis true, my ſelf was by.
Mon. Ay me! now all is clear: This act of mine
The Dream and Oracle did well Divine. (main?
Car. What wouldſt thou more? can ought behind re-
Is it not plain enough? *Mon.* 'Tis but too plain.
I know, and thou haſt ſaid too much; I would
I had ſearch'd leſſe, or thou leſſe underſtood.
How (O) *Carino*, have I ta'ne from thee
At once thy Son, and thy Calamitie!
How are thy paſſions become mine! this is
My Son: O too unhappy Son, of this
Unhappy man! O Son preſerv'd and kept
More cruelly, than thou from hence wert ſwept
By the wild flood, to fall by thy Sires hand,
And ſtain the Altars of thy native Land!
Car. Thou Father to *Mirtillo*? Wondrous! How
Didſt loſe him? *Mon.* By that horrid flood which thou
Haſt mention'd. O deer pledge! thou wert ſafe then
When thou wert loſt: and now I loſe thee, when
I finde thee. *Car.* O eternal Providence!
For what deep end have all theſe Accidents
Lain hid ſo long, and now break forth together?
Some mighty thing thou haſt conceived, either
For good or evil: ſome unwonted birth
Thou art big with, which muſt be brought on earth.
Mon. This was the thing my Dream foretold me, too
Prophetick in the bad, but moſt untrue

In the good part: This 'twas which made me melt
So ſtrangely; this, that horrour which I felt
Creep through my bones, when I heav'd up my hand,
For Nature's ſelf ſeem'd to recoil, or ſtand
Aſtoniſhed, to ſee a Father go
To give that horrid and forbidden blow.
Car. Thou art reſolved then not to go on
With this dire Sacrifice? *Mon.* No other man
May do it here. *Car.* Shall the Son then be ſlain
By his own Sire? *Mon.* 'Tis law: and who dare ſtrain
His charity to ſave another man,
When true *Aminta* with himſelf began?
Car. O my ſad Fate! what am I brought to ſee?
Mon. Two Fathers over-acted Pietie
Murther their ſon; Thine to *Mirtillo*; mine
To Heav'n. Thou by denying he was thine.
Thought'ſt to preſerve him, and haſt loſt him; I
(Searching with too much curioſity)
Whilſt I was to have ſacrific'd thy ſon
(As I ſuppos'd) find and muſt ſlay my own.
Car. Behold the horrid Monſter Fate hath teem'd!
O cruel! O *Mirtillo!* more eſteem'd
By me than life: Was this it which to me
The Oracle foretold concerning thee?
Thus doſt thou make me *in my Country bleſt?*
O my dear Son, whilome the hope and reſt,
But now the grief and bane of theſe gray hairs?
Mon. Prethee *Carino* lend to me thoſe tears:
I weep for mine own blood. (Ah! why, if I
Muſt ſpill it, is it mine?) Poor ſon! but why

Did

Did I beget thee? —(Why was I got rather?)
The pitying deluge ſav'd thee, and thy Father
Will cruelly deſtroy thee. Holy Pow'rs
Immortal (without ſome command of yours
Not the leaſt wave ſtirs in the Sea, breath in
The Air, nor leaf on Earth) what monſtrous ſin
Hath been by me committed 'gainſt your Law,
This heavie Judgment on my head to draw?
Or if I have tranſgres'd ſo much; wherein
Sinn'd my Son ſo, ye will not pardon him?
And thou with one blaſt of thy Anger kill
Me, thundring *Jove*? But if thy bolts lie ſtill,
My blade ſhall not: I will repeat the ſad
Example of *Aminta*, and the Lad
Shall ſee his Father through his own heart run
His reeling blade, rather than kill his Son.
Dye then *Montano*; Age ſhould lead the way:
And willingly I do't. Pow'rs (ſhall I ſay
Of Heav'n or Hell?) that do with anguiſh drive
Men to deſpair; Behold, I do conceive
(Since you will have it ſo) your fury! I
Deſire no greater bleſſing than to dye.
A kind of dire love to my natural Gole
Doth laſh me on, and hallow to my ſoul,
To death, To death. *Car.* 'Las poor old man! in troth
I pity thee: for though we need it both,
Yet as by day the Stars forbear to ſhine,
My grief is nothing, if compar'd with thine.

Scena sexta.

Tirenio, Montano, Carino.

Tir. MAke haſte my Son; yet tread ſecure, that I
May without ſtumbling trace thee through
And craggy way, with my old feet and blind. (this wry
Thou art their eyes, as I am to thy mind.
And when thou comeſt where the Prieſt is, there
Arreſt thy pace. *Mont.* Hah! whom do I ſe here?
Is't not our Reverend *Tirenio?* hee
Whoſe eyes are ſeel'd up earthward, but heav'n ſee?
Some great thing draws him from his ſacred Cell,
Whence to behold him is a miracle.

Car. May the good Gods pleas'd in their bounty be
To make his coming proſperous to thee.

Mont. Father *Tirenio*, what miracle
Is this? What mak'ſt thou from thy holy Cell?
Whom doſt thou ſeek? what news? *Tir.* I come to ſpeak
With thee: and news I bring, and news I ſeek.

Mont. But why comes not the holy Order back
With the purg'd offering, and what doth lack
Beſides to th' interrupted Sacrifice?

Tir. 'O how much often doth the want of eyes
'Adde to the inward ſight! for then the ſoul
'Not gadding forth, but recollected whole
'Into it ſelf, is wont to recompence
'With the mind's eyes the blindneſs of the ſenſe!

It

'It is not good to passe so slightly over
'Some great events unlookt for which discover
'In humane businesses an hand Divine,
'VVhich through a cloud of seeming chance doth shine.
'For Heav'n with Earth will not familiar be,
'Nor face to face talk with Mortalitie.
'But those great wondrous things which us amaze,
'And on blind chance the more blind vulgar laves,
'Are but Heav'ns voice: the deathlesse Gods affect
'To speak to mortals in that Dialect.
'It is their language; mute unto our ears,
'But loud to him whose understanding hears.
(A thousand times most happy is that wight
That hath an understanding pitcht so right.)
The good *Nicandro* (as thou gav'st command)
VVas ready now to bring the sacred Band,
VVhom I with-held by reason of a change
That fell out in the Temple. VVhich so strange
Event, comparing with what happen'd here
At the same time to thee, 'twixt hope and fear
I know not how, strook and amaz'd I stand:
Whereof by how much lesse I unde.stand
The cause, so much the more I hope and fear
Some happinesse, or some great danger near.

Mon. That which thou understandst not, I do
Too well, and to my sorrow feel it too.
But is there ought in hidden Fate can shun
Thy all-divining spirit? *Tir.* O my Son!
'It the Divine use of prophetick light
'VVere arbitrary, it would then be hight

' The gift of Nature, not of Heav'n. I find
('Tis true) within my undigested mind
That there is something hidden in the deep
Bosome of Fate, which she from me doth keep,
And this hath mov'd me to come now to thee
To be inform'd more clearly who is he,
That's found to be the Father of the youth
To die now; if *Nicandro* told us truth.

Mon. Thou know'st him but too well, *Tirenio*:
How wilt thou wish anon that thou didst know
Or love him lesse? *Tir.* ' I praise thee, O my Son,
' For taking pity and compassion
' On the afflicted: 'tis humanitie.
How-e're let me speak with him. *Mon.* Now I see
Heav'n hath suspended in thee all that skill
In Prophecie, which it was wont t' instill.
That Father whom thou seek'st to speak withal,
Am I. *Tir.* Art thou his Father, that should fall
To *Dian* now an Immolation?

Mon. The wretched Father of that wretched Son.

Tir. Of that same *Faithful Shepherd*, who to give
Life to another, would himself not live?

Mon. Of him, who dies his Murtheress life to save
And murthers me, who unto him life gave.

Tir. But is this true? *Mo.* Behold the witness. *Car.* That
Which he hath told thee is most true. *Tir.* And what
Art thou that speak'st? *Car. Carino*, thought to be
Till now the young mans Father. *Tir.* Was that he
The Flood took from thee long ago? *Mon.* Yes, yes,
Tirenio. *Tir.* And dost thou stile for this

Thy

Thy ſelf a wretched Father? 'O how blind
'Is an unhallow'd and terreſtial mind!
'In what thick miſts of errour, how profound
'A night of Ignorance are our ſouls drown'd,
'Till thou enlighten them, from whom the Sun
'Receives his luſtre, as from him the Moon!
Vain men, how can ye boaſt of knowledge ſo?
'That part of us by which we ſee and know,
'Is not our vertue, but deriv'd from Heav'n,
'That gives it, and can take what it hath giv'n.
O in thy mind, *Montano*, blinder far,
Than I am in mine eies! What Juggler,
What dazleing Devil will not let thee ſee
That if this noble youth was born of thee,
Thou art the happieſt Father, and moſt dear
To the immortal Deities, that e're
Begot Son in the world? Behold the deep
Secret, which Fate did from my knowledge keep!
Behold the happy day, with ſuch a flood
Expected of our tears, and of our blood!
Behold the bleſſed end of all our pain!
VVhere art thou man? come to thy ſelf again.
How is it that thou only doſt forget
That famous happy Oracle that's writ
In all Arcadian hearts? How can it be
That with thy dear ſon's lightning upon thee
This day, thy ſenſe is not prepar'd and clear
The thunder of that heav'nly voice to hear;

Your Woe ſhall end when two of Race Divine
Love ſhall Combine: —

(Tears of delight in such abundance flow
Out of my heart, I cannot speak.) *Your Woe* —
Your Woe shall end when two of Race Divine
Love shall Combine:
And for a faithlesse Nimph's apostate state
A faithful Shepherd supererogate.
Now tell me thou: This Shepherd here of whom
We speak, and that should die, is he not come
Of Divine Race (*Montano*) if he's thine?
And *Amarillis* too *of Race Divine?*
Then who I pray but *Love hath them conbin'd:*
Silvio by parents and by force was joyn'd
To *Amarillis*, and is yet as far
From loving her, as Love and Hatred are.
Then scan the rest, and 't will be evident,
The fatal voice none but *Mirtillo* meant.
For who indeed, since slain *Aminta*, hath
Express'd such *Love* as he? such constant *Faith?*
Who but *Mirtillo* for his Mistress wou'd
Since true *Aminta*, spend his dearest blood?
This is that work of *Supererogation:*
This is that *faithful Shepherds* expiation
For the *Apostate* false *Lucrina's* fact.
By this admir'd and most stupendious Act
More than with humane blood the wrath of heav'n
Is pacifi'd, and satisfaction given
Unto eternal Justice for th' offence
Committed 'gainst it by a woman. Hence
It was, that he no sooner came to pay
Devotions in the Temple, but streightway

All

All monstrous Omens ceas'd; *No longer stood*
Th' eternal Image in a sweat of blood,
The earth no longer shook, the holy Cave
No longer stank, and shrikes no longer gave;
But such sweet harmonie and redolence
As Heav'n affords (if Heav'n affect the sense.)
O Providence eternal! O ye Powers
That look upon us from yon azure Towers!
If all my words were souls, and everie soul
Were sacrific'd upon your Altars whole,
It were too poor a Hecatombe to pay
So great a blessing with: but as I may
(Behold!) I tender thanks, and with my knee
Touching the earth in all humilitie
Look up on you that sit inthron'd in Heav'n
How much am I your debtor, that have giv'n
Me leave to live till now! I have run o're
Of my life's race a hundred years and more,
Yet never liv'd till now, could never deem
My life worth keeping till this instant time.
Now I begin my life, am born to day.
But why in words do *I* consume away
That time that should be spent in works? Help (son
To list me up: Thou art the motion
Of my decayed limbs, *Mon. Tirenio*,
I have a lightness in my bosom so
Lock't in, and petrifi'd with wonder, that
I find I'm glad, yet scarcelie know at what.
My greedie soul unto her self alone
Keeps all her joy, and lets my sense have none.

O miracle of Heav'n! far, far beyond
All we have seen, or e're did understand!
O unexampled Bountie! O the great
Great mercie of the gods! O fortunate
Arcadia! O earth, of all that e're
The Sun beheld or warm'd, most blest, most dear
To Heav'n! Thy weal's so dear to me, mine own
I cannot feel, nor think upon my son
(Twice lost and found) nor of my self buoy'd up
Out of the depth of sorrow, to the top
Of bliss, when I consider thee: but all
My private joy, set by the general,
Is like a little drop in a great stream
Shuffled and lost. O happie dream! (no dream,
But a Celestial vision.) *Now again*
Shall my Arcadia (as thou said'st) *be in*
A flourishing Estate: But why dost thou
Stay here, *Montano?* Heav'n expects not now
More humane sacrifice from us. No more
Th' are times of wrath and vengeance (as before)
But times of grace and love; glad nuptial bands,
Not horrid sacrifices at our hands
Our goddess now requires. *Tir.* How long to night?
Mon. An hour, or little more. *Tir.* We burn day-light
Back to the holie Temple let us go;
There let the daughter of old *Tiresia*
And thy son interchange their marriage vow
To become man and wife, of Lovers now.
Then let him bring her to his Father's straight,
Where 'tis Heav'ns pleasure, that these fortunate

Descendents of two gods, should henceforth run
United in one stream. —— Lead me back, son:
And thou *Montano*, follow me. *Mon.* But stay:
That faith which formerlie she gave away
To *Silvio*, she cannot now withdraw
And give *Mirtillo*, without breach of Law.
Car. 'Tis *Silvio* still, *Mirtillo* was call'd so
At first (thy man told me) and *Silvio*
By me chang'd to *Mirtillo*, to which he
Consented. *Mon.* True: (now I remember me)
And the same name I gave unto the other,
To keep alive the memorie of's Brother.
Tir. 'Twas an important doubt. Follow me now.
Mon. *Carino*, to the Temple too come thou.
Henceforth *Mirtillo* shall two Fathers own;
Thou hast a brother found, and I a son.
Car. To thee a brother in his love, a Father
To him, a servant (in respect) to either
Carino will be alwayes: And since I
Find thee to me so full of courtesie,
I will the boldness take to recommend
Unto thy love my second self, my friend.
Mon. Share me between you. *Car.* O eternal gods,
"Between our pray'rs slow-winding paths, what odds
"There is (by which we climb to Heav'n) and those
"Directer lines by which to us Heav'n bows!

Scena Septima.

CORISCA. LINCO.

Cor. SO it seems, *Linco*, that coy *Silvio*
When least expected, did a Lover grow.
But what became of her? *Lin.* We carry'd her
To *Silvio*'s dwelling, where with many a tear
(Whether of joy or grief, I cannot tell)
His mother welcom'd her. It pleas'd her well
To see her son now married, and a Lover;
But for the Nymph great grief she did discover.
Poor mother-in-law! ill sped, though doublie sped:
One daughter-in-law being hurt, the other dead.
Cor. Is *Amarillis* dead? *Lin.* 'Tis rumour'd so:
That's now the cause I to the Temple go,
To comfort old *Montano* with this news,
One daughter-in-law he gains, if one he lose.
Cor. Is not *Dorinda* dead then? *Lin.* Dead? would thou
Wert half so live and jocund as shee's now!
Cor. Was't not a mortal wound? *Lin.* Had she been slain
With *Silvio*'s pity she had liv'd again.
Cor. What art so soon could cure her? *Lin.* I will tell
Thee all the cure. Listen't a miracle.
With trembling hearts, and hands prepar'd to aid,
Women and men stood round the wounded Maid;
But she would suffer none to touch her save
Her *Silvio*; for the same hand which gave,

She ſaid, ſhould cure the wound. So all withdrew
Except my ſelf, he, and his mother: two
T' adviſe, the third to act. Then *Silvio*
Removing firſt from her blood-dapled ſnow
Gentlie the cleaving garments, ſtrove to pluck
The arrow out, which in her deep wound ſtuck.
But the falſe wood (forth coming) gave the ſlip
To th' iron head, and left it in her Hip.
Here, here the lamentable cryes began:
It was not poſſible by hand of man,
Or iron inſtrument, or ought beſide
To get it out. Perchance t' ave open'd wide
The wound b'a greater wound, and ſo have made
One iron dive after another, had
Effected the great cure. But *Silvio*'s hand,
Too pitiful, too much with Love unmann'd
The Surgeon was, ſo cruellie to heal.
Love ſearches not with inſtruments of ſteel
The wounds he makes. As for the love-ſick Maid,
In *Silvio*'s hands her wounds grew ſweet, ſhe ſaid.
And *Silvio* ſaid (not yet diſcouraged)
Thou ſhalt out too, thou ſhalt, curſt Arrow-head,
And with leſs pain than is believ'd: the ſame
Who thruſt thee in, can pull thee out again.
By uſing hunting I have learn'd to cure
This miſchief which my hunting did procure.
A plant there is much us'd by the wild Goat
When there's a ſhaft into her bodie ſhot:
She ſhew'd it us, and Nature ſhew'd it her:
(Remembred happilie!) nor is it far

From hence. Streight went he to the neighb'ring Hill;
And there a flasket with this Plant did fill;
Then came again to us: thence squeesing out
The juice, and mingling it with Centry root
And Plantain leaf, thereof a pultise made.
O wonderful! as soon as that was laid
Upon the sore, the blood was stanched streight;
And the pain ceased; and soon after that,
The iron coming without pain away,
Did the first summons of the hand obey:
The Maid was now as vigorous and sound,
As if she never had receiv'd the wound.
Nor mortal was't; for th' arrow having flown
(As hap't) betwixt the muscles and the bone,
Pierc'd but the fleshie part. *Cor.* Thou hast display'd
Much vertue in a plant, more in a Maid.

Lin. What afterwards between 'em happened
May better be imagined than sed:
This I am sure, *Dorinda*'s well again,
And now can stir her bodie without pain:
Though thou believ'st, *Coriſca*, I suppose
H' ath giv'n her since more wounds than that: but those
As they are made b' a diffrent weapon, so
Themselves are of a diffrent nature too.
And such a trick this cruel Archer has,
Of hitting all he shoots at since he was
A Huntsman; that to shew he's still the same,
Now hee's a Lover too, he hits the Game.

Cor. Old *Linco* still! *Lin.* Faith, my *Coriſca*, still
If not in strength, I'm *Linco* in my will.

Nor

Nor yet, though my leaf's witherd, am I dead
But all my ſap into the root is fled.
Cor. My Rival thus diſpatch'd, I'le now go ſee
If I can get my dear *Mirtillo* free.

Scena Octava.

ERGASTO, CORISCA.

Erg. O Day with wonders fraught! O day of mirth!
All love! and bleſſings all! O happie earth!
O bounteous Heav'n! *Cor.* But ſee! *Ergaſto's* here:
How opportunelie doth he now appear!
Erg. At ſuch a time let everie living thing,
Heav'n, Earth, Air, Fire, the whole world laugh and ſing.
To Hell it ſelf let our full joyes extend,
And there the torments of the damn'd ſuſpend.
Cor. What rapture's this! *Er.* Bleſt woods! whoſe mur-
When we lamented did lament, rejoyce (muring voice
At our joyes too, and wag as manie tongues
As you have leaves now dancing no the ſongs
Of the pleas'd Birds, and muſick of the Air
Which rings with our delight. Sing of a pair
Of noble Lovers the felicitie
Unparalell'd. *Cor.* He doth ſpeak certainlie
Of *Silvio* and *Dorinda*? Everie thing
I ſee, would live. "How ſoon the ſhallow ſpring
"Of tears dries up with us! but the ſwoln River
"Of gladneſs tarries with the longer liver.

Of *Amarillis*, who is dead, there's now
No more diſcourſe: the onlie care is how
" To laugh with them that laugh; and 'tis well done:
" Each man hath too much ſorrow of his own.
Whither (ſo glad) *Ergaſto* doſt thou go?
Unto a Wedding happilie? *Erg.* I do
Indeed. Haſt heard *Coriſca* then, the wonder
O'th' two bleſt Lovers? was't not ſtrange? *Cor.* I under-
Stood it of *Linco* now with joy of heart,
Which my great grief doth mitigate in part
For the ſad death of *Amarillis*. *Erg.* How!
Whom doſt thou ſpeak of, or ſpeak I thinkſt thou?
Cor. Why, of *Dorinda*, and of *Silvio*.
Erg. What *Silvio*? what *Dorinda*? Doſt not know
Then what hath paſt? My joy its linage draws
From a more high, ſtupendious, noble Cauſe.
Of *Amarillis* and *Mirtillo* I
Diſcourſe (the happieſt Pair that this day frye
Under the torrid Zone of Love.) *Cor.* Is not
Then *Amarillis* dead, *Ergaſto*? *Erg.* What
Death? She's alive, glad, beauteous, and a wife.
Cor. Thou mock'ſt me ſhepherd. *Er.* No, upon my life.
Cor. Was ſhe not then condemn'd? *Er.* She was, 'tis (true
But preſentlie ſhe was acquitted too.
Cor. Do I dream this? or doſt thou dreams relate?
Erg. Stay here a little, thou ſhalt ſee her ſtraight
Come with her faithful and moſt fortunate
Mirtillo, from the Temple (where they're now,
And interchanged have their Nuptial vow)
Towards *Montano*'s: of the bitter Root
Of their long loves to gather the ſweet fruit. O

O hadst thou seen mens joyes spring in their eyes!
If thou hadst heard the musick of their eryes!
The temple's still as full as it can hold
Of numbers numberlesse: Men, women, old,
Young, Prelates, Laymen, are confounded there
Together, and distracted cannot bear
Their joy. With wonder every one doth run
To see the happy couple, every one
Adores them, every one imbraces them.
Their pity one extols, another's theme
Their constant faith is, or those graces giv'n
To them by Nature, or infus'd from Heaven.
The laund, the dale, the mountain, and the plain
Resound *the faithfull Shepherd's* glorious name,
O happy, happy Lover, to become
From a poor Swain, almost a God so soon;
From death to life (whilst I speak this) to passe,
And change a winding-sheet (which ready was)
For a remote despair'd-of Nuptiall,
Though it be much, *Corisca*, is not all.
But to enjoy her, whom he seem'd t' injoy
In dying for her, her who would destroy
Her selfe, not to excuse, but share his Fate,
(His Mate in life, and not in death his Mate!)
This is such joy, such ravishing joy is this
As doth exceed all we can fancie Blisse.
And dost not thou rejoyce? and apprehend
A joy for *Amarillis*, that's thy Friend
As great as that which I do for my true
Mirtillo? Cor. Yes, dost thou not see I doe?

Erg. O! if thou hadst present been
Amarillis to have seen,
As the pledge of Faith when she
Gave her hand to him, and he
As the pledge of Love did either
Give or receive (I know not whether)
A sweet inestimable kisse,
Surely thou hadst dy'd of blisse.
There was Scarlet, there were Roses,
All the colours, all the poses
Art or Nature e're did mix
Were excell'd by her pure cheeks,
Cover'd with a waving shield
By her blushing Beauty held,
Stain'd with blood, which did provoke
From the striker a new stroke,
And she coy and nice in show,
Seem'd to shun, that she might so
With more pleasure meet the blow,
Leaving it in doubt, if that
Kisse were ravished, or not.
With such admirable Art,
'Twas in part bestow'd, in part
Snatch'd from her: And that disdain
Which she did so sweetly fain,
Was a willing No; an Act
Mixt of Conquest and Compact.
Such a coming in her flying
As shew'd yielding in denying.
Such sweet anger at th' abuse
In forcing her, as forc'd him use

That force again; such art to crave
The thing she would not, yet would have
As drew him the faster on
To snatch that which would be gone.
O heav'nly kisse! *Coriſca*, I
Can no longer hold; God bu'y.
"I'll marry too, The Pow'rs above
"Give no true joy to men, but Love.
Cor. If he (*Coriſca*) have told truth, this day
Quite cures thy wits, or takes them quite away.

Scena Nona.

Chorus of Shepherds, CORISCA, AMARILLIS, MIRTILLO.

Cho. *HOly Hymen hear our pray'r*
And our Song! The Earth hath not
A more happy loving pair:
Both of them Divinely got;
Pull holy Hymen, pull the deſtin'd knot.

Cor. Ay me! *Ergaſto* told me true (I ſee)
This is the fruits (wretch) of thy vanitie.
O thoughts! O wiſhes! as unjuſt, as vain
And fond. Would I an innocent have ſlain
To compaſs my unbridled will! So blind,
So cruel was I? Who doth now unbind
Mine eies? Ah wretch! what do I ſee? my ſin
With the mask off, juſt as 'tis here within.

Cho. *Holy Hymen hear our pray'r*
And our ſong! the Earth hath not
A more happy loving Pair:
Both of them divinely got:
Pull holy Hymen, pull the deſtin'd knot.
See (thou *Faithful Shepherd*) where
After many a briny tear,
After many a ſtormy blaſt,
Thou art landed now at laſt!
Is not this (behold her!) ſhee
Heav'n and Earth deny'd to thee?
And thy cruel Deſtinie?
And her Icie Chaſtitie?
And thy degree ſo far beneath?
And her Contract? and thy Death?
Yet *Mirtillo* (loe) ſhee's thine.
That ſweet face, thoſe eyes divine,
Breſt and hands, and all that thou
See'ſt and hear'ſt, and toucheſt now,
And ſo often haſt in vain
Sigh'd for, now thou doſt obtain,
As thy conſtant Love's reward:
Yet thy lips hath ſilence barr'd?
Mir. 'Cannot ſpeak: I do not know
Whether I'm alive or no,
Or if theſe things real be
Which I ſeem to hear and ſee.
Sweeteſt *Amarillis* mine,
(For my ſoul is lodg'd in thine)
I from thee would gladly know,
(Tell me Love) are theſe things ſo?

Cho. *Holy Hymen hear our pray'r*
And our ſong! The Earth hath not
A more happy loving Pair:
Both of them divinely got:
Pull holy Hymen, pull the deſtin'd knot.

Cor. But why do you, you ſtill about me ſtay,
Arts to deceive the world, arts to betray?
(The body's robes but the ſouls rags.) For one,
I'm ſure ſhee's couſen'd by you, and undone.
Pack hence: and as from worms ye had your birth,
Return to worms, and ſtrew your grandame earth.
Once ye were weapons of laſcivious Love:
But now the trophies of fair Vertue prove.

Cho. *Holy Hymen hear our pray'r*
And our Song! The Earth hath not
A more happy loving pair:
Both of them Divinely got:
Pull holy Hymen, pull the deſtin'd knot.

Cor. What ſtick'ſt thou at *Coriſca?* 'tis a day
Of Pardons this: then ask without diſmay.
What doſt thou dread? no puniſhment what-ere
Can fall ſo heavie, as thy fault lies here.
Fair, and happy pair (the Love
Of us here, and thoſe above)
If all earthly Pow'r this day
To your conquering Fates give way,
Let her likewiſe homage do
To your conquering Fates and you,
Who all earthly Pow'r imploy'd
To have made their Ord'nance voyd.

Amarillis (true it is)
He had mine, who had thy heart:
But thou only haſt gain'd his,
'Cauſe thou only worthy art,
Thou enjoy'ſt the loyal'ſt Lad
Living; and *Mirtillo* thou
The beſt Nymph the world ere had
From the birth of Time till now:
I the touch-ſtone was to both,
Try'd her chaſtitie, his troth.
But thou (Courteous Nymph) before
Thou on me thy anger powre,
Look but on thy Bridegrooms Face:
Something thou wilt ſpy therein
That will force thee to ſhew grace,
As it forced me to ſin.
For ſo ſweet a Lovers ſake;
Upon love no vengeance take;
But ſince thou the flames doſt prove,
Pardon thou the fault of Love.

Am. I do not only pardon, but reſpect
Thee as my friend, regarding the effect,
And not the cauſe. "For poyſons if they make
"Us well, the name of ſoveraign Med'cines take;
"And painful lancings for that cauſe are dear:
So whether friend or foe, or whatſo e're
Thou wert to me in purpoſe and intent;
Yet my Fate us'd thee as her inſtrument
To work my bliſſe, and that's enough: for me
'Twas a good Treaſon, a bleſt Fallacy

I am ſure. And if thou pleaſe to grace our Feaſt,
And to rejoyce with us, thou art my gueſt.
Cor. Thy pardon is to me a better feaſt:
A greater joy, my conſcience now at reſt.
Mir. And I all faults 'gainſt me can pardon well,
But this long ſtop. *Cor.* Joys on you both! Farewell.
Cho. *Holy Hymen hear our pray'r*
And our Song! The earth hath not
A more happy loving Pair:
Both of them divinely got:
Pull holy Hymen, pull the deſtin'd knot.

Scena Decima.

MIRTILLO, AMARILLIS.
Chorus of Shepherds.

Mir. AM I ſo wedded then to grief and anguiſh,
That in the midſt of joy too I muſt languiſh?
Was not this tedious pomp enough delay,
But I muſt meet too my old Remora
Coriſca. Am. Thou art wondrous haſty. *Mir.* O
My treaſure! yet I am not ſure; but go
In fear of robbing ſtill, till as my Spouſe
I do poſſeſſe thee in my Fathers houſe.
To tell thee true, me thinks I fare like one
Who dreams of wealth, and ever and anon
Fears that his golden ſleep will break, and he
Be wak'd a beggar. I would gladly be

Resolv'd by some more pregnant proof, that this
Sweet waking now is not a dream of bliss.

Cho. *Holy Hymen hear our pray'r*
And our Song! The earth hath not
A more happy loving pair:
Both of them divinely got:
Pull holy Hymen, pull the destin'd knot.

CHORUS.

O Happy couple! that hath sown in Tears
And reaps in Comfort! What a foil your fears
Prove to your joyes! Blind Mortals, learn from hence,
Learn (ye effeminate) the difference
Betwixt true goods and false. All is not joy
That tickles us: Nor is all that annoy
That goes down bitter. "True joy is a thing
"That springs from Vertue after suffering.

FINIS.

PRESENTED TO

HIS HIGHNESSE

The PRINCE of

WALES,

At his going into the WEST, *Ann.* 1645.

TOGETHER WITH

CESAR'S COMMENTARIES:

SIR,

NOw that your Father, with the world's applause
Imployes your early Valour in his Cause,
Set *Cesar's* glorious Acts before your sight,
And know the man that could so *do* and *write.*

View

View him in all his postures, see him mix
Terrour with *love*, *Morals* with *Politicks*.
That courage, which when fortune ebb'd, did flow,
Which never trampled on a prostrate Foe,
Admire and emulate. Before he fought,
Observe how *Peace* by him was ever sought;
How bloodlesse Victories best pleas'd him still,
Grieving as oft as he was forc'd to kill.
How most religiously he kept his word,
And conquer'd more that way, than by the sword.
In whom was all we in a King could crave,
Except that *Right* which you shall one day have.
Yet think (Sir) it imports you to make good
With all his worth the title of your blood.

PRESENTED

PRESENTED TO

His Highneſs

IN THE

WEST,

ANN. DOM. 1646.

GRow *Royal Plant* born for your Country's good,
The hoped cure of our great flux of blood.
That *Union*, and that peaceful *golden Age*, (ſage,
Which to your Grandfire * ancient *Bards* pre-
And we ſuppos'd fulfill'd in Him, appears
By Fate reſerved for your riper years.
And *Thou*, ſelf-hurt ſince that *half-Union* more
Than ever, *Britain*, thou hadſt been before,
Raiſe thy dejected head, bind up thy hair
VVith peaceful Olive, all thoſe things repair

* *Buchanan* in his *Genethliacon* to King *James*, out of which this is taken.

VVhich

Which fire and sword deface, and call agen
To their spoil'd mansions thy fled Husbandmen.
They need not fear to come, this *Prince*'s Stars
Promise an end to all our *Civil Wars*.
Never shall *English Scots*, nor *Scots* again
Infest the *English* with dire feuds, and stain
Their swords in brothers blood, thy Towns lay waste:
But their hands (prompt to War) henceforth make haste
To clasp in an eternal League. And *You*
(Blest Parents of a blessed Son) add to
His great *Birth* equal *Breeding*; *Civil Arts*
To *Arts of War*, and *Piety* to *Parts*.
No Ship the Rudder so much turns and winds
As *Princes* manners do their *Peoples* minds.
Not *Prisons*, *penal Laws*, sharp *Whips*, severe
Axes, with all the instruments of fear
Can so constrain, as the dumb Eloquence
Of *Vertue*; and the love and reverence
Of a well-govern'd Scepter shall perswade
Their wills, by *great Examples* eas'ly sway'd.
As when th' Arabian *Phœnix* doth return
From his perfumed cradle (his Sires Urn)
Where-e're he flies the feather'd people throng
With acclamations to salute the young
Admired King, not for his purple Sears
And golden Pounce (the *Regal marks* he bears,)
Nor that he's rarely seen; but 'cause he brings
His Fathers honour'd ashes on his wings,
And funeral odours, that it may be known
He climb'd not till his death his spicie throne:

(This

(This *Pietie*, a Vertue understood
By brutes, attracts them; such a sense of good
Nature that heav'nly Steward doth dispense
To every living thing that hath but sense)
So do the *People* fix their eys upon
The *King*; admire, love, honour *Him* alone.
In *Him*, as in a glasse, their manners view
And frame, and copie what they see *Him* do.
That which the murdring *Cannon* cannot force,
Nor plumed Squadrons of steel-glittering *Horse*,
Love can. In this the *People* strive t' out-do
The *King*; and when they find they're lov'd, love too.
They serve, because they need not serve: and if
A good *Prince* slack the reins, they make them stiff;
And of their own accords invite that yoke,
Which, if enforc't on them, they would have broke.
And *He* again, with this more tender grown,
More *Father of his People*, on his *own*
Shoulders assumes *their burthens*, beats the way
Which they must tread, and is the first t' *obey*
What he *commands*; to pardon *others* prone,
Inexorable to *himself* alone.
Neither in Diet, Cloathes, nor Train will *He*
Exceed those banks should bound ev'n *Majestie*;
Nor rush like beasts to *Venus*, but confine
His chaste desires to his own genial *Vine*.
Who will with Silks his manly limbs un-nerve,
That sees domestick *Wool* his *Soveraign* serve?
Who can the married bed too narrow think,
Which holds a *King*? or drown himself in drink

Under a ſober *Prince?* Who'll dare t' import
Beyond-ſea vices to infect a Court,
And make his body with exceſſe and eaſe
A ſink to choak his ſoul in, when he ſees
A *Monarch* curb his pleaſures, and ſuppreſs
Thoſe weeds which make a *Man* a *Wilderneſſe*.
Such golden *Tiber* ſaw the peaceful *Throne*
Of holy *Numa*, that of *Solomon*
Palmie *Euphrates*. 'Twas not the keen *blade*,
Or the thick quilted numerous *Legion* made
Thoſe *Thrones* ſecure; 'Twas not the warlike *Steed*
Nor the ſythe-armed *Chariots* furious ſpeed:
But *Wiſdome*, *Mercy*, (which no harm will cauſe)
And *Majeſtie*, fenc'd with *unarmed Laws*.
Whileſt that great *Captain*, who the *World* had quell'd,
And thoſe proud *Lords* that *Rome* in *bondage* held,
By *ſteel* or *poiſon* ended their ſhort date
Of pow'r, and blood with blood did expiate.
Frank *Nature* never gave a better thing,
Nor ever will to men, than a good *King*;
In whom his own true Image *God* doth place.
This, whether *Kings* ſhall in themſelves *deface*
By ougly *Vice*, or other men by *wit*
Or *force demoliſh*, *God will puniſh it*
As a high Sacriledge, and will not ſee
Himſelf abuſed *in Effigie*.
So cruel *Nero*, fierce *Domitian* ſo,
And the *Sicilian Tyrants*, whilſt they throw
Dirt in their *Makers* face with their black deeds
Are from the earth cut off, they and their ſeeds.

So

So those *rebellious servants* that durst joyn
Against their *Lords*, and impious *Cataline*
That strove to wrest the Sword from *them* to whom
It was committed by *the Laws of* Rome,
Pursu'd to fury and despair, did make
Hard shift by a most wretched death to shake
Their loathed lives off, leaving on their name
The blot and brand of never-dying shame.
These *Lessons* let his tender years *receive*;
His riper, *practice*; And let him believe,
'Tis not so much both *Indies* to command,
As first to rule *himself*, and then a *Land*.

FINIS.

THE

Additional *POEMS.*

An Ode

Upon occaſion of His *Majeſties* Proclamation in the Year 1630. Commanding the Gentry to reſide upon their Eſtates in the Countrey.

NOW War is all the world about,
And everywhere *Erynnis* raigns,
Or elſe the Torch ſo late put out,
The ſtench remains.

Holland for many years hath been
A Chriſtian tragedies the ſtage,
But ſeldome hath ſhe play'd a Scene
Of bloodier rage.

And *France* that was not long compos'd
With civil Drumms again resounds,
And e're the old are fully clos'd,
Receives new wounds.

The great *Gustavus* in the West,
Plucks the Imperial Eagles wing,
Than whom the earth did ne're invest
A fiercer King;

Revenging lost *Bohemia*,
And the proud wrongs which *Tilly* dud,
And tempereth the German clay
With Spanish blood.

What should I tell of Polish Bands,
And the bloods boyling in the North?
'Gainst whom the furied Russians
Their Troops bring forth.

Both confident: This in his purse,
And needy valour set on work;
He in his Axe; which oft did worse
Th' invading Turk.

Who now sustains a Persian storm:
There hell (that made it) suffers schism:
This War (forsooth) was to reform
Mahumetism.

Only the Island which we sow,
(A world without the world) so far

From

From preſent wounds, it cannot ſhow
An antient skar.

White Peace (the beautifull'ſt of things)
Seems here her everlaſting reſt
To fix, and ſpreads her downy wings
Over the neſt:

As when great *Jove* uſurping Reign
From the plagu'd world did her exile,
And ty'd her with a golde chain
To one bleſt Iſle:

Which in a ſea of plenty ſwam
And Turtles ſang on ev'ry bough,
A ſafe retreat to all that came
As ours is now.

Yet we, as if ſome foe were here,
Leave the deſpiſed Fields to clowns,
And come to ſave our ſelves as 'twere
In walled Towns.

Hither we bring Wives, Babes, rich clothes
And Gemms; Till now my Soveraign
The growing evil doth oppoſe:
Counting in vain

His care preſerves us from annoy
Of enemies his Realms t' invade,
Unleſs he force us to enjoy
The peace he made.

To rowl themſelves in envy'd leiſure
He therefore ſends the Landed Heirs,
Whilſt he proclaims not his own pleaſure
So much as theirs.

The ſapp and blood o'th Land, which fled
Into the root, and choakt the heart,
Are bid their quickning pow'r to ſpread
Through ev'ry part.

O, 'twas an act, not for my Muſe
To celebrate, nor the dull Age
Until the Countrey air infuſe
A purer rage!

And if the Fields as thankful prove
For benefits receiv'd, as ſeed,
They willl, to quite ſo great a love,
A *Virgil* breed.

A *Pytirus*, that ſhall not ceaſe
Th' *Auguſtus* of our world to praiſe
In equal verſe, author of peace
And *Halcyon* days.

Nor let the Gentry grudge to go
Into thoſe places whence they grew,
But think them bleſt they may do ſo.
Who would purſue

The ſmoaky glory of the Town,
That may go till his native earth,

And

And by the ſhining fire ſit down
Of his own hearth,

Free from the griping Scriveners bands,
And the more byting Mercers books;
Free from the bait of oyled hands
And painted looks?

The Countrey too ev'n chops for rain:
You that exhale it by your power,
Let the fat drops fall down again
In a full ſhowre.

And you bright beauties of the time,
That waſte your ſelves here in a blaze,
Fix to your Orb and proper clime
Your wandring rays.

Let no dark corner of the Land
Be un-imbelliſht with one Gemm;
And thoſe which here too thick do ſtand
Sprinkle on them.

Believe me Ladies you will find
In that ſweet life, more ſolid joyes,
More true contentment to the mind
Than all Town-toys.

Nor *Cupid* there leſſe blood doth ſpill,
But heads his ſhafts with chaſter love,
Not feathered with a Sparrows quill
But of a Dove.

There shall you hear the Nightingale
(The harmlesse Syren of the wood)
How prettily she tells a tale
Of rape and blood.

The Lyrick Lark, with all beside
Of natures feathered quire: and all
The Common-wealth of Flowers in'ts pride
Behold you shall.

The Lilly (Queen) the (Royal) Rose,
The Gilly-flower (Prince of the blood)
The (Courtier) Tulip (gay in clothes)
The (Regal Bud)

The Violet (purple Senatour)
How they do mock the pomp of State,
And all that at the surly door
Of great ones wait.

Plant Trees you may, and see them shoot
Up with your Children, to be serv'd
To your clean boards, and the fair'st Fruit
To be preserv'd:

And learn to use their several Gumms,
"'Tis innocence in the sweet blood
"Of Cherry, Appricocks and Plumms
"To be imbru'd.

In Ædes magnificas quas *Philippus* Secundus *Hiſpaniarum* Rex Eſcuriis ædificavit, & Sancto *Laurentio* dedicavit.

Sideriæ turres, & proxima machina mundo,
Cui natura loci dat inexpugnabile ſaxum
Temporibus, deſueta movent in carmina mentem.
Hanc molem fecere manus? quot jugera tecti!
Ordo quis! & ſimplex immani corpore forma!
Tu ſemper Regina, *& neſcia linquere faſces,*
Tale nihil nova Roma *vides, nec priſca videbas.*
Hæc tibi (Laurenti) *poſuit ditiſſima Templa*
Poſtquam quæ fuerant Quintinus *Marte* Philippus
Dejecet, trepidis quoniam latuere ſub aris
Incluſi muris hoſtes, & numine fruſtra;
Cui Rex; hic etiam liceat mihi ſumere pœnas,
Et gentem Hoſtilem ſacris ſepelire ruinis;
Sanguine fas temerare focos, majora daturo.
Protinus Eſcurias concepit: & undiq; juſſit
Ferre viros, quorum melior natura dediſcet
Artificemvè manum, aut divinæ mentis ideam.

Cunctis

The Eſcuriall.

A Fabricke is the ſubject of my verſe,
The beſt and greateſt; but the univerſe:
Whoſe maſſy Towers to heaven ſeem to climbe,
And ſcorne the idle battery of old time.
How thick the Courts! How ſmooth the pavements lie!
Of what vaſt parts, what perfect Symmetry!
That *Phœnix Rome*, which burnt by barbarous foes,
More glorious ſince out of her aſhes roſe,
Yet did not, doth not, ſuch a building ſee,
In her youths pride, or ages Majeſtie.
Spaines King unto St. *Laurence* vow'd this place
When at St. *Quintins* ſiedge he did deface
The Temple of that Saint, becauſe his foes,
After the Towne no longer could oppoſe,
Intrencht them there, whileſt vainly they rely
On the walls ſtrength, or *Philips* piety.
Who with the Saint beſiedged thus did treate;
Let it not be prophaning of thy ſeate,
If with bold Armes ev'n here I wreake my fury,
And enemies with holy ruines bury,
Thy *Altars* quencht with blood, for which I ſweare
Lowd fame ſhall to the fartheſt Nations beare
The news of an eighth wonder, when in *Spaine*
I raiſe thee fairer ſhrines, a prouder Fane.
Forthwith conceiv'd he in his Princely thought
Th' Eſcuriall. From every part are ſought
They to whom Heaven a rich Idea gave,
Or that by art more skill in working have.

The occaſion of building this houſe and dedication of it.

All

Cuncti ergo, quot vel Regio longinqua, vel ipsum
Junctas esse domos, odiis disjunxit iniquis,
Contribuunt operi magno, miscentq; labores.
Missus ab Occiduo *properat niger incola mundo,*
Captiviq; Arabes; *Alter venit* Indus *ab* Ortu;
Queis Batavi *fecere latus; flaviq;* Sicambri;
Danus *adest* Græco, *nativum* Gallus Iberum
Adjuvat, Atq; Anglus *dotalis, &* Itala *pubes*
Fortibus Hispanis *verso jam subdita fato.*
Omnis terra coit. Nec vox diversa Piorum
Interrumpit opus. Nunc æquat machina nubes
Divisa in ternas partes. Hinc Limina *dantur*
Devoto vitæ meliori, *animâque supernas*
Contemplanti arces resupinâ, ad cætera cæco.

Inde nec augusto Collegia *limite surgunt,*
Fingere molle lutum, & formandis apta Pupillis
Artibus, & vitâ. Reliquam sibi Regius Author
Vendicat, & totum capit Angulus ille Philippum;
Exerat alta caput mediis Ecclesia *tectis.*

Nec minor augusto prudentia munere Regis
Quâ largas disponit opes, & partibus aptat
Quæ decet ornamenta; Modo non fingit eodem
Heroas Sanctosque, *& acutâ mente* Sophistas.
Quâ Monachi vivunt, Res Sacra! *nihilq; propheri*

Religiosa

All therefore whom the distance of the clime
Or neighbourhood it selfe (which is oft time
The greatest barre) at further distance set,
In the great labour with joynt forces met.
The sallow late found *Indian* comes to work
From a new world, from *Fesse* the captive Turk,
The other *Indians* from the East repaire,
All which with mingled *Germans* chequer'd are
And *Flemmings* white. The *Greek* and *Dane* combine,
And *Frenchmen* with the native *Spaniard* joyne.
The fine *Italian* there doth emulate
Our *English* joyn'd with *Spaine* by Mariage late.
All tongues are met, yet no confusion there,
Because this Pile to Pious end they reare.
'Tis up. And like the *Spanish* Geryon
Hath three proportion'd bodies joyn'd in one:
First there's a *Covent* for the man whose whole
Devotion is above, whose Dove-like soule
Fed'd with an Angels quill, hath eyes to finde
The way to Heav'n, but to the world is blinde.
A *Colledge* next its fair dimensions spreads,
To mould soft clay, and settle tender heads
With knowledge and with vertue. What remains,
The *Founder* for his Royal Court retains.
One corner holds the King, amidst the rest
A Church extends on high its Towred crest.
Nor was the wise contrivance of the King
In ordering his Guift, lesse than the thing;
Who gave each part his due, and gravely weigh'd
That *Saints, Clearks, Worthies*, are not one way made.
Within the *Covent* every thing is pure,
No ornament prophane into that doore

The Monastery & Church.

May

Religiosa domûs irrumpit limina; vitas
Sanctorum narrat paries, & plurima servat
Arca sacerdotum vestes, auroq; nitentes
Et gemmis (mundum Sponsæ*) tum sancta supellex,*
Reliquiæ, *quas* Rex divinos cogit in usus,
Omne sacrum rapiente manu. *Qua tanta Tabellæ*
Dicere lingua potest, numero pretioq; carentes,
Omnes Cœlicolas, quos inter Christus *ubiq; est!*
Hic verbum caro fit, præbent præsepia cunas.
Doctores docet *hic magni sapientia Patris;*
Ecce flagellat opes *Templo! Miracula cerne!*
Nunc Sacram instituit mensam; *Nunc* orat in horto,
Jam vinctus recipit penecilli verbera *crudi,*
Jam necti sibi vult, jam rumpit vincula mortis.

Omnis ibi est. Et juncta illi (quod & ipse jubebat)
Ponè lavans digitos mœstissima Magdalena,
Quam benè docta manus, pectus perfecit eburnum?
Accensaq; pudore genas? Aurumque capilli
Fusile! At, O! tantos poteras ars fingere fletus?
Haud equidem falsi apparent, & plurimus illos
Peccator cupit esse suos. Sed quid vetitum Arti,
Si lætas animas, si non imitabile fulgur
Gloriæ, *& humani voti depingere summam*

Solers

May preſſe, nor Hiſtorie but of ſome Saint
Stain the religious wall with bluſhing paint.
There, holy *Veſtments* many a Coffer fill,
Rich in the matter, richer in the skill
(To deck the *Spouſe*) there, *Reliques* are (to ſet
Her off with patches) which the King did get
From graves and Ruines. Above all behold
The Pictures, there, too numerous to be told, The pictures there.
Too precious! And they all are of the bleſt,
And all *Chriſts* Acts are lively there expreſt.
Behold him born a man, or God exil'd!
The Doctors taught their leſſon by a Child
(His Fathers wiſedome)! See the Temple purg'd
(The money changers from their tables ſcourg'd)!
Loe there his Miracles ſucceſſively!
Loe here his Supper, there his Agony!
Ah! how the bloody pencill here doth wound
His ſacred body to the Pillar bound!
There Crucifi'd (alas!) he yeilds his breath,
And here he triumphs over hell and death.
You have him all. And by him (as was meet)
The *Magdalene* that bath'd his bleſſed feet.
How well the Painter to the life expreſt
The ſoft and ſwelling Ivory of her breſt?
Her flaſhing Cheekes? Her long bright haire unroll'd,
And ſpilt upon the ground like molten Gold?
But oh, her teares! and could he paint them too?
(A ſinner wiſht them his they ſeem'd ſo true)
Yet what ſo hard, but art made proud aſſayes?
When Heav'n it ſelfe (whoſe outward beauties daze
Mans feeble eyes, but from whoſe inward light
The Angels with their wings muſt skreen their ſight

When

Solerus dextra volet? Quæ, quamvis excidit ausu,
Nescio quid Cœleste tamen præstringet ocellos,
Incantat mentem, cælorum accendit amores.

Ista Monasterium *decorat* Collegia *libris*
Bibliotheca *duplex. Impressos continet una,*
Una Manuscriptos; Quorum pars magna (character
Quos Arabûm signat) Turcis *erepta, Trophæi*
Martis, *olivifera sunt instrumenta* Minervæ.
Ora virûm circum pingunt, quos vindicat umbrâ
Ingenii lux clara sui, & virtutibus æqua
Posteritas.

Fessi tandem successimus Aulæ.
Res alia est: Mauras stupeas longo ordine pugnas.
Id nigrum campis agmen, comitante Megarâ,
Cristata galeâ, & nudo plus ore, tremendos.
Heu! frustra, Heu! pugnas Rodorice, *& præteris ipsum*
Mavortem luctans fato. Cùm virgine raptâ
Vertebas in te arma Ducis, *Populumque trahebas*
Exemplo, vitiis nimium Regalibus, aptum;
Tum tua Sceptra dabas, quæ virtus *sera reposcit.*
Olim (longa tamen veniet post tempora tempus,)
Cum solitas poterit renovare Hispania *vires;*
Cum redeat nitor antiquus, sectiq; Leonum
Excrescant ungues, & vellera fulva jubarum.

Hic

When in the dreadful presence they doe stand)
Is there decyphered by bold *Titians* hand?
Where, though it fail'd, yet something Heav'nly takes
Our sence, our soul, and love of Heav'n awakes.
Such is the *Convent*. On the other side
The *Colledge* is with *Libraries* supply'd,
One stor'd with printed books, another fraught.
With *Manuscripts* from diverse Countryes brought,
But most (which in *Arabick* letterr writ
Containe the deepest mysteries of wit)
From the *Turks* hands the *Christians* did gaine.
So *Mars* his spoiles adorne *Minerva's* Fane.
And round their pictures are plac'd properly
Whom their great learning from the darke doth free,
And that which robs from none his envy'd praise
Posteritie.
Here breathe-- unto the Palace then proceed,
There other *Paintings*, other objects feed
The Honour-starved minde. The horrid wall
Showes how the Conquering *Moore* made spoyle of all.
The black Troops hide the Field, fear'd when they wore
The plumed Caske, but fear'd without it more.
In vaine thou fights *Rodrigo* with thy fate,
Doing such acts as *Mars* might imitate.
No; when thy *General* to new alarmes
Thou drav'st by's Daughters Rape, turning thy armes
Against thy selfe, and didst thy Land betray
By *Royal vice*, then, then, thou gav'st away
Thy Crown, which too-late vertue would recall.
Yet time shall be (long hence) when *Spain* shall fall
To her old Lords, her Lyons nailes grow out,
And all her with'red glories freshly sprout.

Titians Glory.

The Colledge with the Libraries.

Pictures there.

The Kings Palace, with the pictures therein.

The invasion of Spain by the Moors.

The

Hîc, aliàs veluti cum noctem Pictor opacam
Vult usurpati decedere limite Mundi,
Arte fugam tenebrarum, & candida castra diei
Exprimit, ingenuos dextrâ miscente colores;
Sic procul expulsis cernes albescere Mauris
Picturam: Nox atra comis, ut montibus, hæret.
Parte aliâ Austraicum *videas bellare* Johannem;
Concurrêre Rates: sonitu loca lata fremebant
Fulminis humani, plenumque cadavere multo
Jam mare sanguineo, veluti Leo, *rugiit ore.*
Æolus *invidit magnus de rupe ruinis.*
Vos autem quæ damno salo? Quis inane veretur
Murmur anhelantum? raro perit una carina
Obruta naufragio, quam jam damnaverat Orco
Victorisve Scelus, sua vel quia venerat hora.
Obruit hic Classes oriens ex navibus ipsis
Tempestas, & major hyems. *His intonat antro*
Raucus, & ignavis homines, Pater, exprobrat Euris
Semper tuta fides: Christi *victoria velis*
Tandem sistit aquâ madidis & sanguine pennis.
Hæc animos illi Juveni *dare tanta valebat*
Ut sceptra, & Magnæ thalamos speraret Elizæ.

Famq; opus exactum est. Longis jam debita votis
Templa vocant sanctum, qui non quæsiverat esse;

Scilicet

The painter ſhifts his ſcene: as when hee'l make
A morne againſt the night poſſeſſion take,
Ore the uſurped world, the darkeneſs hyes
Before the light, *Dayes* purple Enſignes flyes:
So may you ſee, when as the *Moores* are gone,
The Picture dawne, and black is us'd alone
About the haire, as when (though now 'tis light)
Yet on the cloudy hills there hangs ſome night.

The expulſion of the Moors.

Another Chamber at full length diſplay'd
The cruel fight before *Lepanto* made,
The Gallies ſhockt; the Ocean roar'd that day
Like a full Lyon blooded with the prey;
And all the ſhoares, and all the billowes round,
With noyſe of mortalls thunder did reſound.
From either battaile roſe confuſed cryes,
Whilſt *Eolus* ſuch monſtruous wracks envyes,
And thus the lazie tempeſts doth upbraid,
What Tragedie Act you? or who's afraid
At yonr vaine noyſe? you drowne (perhaps) a few
Craz'd Barques, condemn'd before to vengeance due,
Becauſe ſome guilty paſſengers they beare,
Or whom ripe Fate oretakes at Sea; But here
Whole Navies periſh without rockes or ſhelves,
By greater Tempeſts from the Ships themſelves.
Thus ſtorm'd hee; whilſt uncertaine victory
Between both Fleets did long time wav'ring fly;
At length upon the Chriſtians Fleet ſhee ſtood.
Hir wings being clogg'd with water and with blood.
This glorious day made the brave *Auſtria* ſeem
Worthy a Crowne, and *Englands* Martiall *Queene*.
So now the worke is finiſhed, and fit
To have the Saint invokt t' inhabite it.

The battle of Lepanto.

Scilicet ingentes illa tellure calores
Craticulamque novam (rectorum ea forma) timebat,
Vanos esse metus verùm experientia monstrat;
Nam cum fumat humus, rabiatque Canicula flammis
Hispanos *per agros*, *illic placidissimus horror*
Frigida membra quatit. Facit hæc, qui creber anhelo
Ventus *vicini dura ad fastigia montis,*
Et Marmor *calcatum, et* Fons, *et* lumen ademptum.
Quid Mors *interea? Qua te clementia capit!*
(Rumpere surgentes aliquid facientibus annos
Importuna soles, et magnis invida rebus,
Segnibus indulgens canos et inutile tempus)
Hic res magna agitur: Quid præpetis impedit alas!
Visceribus terræ tenuis quo semita ducit,
Speluncam *non fessa manus post omnia format.*
Formatam gemmis ornant: & Jaspide compta
Frangit avernales obscurâ luce tenebras,
Ornatam sacrant diræ (Palatia) Morti:
Hoc expectavit donum, quod maluit illa
Quam lachrymis populi, & saturari funere Regis,
O! (pretiosa licèt, licet acrem flectere Parcam
Divitiis poteras, & te cinis ipse superbit)
Haud capias Dominum, *Nec tantus sudet in urna,*
Qui fecit totum scelus est in parte locari.
Sis Tumulus Regum: Tumulus Domus ipsa Philippi est.

Who, loth, approacht. He fear'd that climates ire,
And *Gridiron*-houſe. *The burnt Child dreads the fire.*
But glad experience ſatisfies his doubt:
For when the furious *Dog-ſtarre raves* throughout
The *Spaniſh* ſoyle which ſmoakes like kindled flaxe,
And with the anguiſh of his byting cracks,
Here pleaſing honour through each Limbe doth ſhoot,
Caus'd by the Marble freezing under foote,
And the cold ſprings, and by the wind which ſtill
Breaths freſhneſs, panting up the neighbouring hill.
Where then was *Death* wandring about the Earth?
(He ſtrangles great foundations in the birth,
Anticipating in his beſt of yeares
The buſied man, whilſt droanes attaine gray haires,
And their ſuperfluous life to length is ſpunne;
Where wert thou envious *Death* whilſt this was done?
Beneath the building is a darkſome vault, The Panthea
Which after all th' unwearied workman wrought,
Then decke it ſumptuous, and a glim'ring light
From the rich *Jaſper* breakes the thicker night.
It is *Deaths Palace, their Kings burying place,*
Where over Crowned heads he waves his Mace.
The hungry Monſter waited for this bit.
To feaſting on a King preferring it,
And unto Gen'ral Blacks. But precious *Cave*
(Though duſt it ſelfe grow proud of ſuch a Grave.
Which brib'd ev'n Fate) yet do not thou preſume
To crowd the *Founder* in a narrow Tombe.
Though thou alone mayſt all their Kings content,
The houſe is (all) but Philips Monument.

Ad eximiæ magnitudinis Navem sub auſpiciis Caroli Magnæ Britanniæ Regis conſtructam. *Anno Dom.* 1637. Cui poſtea nomen

REGINA MARIUM.

*E*Scuriale Maris, *quod jam poſt ſæcula multa*
Ars pariebat Annus, plus et te diligit unam
Mater, quam cunctas quas fecerat ante Carinas:
Te Thameſis *vix ipſe capit tumefactus; Abyſſi*
Divitias Monſtrumq; novum: Tibi flumina Betis
Nil æquale vident, Rodanuſve *capacibus undis,*
Aut ſeptem-gemini navalia barbara Nili
Alite digna Ratis quite, plaudente volatu,
Maonioq; canens tollat ſuper Æthera verſu.
Digna tuo Domino, cujus Freta-clauſa *corona*
Parent: Injuſtis quæ ſi quis liberat Armis,
Uni jam tantum tibi fas confidere litem.
Grandis in Oceano jam pandes carbaſa parvo,
Carbaſa quæ priſci Sæclum meruere Noachi,
Cum mundus fuit Oceanus, cùm cuncta creata
Sulcavere Fretum, Navi contemta minore.
Quis te jactat Avus? Quæ ſacræ Robora ſylvæ
In tantum crevere latus? ſpoliisve triumphas

Multorum

On His Majesties Great Ship lying almost finisht in *Woolwich* Docke *Anno Dom.* 1637. and afterwards called

The Soveraigne of the Seas.

E*scurial of the Sea*: which art (now growne
After long practice, to perfection)
Made for her ages comfort, and doates more
On thee alone, than all she built before.
Fairer than all which the rich Billowes keepe
From greedy eyes, New wonder of the deepe.
For which the *French Garoon*, *Nyles* sev'nfold streames,
The *Spanish Betis*, do envy the *Thames*.
Worthy a better quill thy worth to raise,
Worthy that King whom so much Sea obeyes,
On whose force only he might rest that plea,
For which the Ocean's but a narrow Sea:
Which hadst deserv'd (for larger scope and sway)
Thy pompous Sayles and streamers to display
In *Noahs* age, when the whole World was maine,
And a lesse Ship all creatures did containe.
What Pedigree doth boast thee? From what wood,
Whose sacred Oakes so long uncoucht had stood,

Multorum nemorum? Genuit tam fortia mala
Anglia? vel Dani montes? vel Suevia, *duras*
Erudiens tolerare nives puerilibus annis,
Et sævos Boreæ flatus mollire gemendo,
Ut tandem æquoreas superent assueta Procellas?

Quis Titulus te deinde manet? Quæ nomina magnæ
Æqua rei? Tu Navis eris? sive insula Deli
Errans per tumidum vulsis radicibus æquor?
Quis titulus formamq; tuam, Palmasq; futuras
Paucis litterulis (vates) comprendet in auro?
Princeps *esse velis? sed quantum* * Principe *major?*
Serviet ille tibi, solitus non ferre * *priorem.*
Regis nomen aves? sed jam tibi Carolus *illud*
Præripuit, Magnus *poteris tu* Carolus *esse.*
An tua vis Prisco *deberi nomina Regi*
Qui vinctum terræ pelagus, Sceptroq; tridentem,
Noluit avelli, gladio tutatus utrumque?
Vix equidem dubito; celsâ nam conspice Prora
Ut micat auratis fortissimus Edgar *in armis!*
Vendicat ense Fretum, et pedibus prostrata superbis
Agnoscunt Dominum septem Regalia colla.
Inter vicinas O Insula clara coronas
Quam Rex Classe sua circumdedit ipse quotannis!
Non tam tuta fores si Dæmonis arte * Baconus
Mænia cærulæa junxisset ahenea Fossæ.
Quantus et ille fuit septem qui remige Regum
Impulit exiguam, conducens ipse, Carinam
Fluminibusq: intravit ovans Cestrensia Templa,
Jura mari dedit inde simul, normanq; regendi
Imperiis quæ stare volunt; Quibus uncta gubernat

Majestas

* Nomina Navium primæ magnitudinis. * Apud Anglos.

* Monachus Anglus qui fabulose dicitur pigisse olim cum diabolo uti Britanniã muro aheneo cingeret.

Sprung thy huge Maſts? Or was't from more than one?
Did Britiſh Forreſts yeild theſe Ribbs alone?
Or *Denmarke* or cold *Norway* bring them forth,
Inur'd betimes to tempeſts of the North,
And then at length allow'd to be a Ship
When they had ſerv'd a ſtormy Prentizſhip?
Then tell me, thou, that ſeem'ſt a floating Iſle,
What name doſt thou aſpire to, what great ſtile.
Which in a few gold letters may comprize
All beauty, and preſage thee victories?
Since thou art ſo much greater than the *Prince*
Which to thee only ſayes; I ſerve, and ſince
The meaner *Charles* takes the Kings name in vaine.
What canſt thou be except *The Charlemaigne*?
Or will thy Royal Maſter Chriſten thee
The Edgar, to revive his memorie
Who ſo long ſince ore Land and Ocean raign'd,
Scepter and Trident (joyn'd) with ſword maintain'd;
Upon thy gorgeous Beake when I behold
That warlick King compleatly arm'd in gold,
Whilſt at his feet ſev'n vaſſal Kings do throw
Their crowned heads, methinks it muſt be ſo. (ſtand,
How bright 'mongſt neighb'ring Crowns did *Brittain*
When once a year her King Saild round the Land,
Which with that wooden wall ſecurer was
Than if it had been girdled in with Braſſe?
And what a brave proceſſion muſt that be,
When to proclaim his Empire ore the Sea,
Steering the Galley which thoſe Kings did row,
To *Cheſter* Church in triumph he did go?
It did both ſeal his claim, and repreſent
The image of a perfect Government,

Majestas, lentant magnates Remige, Miles
Bellica, Sacra sacri, tractant Fabrilia Fabri.
Aut nullo officio, nullo qui munere vitæ
Instituit fungi, dormit super æquora vector
Ægrotans, Patriæq; incumbit inutile pondus.
Sed Navis *nos ipsa vocat: quam* Rector *aquarum*
Deperit, infandam volvens sub pectore curam.
Fervet avens, totisq; petit Te fluctibus; Ipse
Rauca voce regat properes, Zephyrusque susurro,
Bisq; die indulget lachrimis, mandataq; Amantis
Fertq; refertq; æstus, Thamesis *que per ostia currit,*
Scire jubet quæ forma Ratis est, Quæ causa morandi,
Quando venire velit, quando velit agmina mitti
Undarum Domino Sponsam *ductura potenti.*
Fluctuat expectans, positæq; in montibus altis
Adventum speculantur aquæ Rectricis Aquarum.
Ecce venit! cultu splendens ut Regia virgo!
Anchora pendet iners, Crux Anglica *purpurat auras.*
Albam pone stolam (Regum de more vetusto)
Excipit ancillans turgenti flamine ventus.
Tu magnis opibus, magnoq; superbe decore,
Incedis lento passu Regina Profundi.
Eximiumq; decus Formæ, motusq; venustos,
In speculo componis aquæ placitura Marito.
Amens sed Thamesis *tanta lætatus Alumna*
Nunquam tam tumido currebat flumine, nulla
Oceano Patri *tantum dedit unda tributum.*

Agmine

where, sitting at the helm the Monarch steers,
The Oars are labour'd by the active Peers,
And all the People distributed are
In other offices of Peace and War.
Whilst he that in the Commonwealth doth bear
No calling is the Sea-sick passenger.
But to our Ship, for which loud *Neptune* raves,
And seems too long to daunce her on his waves.
Boyling with love, he sends gale after gale
To sigh into her shrowds his amorous tale.
Twice every day into *Thames* channel run
His watry Poasts to know when shee'l be done,
And when he may dispatch a full spring-tyde
To wed as (Proxy) his betrothed bride,
And bring her where from hills of Frost on green,
The Seas look out to spie their coming *Queen*.
Behold she comes, deckt like a Royal Maid!
Her Anchors are tuckt up, her Flaggs display'd,
Which fan the Aire, and offer in a scorn,
Waves to the River, Purple to the Morn.
Her chaste white sayle is born up by the wind,
Which, like a nimble Page, waits close behind.
She mixing her much beauty with due state,
Moves soberly with a Majestick gate,
And ore the chrystal stream, her Lord to please,
A thousand graceful gestures practizes.
But frantick *Thames* never so proudly ran,
Did never River pay the *Ocean*
So great a tribute. The old Sea-gods throng
In scaly flocks to wait on her along,
And froathing a high circuit round about,
Their grey curld heads above the waves thrust out.

Agmine jam nitido Proceres glomerantur Aquarum
Undiq; ſtipantes Dominam, *canoſq; capillos*
Exeruere ſenes latè ſpumantibus undis.
Progrederis, placidiſq; volans illaberis undis.
Sic ratis at vitreum ſemper venias elementum.
Seu tu Bella geras, atq; horrida fulmina mittas,
Roboreum compleus armato milite ventrem,
Ut Trojanus equus trepidos ruiturus in hoſtes:
Mollibus aut ſpoliis Paciſq; dicata Triumphis,
Angliacas *mittare* Rofas *aliena per arva*
Spargendum, lachrymis qua crefcam undiq; noſtris:
Sive magis latis velis ventoq; ſecundo
Regali puero *Parilem ductura Maritam.*
At, Mare per multos poſtquam bene rexeris annos
Cum vitæ tibi Portus adeſt, Requieſq; laborum
Ultima, non pereas infelix Naufraga Puppis,
Nec te jam fractam Pelago, ſeraq; ſenectâ,
Hoſtibus imbellis prodat jactantibus ætas;
Lenta nec ignavo conſumant otia Portu,
Nec Theſea Ratis *partes renovata per omnes,*
Illudas Fato, Fato ludibria ſias:
Sed tu ſidereas Nova Conſtellatio ſedes
Aſcendas dono divum (falcida Nautis
Numina fluctivagis) & Cœlo naviga in Alto.

O, welcome to the chryſtal Element!
To Neptune alwayes welcome! whether bent
To Martial proofs thou poure on hoſtile Lands
(As from *Troyes* wooden horſe) bright armed Bands,
And thund'ring with thy hoarce Artillery
Againſt their Caſtles like a Caſtle lie;
Or giv'n to ſofter Triumphs of fair Peace,
Thou plant in forreign ſoyles the ſweet increaſe
Of *Englands Royal Roſes*, when they go
Dew'd with the Subjects tears to make them grow;
Or that with gladder Sayles and fuller pride,
Thou fetch for our young Prince a Princely Bride.
When running in the *Ocean* thy laſt ſtage,
Being then to end thy watry pilgrimage,
Let it not be by wrack; nor, feeble grown
With years, by any foe be overthrown;
(Too proud a victory!) Nor pine away
Of ſlow conſumption in inglorious Bay;
Nor like patcht *Theſeus* Ship (whereof the name
Of what it was only remain'd the ſame)
Be mending ſtill, and by that fallacy
Affect a periſhing eternity;
But, lodg'd b' a happy ſtorm upon ſome ſphere,
Be launcht *a ſayling Conſtellation* there.
And thence (as *Am'rall of the World*) hang forth
A brighter Star than that which from the North
Lights the benighted Seaman through the Mayne,
So *Charles* his Ship ſhall quite Eclipſe his *Wayne*.

Written

Maius Lucanizans.

VIvis (Io!) Lucane *sacra revocandus ab urna*
Purpurei manes, & noto major Imago:
Cesareo turgent exhaustæ crimine venæ,
Dum melior Cæsar *Capitolia, vindice versu*,
Conspergit moriens, ipsumque cruore Tonantem.
Hoc tu Maie facis, divini pectoris hæres,
Linguarumque potens; * *Patrio seu carmine reddis*
Quæ peregrina suis cantavit Musa Quirinis;
Seu, Duce jam rapto procedere longius audes,
Angliacæq; ferens victricia signa Camenæ
Quà Romanæ jacent, * *cæptis ingentibus addis*:
Sive, *tui Interpres, quæ paucis auribus ante*
Bella canebantur, Romæ Romana remittis.
Nota vacillantem describit Lingua Catonem,
Qui moritur toto Mundi spectante Theatro.
Authorem, teque exuperas & utroque potitus
Culmine Parnassi, Doctis Plebique legêris,
Quô recinente feras variata voce triumphos
Ad fluvium Thamesis, *ripas tuba verberat ambas*,
Hinc Romana *sonans, respondens inde* Britanna:
Angli Lucanum *jactant*, Maiumque Latini.
O nobis, O plura refer! Quot Prælia *restant*
Exornanda tibi? Quos Musa sepultat Amores?
Heu! quantas pateris non semper vivere Mortes?

Plebem

* Versio Lucani in linguam Anglicanam.

* Supplementum ejusdem in Linguâ Anglicana.

* Supplementi versio in Linguam Latinam.

Plebem *iracundam*, & Bruti *miserabile lethum*,
Uxorisque *fidem*, meritam non morte probari;
Heu nimium sociata, viro! nimium æmula Patris!
Atque ipsum dira proscriptum lege Senatum,
Et Ciceronem *ipsum, Libertatisq; (Tyrannis*
Iam tribus oppressæ) supremam audire querelam,
Tu recitante juvat. Prima Cleopatra *Camæna*
Dicta tibi, summo posci jam carmine dici,
Nondum tota micat, media plus parte laborat
Luminis, & privata mori, Regina *veretur,*
Altisono properes nisi tu succurrere versu
Exequesque animos dictis, anguesque ministres.
Formam pinge Ducum *victricem; Haud tempore victam*
Pinge Ducem, *molli vinctam fera colla cathena:*
Actiacas *acies; Tyroni ubi gloria cana*
Cessit. Sæpe Virum *retrahebat conscia virtus*
Factorum veterum, Martisque *innata Cupido,*
Navali sed enim pugna plus posse probavit
Æquoream Venerem. *Fugiens quam vincere posset,*
Victricem sequitur fugientem: Et parte recedens
Imperii, *laxas* Augusto *tradit habenas.*
Hic suspende Tubas. Hic cum Nasone Maronem,
Et Flaccum, *dulcesq; choros agnosce* Tuorum.
Egregius Victor *pacato carmine Mundo*
Auscultat, totamque Hederis *indulgeat* Olivam.
Emeritus vates agat otia grata sub illo.

Written

Written by Mr. T. C. *of His* MAJESTIES *Bed-Chamber.*

1.

TEll me, *Entresia*, since my fate
And thy more powerful Form decrees
My heart an Immolation at thy Shrine,
Where it is ever to incline,
How I must love, and at what rate,
And by what steps, and what degrees
I shall my hopes enlarge, and my desires confine?

A.

First when thy flames begin
See they burn all within,
And so, as lookers on may not descry
Smoak in a sigh, or sparkle in an eye,
I'de have thy love a good while there
Ere thine own heart should be aware,
And I my self would choose to know it
First by thy care and cunning not to shew it.

2.

When my flame thine own way is thus betrayd,
Must it be still afraid?
May it not be sharpsighted too as well,
And know thou knowst that which it dares not tell.
And by that knowledge find it may
Tell it self ore a lowder way?

Ex Linguâ Anglicanâ.

Methodus amandi.

1.

Dic (quoniam Fatumq; meum, tuaque optima Forma,
Fato omni major, cor hoc tibi destinat olim
Non extinguendis carpendum (ut victima) Flammis)
Quomodo amare decet, quantumque indulgeam amori?
Quid sperare jubes, vel desperare? quibusque
Frena spei laxem gradibus, ponamve Furori?

A.

Cum nata est nova Flamma tibi, tota ardeat intus;
Ut non indicium det spectatoribus ullum
Scintillante oculo, vel dum suspiria fumant.
Quin ipse insolitos ignores pectoris æstus,
Affectumque diu proprium; monstretque latentem
Prima meis oculis ars ipsa & cura tegendi.

2.

More modoque tuo cum sic mea prodita flamma est,
Num trepidabit adhuc? oculos sibi sumere quandam
Non & amor poterit? nec te scire hoc sciet ille
Quod narrare pudor vetat? audaciorque vel inde
Audebit fari, tacitus quod dixerat ante?

B.

Let me alone awhile,
For so thou maist beguile
My heart to a consent
Long ere it meant.
For whilst I dare not disapprove
Least that betray a knowledge of thy love,
I shall be so accustom'd to allow,
That I shall not know how
To be displeas'd when thou shalt it avow.

3.

When by loves powerful secret sympathy
Our Souls are got thus nigh,
And that by one another seen,
There needs no breath to go between,
Though in the main agreement of our breasts
Our *Hearts* subscribe as *Interests*,
Will it not need
The Tongues sign too as *Witness* to the deed?

C.

Speak then, but when you tell the tale
Of what you ayle,
Let it be so disorder'd that I may
Gues only thence what you would say,
Then to speak sence
Were an offence,
And twill thy passion tell the subtlest way
Not to know what to say.

B.

Paulùm conticeas: ſic illaqueata gradatim
Quam vellem citius concedam forſan amorem:
Quippe tacere & ego nimio perſuaſa pudore,
Nec culpare tuam, videar ne noſcere Flammam:
Poſt ubi jam conſtet, jam conceciſſe videbor,
Spemque pudore datam non confirmare pudebit.

3.

Cùm propè ſe noſtræ, Magnete potentis Amoris,
Contigerint Animæ:
Voce nec indigeant, vanoq; Interprete (vento)
Jam conſpecta ſibi per hiantia vulnera, corda
Quamvis alternis rata ſint & inuſta medullis
Fœdera, non Linguas Teſtes *(de more) vocemus?*

C.

Fare agedùm: ſed cùm trepido depinxeris ore
Penam animi, tam abruptus eat, ſine & ordine ſermo,
Ut vix eliceam dictis quid dicere velles.
Hic foret eloquium maleſani crimen Amoris,
Et nil poſſe loqui Facundia major Amantis.

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Et nil poſſe loqui Facundia major Amantis.

By Mr. T. C. likewiſe.

FArewell fair Saint, let not the Seas and wind
Swell like the eyes and hearts you leave behind.
But ſmooth and gentle as the looks you bear
Smile in your face, and whiſper in your ear.
May no bold Billow venture to ariſe
That it may nearer gaze upon your eyes,
Leaſt wind and waves enamour'd of your form
Should crowd and throng themſelves into a ſtorm.
But if it be your fate (vaſt Seas) to love,
Of my becalmed breaſt learn how to move.
Move then, but in a gentle lovers pace,
No wrinckle nor no furrough in your face.
And you (fierce winds) ſee that you tell your tale
In ſuch a breath as may but fill her Sayle.
So whilſt you court her each your ſeveral way
You may her ſafely to her Port convey,
And looſe her by the nobleſt way of wooing
Whilſt both contribute to your own undoing.

Dominæ Navigaturæ

ex Linguâ Anglicanâ.

O Diva, O Formosa vale: non ventus & Æquor
Cordibus intumeant, oculisq; similima nostris.
Sed vultus imitata tuos, pectusque serenum,
Mulceat Aura Aures, blandumque arrideat Æquor.
Nulla procax insurgat aquis audacibus unda,
Ut sic nempe tuos propriùs miretur Ocellos.
Ne forma vesana tua ventusque Fretumque
In rapidam sese impellant glomerentque procellam.
Sed si Fata volunt ut ametis vos (Freta Vasta)
Discite Frænatos nostro de pectore motus.
Ergo movete (sinam) sed Amantum more movete,
Non sulcus sit Fronte minax non ruga senilis.
Et Tu (Vente ferox) nimio ne Flamine Flammam
Suspires moneo, sed tantum ut vela tumescant.
Sic dum fletis Aquæ, dum Venti flatis Amorem,
Illa petet Portum Fluctu Flatuq; secundis:
Dumq; aliena salus propria sic empta ruina est
Nobiliore modo Vos *amittetis* Amatam.

A CANTO OF THE *Progreſſe of* LEARNING.

TEll me O Muſe, and tell me *Spencers* ghoſt,
What may have bred in knowledge ſuch decay
Since ancient times, that we can hardly boaſt
We underſtand thoſe grounds they then did lay?
Much I impute to th' ſhortning of the day,
(Our life, which was a ſtride, being ſhrunck t' a ſpan)
Yet ſure there are beſides ſome rubs i'th way
Say then how *Learnings* Sun to ſhine began?
And by what dark degrees it did go back in man?

Then thus when ſeeds of all things (from the womb
Of pregnant *Chaos* ſprung) were perfected;
Another *Chaos* (yet to be orecome)
Out of the Reliques of the former bred,
With ignorance this infant world oreſpred.
And having drown'd Reaſons diviner Ray
In the dull lump of fleſh, made men (the head)
Companions of their ſlaves: The Beaſts and they
Promiſcuouſly fed, promiſcuouſly lay.

now they are, things were not ſorted then;
Nor by diviſion of the parts did breed
The publick harmony. For how ſhould men [weed?
Manure the ground, their minds being choakt with
Or add the laſt hand, which themſelves did need?
Woods yet unto the Mountains did not paſſe,
Nor Herds beneath in graſſy Meadows feed,
Nor Corn inrich the middle grounds; but Graſſe,
d woods, and ſtifled Corn, were ſhuffled in one Maſs.

hen thus ſad Nature did her caſe deplore;
Why is the beſt of Creatures poor whilſt I
Abound in wealth: or what avails my ſtore
Heapt in a common field? O Jove deny
Thy fruitleſs gifts, or elſe clear reaſons eye:
And grant that they poſſeſs thoſe gifts alone
In whom that Reaſon moſt ſhall fructifie
For till for Worth ſome difference be ſhown [*none.*
wixt man and man, twixt man and beaſt there will be

e heard: Nor choſe to blame her murm'ring pray'r,
But remedy the cauſe, by ſending *Wit*
(Which is the uſe of Reaſon.) To his Care
Th' unpoliſht mind of man he did commit,
As with a Diamonds point to faſhion it.
Bidding him gently glide into his Heart
By ſuch convenient means as he could get,
And that as Soveraign Lord he ſhould impart
gdomes and Provinces to them that took his part.

A pregnant ſpirit ſhort inſtructions ſerve
So buckling to his task he did ſurvey
All Creatures in this world, and might obſerve
To break from *Womans* eye a brighter day

Than that which rising *Phœbus* did display.
On this frail Basis the great work begun:
The lesser World which yet in darkness lay,
With Weeds and Brambles wildly over-run,
To purge that second *Chaos* found this second *Sun*.

For whil'st Man gaz'd on the bewitching light,
An unknown Passion entred at his eye,
Which, strugling with his Reason, did excite
Her languisht spark through secret sympathy
Of flames that were ingendred mutually.
His narrow soul grew larger with her Guest,
And furnisht to enshrine a Deity:
Who now with Language his new love expresst, [rest.
And now with thousand Tropes his smoother Language

" *Love* is that fire which wise *Prometheus* caught
" From Heav'n it self to forge mans soul anew,
" (Which seavours with it, and dead Paleness brought
" Instead of Health) Repose, and Lively Hiew
" When all these goods out of the Basket flew,
" *Hope* only to the buttome did remove,
" Yet had we rather this sweet Hope pursue
" Than have our former State. And some approve
" With Loss of all those goods even a hopeless Love.

Say you by whom this kindly flame's reprov'd,
Who laid the first stone of civility? [lov'd,
Whilst men sought sweet converse with them they
And for advice in the New Malady,
With others too; which let in *Amity*?
Who did the Organs first for Reason fit,
As by experience to this day we see?
" For properly *Love* ripens the *Fools* wit;

" But

But turns ſome wiſe men Fools by over-rip'ning it.

Men thus converſing, ſoon the *Arts* were made,
And, that which all included, *Poetry*:
Under whoſe veil were miſtickly convey'd
The ſolid Grounds of all *Philoſophy*,
Ev'n to the homely Rules of *Husbandry*,
Which with ſuch ſugred Eloquence were dreſt,
And coucht in ſuch delightful Harmony,
That they who could not crabbed Texts digeſt,
To hear thoſe flowing numbers, without number preſt.

And now had *Wit* his noble task perform'd;
For what could more for Mortals be deſir'd
Than to be decently ſuſteyn'd, and form'd
With all the Ornaments their minds requir'd!
So to his Contemplations he retir'd,
Leaving the Countreys in propriety
To ſuch as were by him for Rule inſpir'd,
Who us'd them with a *Liberality*
That little differ'd from the old community.

But *Nature* was not ſo content whoſe thought
Is vaſt, and ever covetous of more:
For though to ſuch a rare perfection brought
She held all nothing that was done before.
And therefore farther to improve her ſtore,
Her wily head a counterfeit did frame,
Who in his looks *Wits* perfect likeneſſe bore,
And by that ſtollen title dar'd to claim [name.
The government of things. But *Craft* was his right

So well could he his ſubtile pick-locks file
That in moſt minds his entrance he had made,

Partly deceiv'd with his pretended ſtile,
And partly from their due Allegiance ſwayd
With *Guifts* of a ſtrange force before them laid.
Which in the Oceans unknown waves did lie,
(Now Sayl'd and div'd into) which *Earth* diſplay'd
Forc't by a thouſand tortures to deſcry, [eye.
Where her bright Gold was hid from *Phœbus* envious

His precepts are; *From every thing to get:*
And each from other. But with legal ſhow.
(For that, he ſaith, is living by his wit)
But the true *Wit* which all theſe things did owe,
From his juſt right he wrongfully did throw.
That only Title hath a ſolid Plea
Which he confirms, if he did not beſtow
He is Lord Paramount of Land and Sea,
And all the world is held of *Craft* in *Capite.*

O Wit! *next* Jove *Creator of Mankind,*
Where doſt thou now in ſecret corner ſit,
Counting the Stars with avaricious mind
Or brooding ſome immortal work of wit
Whereby thou maiſt affected glory get,
Whilſt thy poor Clients, outed of their right,
For nobler Sciences are made unfit,
" *Since Lamps that have no Oyl can give no light,*
" *And folly 'twere to ſhine when men have loſt their ſight?*

Thus ſome, who well affected did remain,
To the old learned Age. Yet each of theſe
Had learnt a *Craft* his livelihood to gain;
And learnt withal the Liberal Sciences,
Forc't to give half obedience for his eaſe
To the new Government. But if his ſoul

(Not

(Not needing the dull world) her self might pleaſe,
She then would paſſe directly to her Gole,
And ſpurn the Golden Apples that before her rowl.

Theſe Cryes fetcht *Wit* from the retired ſhade
Of a delightful ſolitary Grove;
Who (wondring) ſaw what ſpoil his Foe had made
Of the moſt precious goods. He cry'd to *Jove*,
On *Nature* cry'd, that could ſuch Change approve.
Then learnt he firſt to be Satyrical,
(Whoſe bitter'ſt Argument before was Love)
And let ſome words of hard Conſtruction fall,
And ev'ry drop of ink was mingled with ſome gall.

At laſt demands the Law. And he will try
By publick Juſtice before *Natures* Bar
To whom the world pertains moſt rightfully.
Craft, (though poſſeſſion were his ſurer far)
His Plea of merit would not ſeem to marre,
But nam'd a day his Title to abet;
On it the Creatures all aſſembled are,
Raunged by *Natures* Marſhal as they met,
And all on the Succeſſe their expectation ſet.

Firſt *Wit* with copious Language did dilate
Thoſe benefits which Man to him did owe,
Whom from a poor diſhonourable ſtate,
He made with bleſſings of all ſorts to flow.
He ſaid, whom he made Rulers firſt did know
To rule themſelves. And if the world new clad
With a few glitt'ring Trifles, (but for ſhow)
Which *Crafts* with damage of true Goods did add,
Seem'd now to have more wealth, it then more honour [had.

Here

Here ceas'd his Speech. Then *Craft* reply'd to all
With ſuch a boldneſſe as not bluſht to ſlight
Th' immortal works of *Wit*, which he did call
Chymera's of the Fancy, vain and light
And urg'd the *Learned* had renounc't their right
In Earthly things, as he could repreſent
By divers Inſtruments themſelves did write,
Knowing they were unfit for Government,
As wholly unto idle Contemplations bent.

But that they did not truly Gold contemn
(Which all that have their eys muſt needs admire)
Only in boaſting writings did condemn
The thing which in their hearts they moſt deſire.
Nor could the World his perfect State acquire,
Whilſt not a Mettal was in earth ſuppreſt
But a fifth Element more bright than fire,
Which Poets ev'n denying had confeſt,
Styling the *Golden Age* what they would have *The beſt*.

That he found out; And *Gems* of wond'rous price
Like which their Miſtreſs eys, teeth, lips, they feign,
As things which have moſt vertue to entice.
And laſt, ſaid he; *'Tis hamm'ring in this brain*
Philoſophers Stone. *To turn all things I touch to golden vein.*
This clos'd his ſpeech; but left ſuch ſtings behind
In Nature, biting greedily at gain,
That (ſeeming firſt to ſpoil it in her mind) [fin'd.
She judg'd the World to *Craft*, which *Wiſdome* ſhe de-

Her over-partial Doom, ſhe colour'd ore
With this pretext, that the worlds Rule (now grown
More intricate through its encreaſed ſtore)
Requir'd a *Drudge* to tend that work alone,

But

But *Wit* had many things to ſtudy on.
Then ended with a ſmooth-fac'd Complement,
How *Him* ſhe held in high opinion
VVhom breaking up the Court, ſhe from her ſent
As infinitly prais'd, as not a jot content.

For his ſtout heart felt deep diſgraces wound,
And hardly could diſſemble Injury,
VVho, having long ſurvey'd the Creatures round,
Leapt lightly on an *Eagle* perching by,
And cry'd; *The earth to me ſhe may deny,*
But not the Heav'n. So, without making plain,
Directs his Flight to fair *Eternity.*
(The Muſes horſe his nimble joynts doth ſtrain
When he is ſpurr'd with Love, or nettled with diſdain.

His active Circles Crown *Sols* glorious Spheare:
Heav'n op'ning ſtill new beauties to his eye
As he gets up, whilſt earth doth leſſe appear,
VVhere ſome preſage his fall to *Poverty,*
The heighth will turn his brain, ſome others cry;
Some few in judging Ears his raptures poiſe,
(VVho like a Lark doth ſinging mount the skies)
They bear him up with their applauſive noiſe,
At which in ſecret heart he not a little joyes.

But the faint *Bird* is not relieved ſo
Although her Rider cheer'd her what he might,
To whom the whole Terreſtrial Globe below
Seem'd a mean Quarry to debaſe his flight
Yet forc't ere long for a ſmall bait to light,
The hunger of his *Animal* to ſtay,
Though oft he cuffs it firſt, and oft doth ſlight.
But need commands, and fleſh muſt needs obey,

So

So at the laſt he ſtoops and ſeizes the ſcorn'd prey.

As in a Torch we ſee the baſing flame
Unto its heav'nly country doth aſpire,
But the wax ſoftly ſhrinking from the ſame
Makes it for food from Heaven to retire,
And tend to Earthward with deſcending fire:
So *Wit* is forc't (ſome Maintenance to get)
To ſtoop to Earth againſt his own deſire;
But ſoon again the fruitful Earth doth quit,
To ſoar in empty Air: (Heav'n ſend me better wit!)

Yet when this Eagle ſhall have caſt her Bill,
And mew'd her mortal plumes, ſome think that he
Shall then attain the top of Heavens hill,
And coeternal with his writings be,
Taking peculiar felicity
In penning Hymns of his Creators praiſe;
(That is the genuine uſe of *Poetry*)
And for reward of thoſe Cœleſtial Lays
That hov'ring Cherubins ſhall Crown him with freſh bays:

——Non eſt mortale quod optas
Cum ſis mortalis.——

The Ruby.

HAyl! whom the Diamonds proclaim their King;
Crowning as Peers, as Guards environing;
Hayl! whom the riſing Sun where thou wert born,
Inveſted in the purple of the Morn,
And his own Beams, whilſt thee my verſe diſplays
Thou ſwell'ſt at once, and bluſheſt at thy praiſe.

Like

Like a red Sea thy trembling Mount of blood
Stands off 'th ayre and threats a Crimſon flood
Over the Golden bancks, whilſt our dimm'd ſight
Miſtakes for flowing waves thy floating light.
Or as in Wine the ſubtile ſpirits move,
Making ev'n Temperance her ſelf in love;
So rowles thy fiery and bewitching Eye,
Able to ſhake a vow of Poverty.
But oh, how like my Cruel fair thou art?
Thy panting ſtone is her obdurate heart
Pegg'd in with Diamonds: or ſignifies
Her Lipp, ſeverely guarded by her Eyes.

A Friends Wedding.

THis day my friend is ty'de
With pleaſing Chains to a ſweet Bryde.
So well the Turtle Loves
So well are coupled *Venus* Doves;
Which her blythe Sonne hath broake
With rods of Myrtle to her yoake.
Out of thy Lazy bed,
Get up my muſe, and lay thy head
With thy fair Friend the Morn.
This happy Marriage to adorn.
Why art thou yet ſo dull
When thou ſhouldſt quaffe Caſtalia full
To th' health of the fair *BRIDE*;
In which her *LOVERS* is implyde,
Nor yet? Then fetch the Sack;
Ile put thee to the gentle wrack.
Finde me a way to ſhow
What happineſſe I wiſh theſe two.

Of

Of *PORCIAS* Love relate,
How constant she was to her Mate,
And hearing *Brutus* death,
By stopping it expir'd her breath:
And then of *ORPHEUS* tell,
And of a Husband that lov'd well;
Through, Heav'n, Hell, Earth and Sea
He cryd his lost *Euridice*,
That the Rocks groan'd again,
Helping the Widdower to complain,
And hell it self lamented,
And fates their cruelty repented.
Then wish this couple here
May prove as faithful as they were,
But never their fate prove,
And only imitate their Love.
Not yet? Is this a day
For silence? Or doth silence say?
"Deep streams run without noise,
"And those that sound are hollow Joyes?

A Rich Foole.

THee, senseless Stock, because th' art richly guilt,
The blinded people without cause admire,
And superstition impiously hath built
Altars to that which should have been the fire.

Where shall my tongue consent to worship thee,
Since all's not Gold that glisters and is faire;
Carving but makes an Image of a Tree:
But Gods of Images are made by Prayer.

Sabean Incenſe in a fragrant Cloud
Illuſtriouſly ſuſpended ore thy Crown
Like a Kings Canopy, makes thee allowd
For more than man. But let them take thee down,

And thy true value be once underſtood,
Thy dull Idolaters will finde th' art wood.

Hope.

TO hope is good, but with ſuch wild applauſe
Each promiſe *Fabius* thou doſt entertain;
As if decreed thee by Fates certain Lawes,
Or in poſſeſſion *now* it did remain.

Wiſdom is arm'd 'gainſt all that can ſucceed,
Times changes and his ſtratagems: For ſuch
His nature is, that when his wings we need
He will come creeping on his halting Crutch.

Do not, if wiſe, then to thy ſelf aſſure
The future, nor on preſent goods rely,
Or think there's any time from time ſecure:
For then when Patience ſees her Harveſt nigh,

That mocking Tyrant in an inſtant reares
A wall between the Sicle and the Eares.

Conſtancie,

Conſtancie.

Cloris i'th Sun proyning her Locks did ſit
With Lilly hand and Combe of Ivorie,
But ſcarce could you diſcern the Combe in *it*,
Nor ſee the Sun, Ecclips'd when *thoſe* were by.

Whilſt the rich fleece about her ſhoulders playes
And the pure Brook (whoſe Margent is her bed)
Sucks from her two bright Suns delitious rayes
Through Clouds of Gold with which they're ſh- (dowed

Thus *Coridon* (chiding the flying howres,
With ſuch a voyce as made them faſter fly)
Invoakt the Pow'r which doth ſubdue all Powr's:
In vaine (O Love) is my Felicitie.

If the ſweet flames, thy feathered ſhafts beganne,
To Kindle, thy wings feathers do not fanne.

The Fall.

THe Bloody trunck of him who did poſſeſſe
Above the reſt a hapleſſe happy ſtate,
This little ſtone doth Seale, but not depreſſe,
And ſcarce can ſtop the rowling of his fate.

Braſſe Tombes which juſtice hath deny'd t' his fault,
The common pity to his vertues payes,
Adorning on Imaginary vault,
Which from our minds time ſtrives in vain to raze.
Te

Ten years the world upon him falſly ſmil'd,
Sheathing in fawning looks the deadly knife
Long aimed at his head; That ſo beguil'd
It more ſecurely might bereave his life;

Then threw him to a Scaffold from a Throne,
Much Doctrine lies under this little Stone.

A Roſe.

BLown in the Morning, thou ſhalt fade ere Noon:
What boots a life which in ſuch haſte forſakes thee?
Th'art wondrous frolick being to dye ſo ſoon:
And paſſing proud a little colour makes thee.

If thee thy brittle beauty ſo deceives,
Know then the thing that ſwells thee is thy bane;
For the ſame beauty doth in bloody leaves
The ſentence of thy early death contain.

Some Clowns courſe Lungs will poyſon thy ſweet flow'r,
If by the careleſs Plough thou ſhalt be torn:
And many *Herods* lie in wait each how'r
To murther thee as ſoon as thou art born;

Nay, force thy Bud to blow; Their Tyrant breath
Anticipating Life, to haſten death.

A Picture.

BEhold how *Marius* from Minturnian Lake
Flying through *Africk* late by him orethrown,
A pitiful Compariſon doth make
Between high *Carthage* ruines and his own!

Thy Prides just fall which thou must one day mourn,
In this dumb Picture *Celia* thou hast read
For so doth Age, Loves Empire too oreturn,
And pull down Thrones in hearts established.

Thy glass, where oft thou whetst each wounding grace,
VVill shew thee better far the History
Of *Marius*, and raz'd *Carthage*, in thy face:
And *then*, one Trophie of Times victorie,

Shalt then confess, to equal scorns expos'd,
Thy beautie was a Tyrant soon depos'd.

Sonnets translated out of Spanish.

A River.

THou clearer honour of the chrystal Main,
Sweet Rivulet, compos'd of liquid plate,
VVhose waters glide through this enamell'd plain
VVith sound harmonious, with statelie gate;

Since *she* is standing on thy happie brim
VVho both enflameth and congeals my blood,
VVhilst Love with admirable skill doth lim
Her portraict on thy smooth and quiet flood;

Move on thus gentlie still, and do not slack
The waving reins unto the foaming bit
VVith which thou now art pleased to pull back
Thy head-strong Current: For it is not fit

Neptune with all the treasures he doth hold
Should so much beauty in his arms infold.

A Nightingale.

WIth such variety and dainty skill
Yon'd Nightingale divides her mournful song,
As if ten thousand of them through one bill
Did sing in parts the story of their wrong.

Nay she accuses with such vehemence
Her Ravisher, I think she would incline
The conscious Grove thereof to have a sence
And print it on the leaves of that tall Pine.

Yet happy *she*, who may her pain declare
In moving Notes, and wand'ring through the woods
VVith uncut wings, by change divert her care!
But let *Him* melt away in silent floods,

VVhom his *Medusa* turn'd into a stone,
That he might neither change, nor make his moan.

A Cupid of Diamonds presented.

BAnisht from Life to seek out death I go
VVhich through the world so long I will pursue,
Till desp rate grief at last have made men know
My soul fears no divorcement but from you.

To think to mollifie you now were vain,
For if my present services could not
VVork the least feeling in your cold disdain,
VVhat should I hope for absent and forgot?

Yet take this Gem, which, as my melting Eye
My ſoft *affection* did at parting prove,
May Cipher to you now my *Conſtancy*.
VVear't in your boſom, 'tis the *God of Love*.

And once I'le try, if (as in Goldſmiths Art)
A Diamond Love can cut *a Diamond Heart*.

The Spring.

THoſe whiter Lillies which the early Morn
Seems to have newly woven of ſleav'd Silk,
To which (on banks of wealthy *Tagus* born)
Gold was their Cradle, liquid Pearl their Milk:

Theſe bluſhing Roſes, with whoſe Virgin leaves
The wanton wind to ſport himſelf preſumes,
VVhilſt from their rifled wardrobe he receives
For his wings purple, for his breath perfumes.

Both thoſe, and theſe, my *Celia*'s pretty foot
Trod up. But if ſhe ſhould her Face diſplay,
And fragrant breaſt, they'd dry again to th' Root,
(As with the blaſting of the Mid-dayes ray)

And this ſoft wind which both perfumes and cools,
Paſs like the unregarded breath of Fools.

THE FOURTH BOOK OF *VIRGILLS ÆNEIS* On the LOVES of DIDO *and* ÆNEAS.

The Argument of the three preceding Books, By way of Introduction.

ÆNEAS bound for *Italy*, is toſt
By raging Seas to *Lybia*'s guarded Coaſt,
Where *Dido* builds fair *Carthage* with that wealth
She with her ſelf conveigh'd from *Tyre* by ſtealth;
For *which Pigmalion* her dear *Husband* ſlew,
And for *the ſame* ſought *her* deſtruction too.
Pious Æneas, and his valiant Train,
The Royal Widow there doth entertain. (ſtood,
Who, though graſs grows where *Conquer'd Troy* had
Makes it her pride to come of Trojan blood.
Yet thoughtful *Venus*, who the *Punick Faith*
And *Rival-Walls* in great ſuſpition hath,
Fearing a change from *Intereſt of State*,
Or ſome *new Plot* from *Juno's ancient hate*
To thoſe of *Troy*, which made *her* raiſe that ſtorm:
Sends *Cupid*, mask't in young *Aſcanius* form,

To ſeaze the *Fortreſs Royal* (the *Queen's* breſt)
And make *Her* firſt a priſoner to her *Gueſt*.
She with a hundred queſtions ſtreight began
Of *Troy*: Then asks the ſtory of *the Man*
From firſt to laſt. *He* paints his *Town's* ſad *fall*
(Beſieg'd ten years:) *his own flight* (*laſt* of all,)
On his broad ſhoulders bearing through the *Fire*
His *vanquiſht Gods*, and his *decrepid Sire*:
His poor *Wife* tripping after, and his *Boy*
With ſhorter ſteps (the growing *Hope* of *Troy*)
She miſt; how *back* amongſt the *Swords* he flies,
And in the *Flames* his *loſt Creuſa cryes*:
Not found; reſum'd his venerable *Load*
VVith heavier Cheer, and *forward* (weeping) trod.
Then tells his ſev'n years *Travails*; in which *He*
VVas *toſt* no leſs upon the *Land* than *Sea*:
Meeting his greedy Auditors. But how
It wrought with *Dido*, this next Book will ſhow.

THE

THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF

VIRGILS ÆNEIS

On the LOVES of

DIDO *and* ÆNEAS.

BUT she who Love *long since had swallowed down,*
Melts with hid fire; her wounds doth inward weep:
The Mans *much worth, his* Nations *much* Renown
Runs in her mind: His Looks and words are deep
Fixt in her breast: Care weans her eyes from sleep;
The Morn *with* Phœbus *lamp the* Earth *survaid,*
And drew Heav'ns *vail through which moist Stars did creep;*
When thus to her dear sister (sick) she said
Anna *what frightful Dreams my wavering soul invade?*

WHo is this Man *that visits our Aboads?*
How wise! How valiant! What a Face he has!
Well may he be descended from the gods.
Fear shews ignoble minds: *But he (alas)*
Tost with what Fates! through what wars did he pass!
Were I not well resolv'd never to Wed
Since my first Love *by death bereft me was:*
Did I not loath the Nuptial Torch and Bed,
To this one fault perchance, perchance I might be led.

For since my poor Sicheus's *fatal houre*
(Our houshold gods besmear'd by brothers steel)
This only man (I must confess) had power
To shake my constant Faith, and make it reel:
The foot-steps of that ancient flame I feel.
But first Earth *swallow me, or (Thunder slain)*
Jove *nail me to the* shades, *pale* shades *of Hell,*
And everlasting Night, before I stain
Thee (holy Chastity) or thy fair Rites profane.

He *took my love with* him *(and let him keep't*
Celd in hi Grave) to whom I first was tyde.
This said, her bosome full of tears she wept.
O dearer than my life! (Anna *replyde.)*
Wilt thou for ever live a dead mans Bride?
Nor pretty Babes (Rewards of Venus*) know?*
Are Ghosts appeas'd, *or Ashes satisfide*
With this think'st thou? What if before (thy woe
Yet green and fresh) no husbands down with thee would go!

Nor Lybia's *King (Iarbas) scorn'd in* Tyre
Before, with other Chiefs *whom* Affrick *high*
In mettle, breeds? Wilt thou quench Loves sweet fire?
Nor yet consider whom thou'rt planted nigh?
Here (a fierce People) the Getulians *lye,*
Bitless Numidian Horse, *and* Quicksands *dire,*
There mad Barceans *block thee up, and dry*
Deserts. *What speak I of the bloodier ire* (Tyre!
A Wolf turn'd brother breaths, and gathering clouds from

Auspicious Heav'ns, and Juno's *care of* thee,
The Trojan Navy hither (doubtless) led.
O (sister) what a City will this be!
How shalt thou see thy Scepter flourish! wed
To Troy, *how how will the* Punick *Glory spread!*

Ask

Ask but Heav'ns leave, thy Gueſt then (feaſting) keep,
Pretending 'tis unſafe to ſail in VVinter,
VVhen Ships are toſt, and Pleiades do weep,
And ominous Skies forbid on Seas to venter. (her,
Theſe words, blew love t' a flame; for doubts hope lent
And ſtauncht her bluſhes. Firſt in ſolemn wiſe
To *Phœbus*, *Bacchus*, *Ceres* (Laws-Inventer)
Selected Lambs i'th' Fane they ſacrifice,
But *Juno* moſt atone who favours Nuptial tyes.

The Queen her ſelf (more beauteous in thoſe Rites)
Between the Creſcent of a milk white Cow
The liquor pours: Or paſſing in their ſights,
Unto the gods with rev'rend grace doth bow,
Conſults the panting lites, and payes her vow.
Alas, vain Myſteries! Blind Prieſts aread
VVhich is the ſacrifice is offer'd now!
Soft flames upon the Offrers marrow feed,
And her concealed wound doth freſhly inward bleed.

Poor *Dido* burns, and ſtung with reſtleſs Love
Runs raving to and fro through every ſtreet,
Runs like a Hind, which in ſome covert grove
VVhere ſhe ſecurely graz'd in fruitful *Crete*,
A woodman ſhooting at far diſtance hit;
Drunk in her veins the feather'd Iron lies,
Nor he who made the wound doth know of it;
She through Dictean woods, and paſtures highs,
But carries in her ſide the Arrow which ſhe flies.

She takes *Æneas* with her up and down, (*Tyre*,
And ſhews him the vaſt wealth ſhe brought from
The goodly ſtreets and bulwarks of her Towns,
No leſs a thouſand times did ſhe deſire

To shew unto him too her am'rous fire;
And oft began, but shame repress't her tongue.
At night unto their banquets they retire;
And *Troy's* sad fall again she must have sung,
And at his charming Lips again she fondly hung.

When every one was parted to his rest,
And the dim Moon trod on the heels of day,
And setting stars shew'd it high time to rest,
She in the empty house languisht away,
And on the Couch, which he had press'd, lay
Absent she sees *him* whom her thoughts admire,
Him absent hears, or on her lap doth stay
Ascanius, the true picture of his sire,
As if she so could cheat her impotent desire.

All works are at a stand; The youth for war
Provide no Forts, nor training exercise;
Huge beams, and arches, which half finisht are,
Hang doubtful in the Ayre, to fall, or rise,
And Towr's do threat at once both Earth and Skies.
Whom when as *Joves* dear wife perceiv'd so drown'd
In witchcrafts, and that *Fame*, with loudest cryes,
Could not awake her from the pleasing swound,
She thus accosted *Venus*, and her mind did sound.

Great glory sure, and goodly spoils ye gain
You and your Boy: A doughty enterprize
Ye have atchiev'd, and worthy to remain
In lasting Marble, if two *Dieties*
By subtlety one woman do surprize.
Nor am I ignorant that, to defend
Your Race from fear of future Enemies,
Y'are jealous of my walls. But to what end
Should so near friends as we eternally contend?

Nay

Nay rather let us knit eternal Love,
And bind the peace more ſtrong with Hymens cord.
Ye have the thing for which ſo much ye ſtrove,
Eliza with Loves fi'ry ſhaft is gor'd
Then rule we this joint Town with one accord,
And who ſhall aid it moſt be now our ſtrife.
Once let a Queen obey a Trojan Lord
And *Tyrians* (to preſerve a Lovers life)
Call thee their Patroneſs, as Dowry of his wife.

Venus (who ſaw her drift was to tranſlate
To *Carthaginians* thoſe Imperial dues
Which were reſerv'd for *Italy* by *Fate*)
Made this Reply. Who madly would refuſe
So advantagious match, and rather chooſe
To war with you. If but the fair event
According to your wiſe forecaſt enſues.
But Fates I fear me, nor *Jove* will conſent
That *Tyrians* and *Trojans* in one Town be pent.

And yet perchance you, lying in his breaſt
With a wives Rhet'rick may his Counſels ſway;
Then break the Ice; I'll ſecond the Requeſt.
Leave that to me (ſaid ſhe) and for a way
T' effect our wiſhes, mark my plot I pray.
To morrow, when the Sun ſhall be deſcryde
To guild the Mountains with his early'ſt ray,
Æneas and the Love-ſick Queen provide
To have a ſolemn hunting in the Forreſt wide.

Now I, when here they beat the Coppice, there
The Horſemen flutter, on their heads will powre
A pitchy cloud, and Heav'n with thunder tear.
Their followers for ſhelter from the ſhowre

By

By several paths along the plain shall skowre;
Maskt in dark night, unto one Cave they two
Shall come. There I will be; and (add your pow'r,)
Tye such a knot as only Fates undo;
I'll seal her his. Good Hymen shall be present too.

Venus seems, nodding, to consent; and smiles
To see Dame *Juno's* craft. Mean while the morn
Arose: And the choice youth, with subtle toyles,
Sharp hunting-spears, fleet steeds in *Barbry* born,
And sure-nos'd hounds tun'd to the Bugle-horn,
Are gone before. The Lords at door expect
Whilst the Queen stayes within her self t'adorn.
Her palfrey stands with gold and skarlet deckt,
And champs the foaming Bit, as scorning to be checkt.

At length she comes, with a huge troop: Her gown
Of *Tyrian* dye, bordred with flowr's of gold:
A Quiver by her comely side hung down;
Gold Ribining her brighter hair enroll'd,
Gold Buttons did her purple vesture hold.
The *Trojans* too, and blithe *Iulus* went
Above the rest, far goodliest to behold;
Æneas self his gladding presence lent,
And with his darkned train did *Dido's* train augment.

As when *Apollo* leaves his winter seats
Of *Lycia* and *Xanthus* floods, to see
His Countrey *Delos*, and his feast repeats;
About his altars hum confusedly
Creets, Dryopes, and ruddy Nymphs: But he
On *Cynthus* rides, and pleating doth enlace
His flowing hair with gold, and his lov'd tree:
His shafts shog at his back. With no less grace
Æneas marcht. Such rayes displayd his lovely face.

When

When in the Mountains now engag'd they were
And pathleſs woods, Lo Goats from ſummits caſt
Run tumbling through the buſhes: Herds of Deer
Another way come hurrying down as faſt;
And raiſe a cloud as through the duſt they haſt;
Hot-ſpur *Iulus* on his mettl'd horſe
Out-ſtacking all, now theſe, now thoſe men paſt,
And wiſht, 'mongſt thoſe faint Beaſts, & without force,
Some Lyon, or tusk't Bore would croſs him in his courſe.

Mean while loud thunder Heav'ns Pavilion tears,
Making a paſſage for th' enſuing rain;
The *Trojan* youth, and *Tyrian* followers,
And *Venus* Dardan-Grandchild through the Plain
Seek ſev'ral ſhelters: Rivers, like a Main,
Ruſh from the Monntains round. One Cave that Lord
Of *Troy*, and ſhe who did in *Carthage* raign,
Lighted upon. Earth gives the ſignal word,
And *Juno*, Queen of Marriage, doth their hands accord.

The guilty Heav'ns, as bluſhing to have been
An inſtrument this meeting to fulfill,
With flaſhing lightning ſhone: The Nymphs were ſeen
To weep with all their ſtreams, and from each hill
Were heard to murmur the preſaged Ill.
That day did uſher Death, and *Didos* ſhame:
For now ſhees arm'd, let men ſay what they will,
Nor ſeeks, as erſt, to hide her am'rous flame:
She calls it Wedlock, gives her fault an honeſt name.

Fame ſtrait through *Lybias* goodly towns doth poſt,
Fame a fleet evil, which none can outflie;
Moſt ſtrong ſhe is when ſhe hath travaild moſt,
Firſt ſmall through fear, but grown ſo, inſtantly,

That

That standing on the ground shee'l reach the Skye.
She was, the last birth Mother Earth did bring
When her proud anger did the Gods defie,
The Gyants sister, swift of foot and wing;
A huger never was, nor a more monstrous thing.

Most strange! There's not a Plume her body bears
But under it a watching Eye doth peepe,
As many tatling tongues, and listning Eares.
By night 'tween Earth and Heaven shee doth sweepe
Skreeching, nor shuts her Lids with balmy sleepe:
And all the day time upon Castle-gates
Or steeple-tops she doth strict watches keepe,
And frights great Cities with her sudden Bates,
And with one confidence both truths and lyes relates.

She, glad of such a Prey whereon to plume, (for
Through peoples mindes truths mixt with falshood
How one *Æneas* came from *Troy*, with whom
Fair *Dido* deign'd to wed; And now they spent
In Revells the long winter, wholly bent
On brutish Love, drowning affaires of State:
These things she sow'd in mens rank mouths: then
To King *Iarbas*, and did irritate (went
His minde with tales, and his old wrath exasperate.

A hundred Temples built to *Jove* had hee,
(Who unto Hammon forct *Gramantis* bore)
A hundred Altars burning constantly
(The Gods æternall Centinells) each floore
Painted with bloud of beasts, with flowr's each door,
Who mad with Love, and with the bitter newes,
Before the Altars, and the Gods before.
Kneeling, with hand upheav'd to *Jove*, doth use
Great supplications and in this manner sues.

we, to whom Moores rich wine on Carpets drinke,
Seeſt this? Or when thy arme doth lightning ſhake
Giv'ſt thou falſe fire t' a cloud to make fooles winke?
And, when it thunders, doſt thou only make
A rumbling ore our heads at which wee quake?
A ſtray, to whom our ſelfe (being hither fled)
Hir'd a ſmall barren plot, for pity ſake
With ſome reſtraints, refuſ'd with us to wed,
And Don *Æneas* takes unto her Crowne and bed.

And now this *Paris*, with a quoſe to ſtay
His Beard and powdred Locks, and 's Beaver trayne
Of ſhee-men, giuts himſelf upon the prey;
Whilſt we with guifts on guifts enrich thy Fane,
And make our perſon glorious invaine.
Th'al pow'rfull heard theſe pray'rs; And caſt his Eye,
On the new walls where th' am'rous paire remaine
Careleſſe how deſp'rate ſicke their fame doth lye,
Then ſpake, and gave this charge to winged *Mercury*.

Go Sonne, as ſwift as windes in *Carthage* light.
Tell *Venus* ſonne, whom loitring there thou't ſee
Unworthy of that Fate which he doth ſlight,
That his faire Mother painted him to mee
Another man; And therefore twice did free
From *Grecian* ſwords; One, who with ſteddy raine
Should manage proud and warlike *Italie*
And prove himſelf of *Teucers* haughty ſtraine,
And the triumphed World under his Lawes maintaine.

Foo at all *this* him with glory fires,
Nor care of his own greatneſſe he doth ſhow,
Why ſhould he grudge his ſonne the Roman ſpires?
What makes he here? What ſeeks he from a Foe?

Latium

Latium, and them who there expect to grow
From him, let him regard. Let him away.
This is th' effect, from me this let him know.
At once *Jove* ended, and the son of *May*
His greater sires commands prepar'd himself t' obey.

First golden wings unto his feet he binds,
Which over Lands, and over Seas that swell,
Bear him aloft, as speedy as the winds.
Then takes his rod. With this he calls from hell
Pale Ghosts, sends others in sad shades to dwell,
Gives sleep, and takes it from the drowzy brain,
And seals up eyes with death. He doth repel
By pow'r of this the Heav'ns which part in twain,
And through the watry Clouds he sails as through a [Main.

He soaring the lank sides and Crown disclos'd
Of craggy *Atlas*, whose neck props the sky,
Atlas, whose piney head to storms expos'd,
Is bound about with clouds continually.
Thick on his aged back the snow doth lie,
And down his dravell'd chin pour plenteous springs,
His beard in Icycles grows horridly.
Here lights the god poys'd on his hov'ring wings,
Towards the Sea from hence his body headlong flings.

Like to a Bird, which round the shores doth glide
And fishy rocks, skimming along the Bay;
So flies 'tween earth and heaven, and doth divide
The wind and sandy Coast of *Lybia*,
Leaving his Mothers sire, the son of *May*:
Who landing where the Sheep-coats lately were,
Sees how *Æneas* doth the works survey,
Here building Tow'rs, and alring Turrets there,
He by his side a sword all starr'd with gemms did wear.

Upon

Upon his shoulder to the Air displayd
A Robe of *Tyrian* Purple seem'd to flame,
Which *Dido* with her own fair hands had made,
And edg'd the seams with gold. Here you do frame,
(Said *Hermes*) hindring your own Crown and Fame,
High Towers of *Carthage*, and, uxorious, raise
Fair Walls, whereof another bears the name:
Mark now what *Jove* himself, whom Heav'n obays,
And Earth, by his wing'd messenger unto you says.

What make you here loytring in *Lybia*?
If glory of great actions fire not *you*,
Nor your own interest, nor fame you weigh;
Seek your *Heirs* good, *Julus* hopes pursue,
To whom the *Latian* Crown and *Rome* is due.
This having said, *Cyllenius* vanisht quite
From mortal eys, and back to Heaven flew.
Æneas at the vision shakes with fright, [right.
His tongue cleaves to his jawes, his hair stands bolt-up-

He is on fire to go, and flye that Land
Of sweet enchantments, being skar'd away
By no lesse warning than the gods command.
But (ah!) what shall he do? How dare t' assay
With words the am'rous Queen? What should he say
For introduction? His swift-beating thought
In doubtful ballance thousand things did lay,
And this way cast them, and then that way wrought,
At last this seem'd the best when all ways he had sought.

He call'd *Sergestus*, *Mnestheus*, and the stout
Cloanthus, bids them fit immediately
Their Fleet, and draw their Companies about
The Port, their arms prepar'd, not telling why;

Mean while himself (when no least jealousie
To the good Queen should thought of breach betray
In so great Loves) an entrance would espy,
The season of soft speech, and dextrous way,
With readinesse and joy they do him all obay.

But *Dido* found their plot (what's hid from Lovers?)
Herself, who doubts ev'n safe things, first doth see't:
And the same tatling *Fame* to her discovers
That *Trojans* are departing with their Fleet.
She's mad, stark mad, and runs through ev'ry street
Like *Bacchus* She-Priests, when the god is in,
And they to do him furious homage meet,
Citheron yelling with their mid-night dim:
Therr thus t' *Æneas* speaks, nor stays till he begin.

Didst thou hope too by stealth to leave my land,
And that such treason could be unbetray'd?
Nor should my Love, nor thy late plighted hand,
Nor *Dido*, who would dye, thy flight have staid?
Must too this Voyage be in winter made?
Through storms? O, cruel to thy self, and me,
Didst thou not hunt strange Lands, & Scepters sway
By others, if old *Troy* reviv'd should be;
Should *Troy* it self be sought through a tempest'ous sea?

Me fly'st thou? By these tears, and thy right hand,
(Since this is all's now left to wretched me)
By marriages *New* joys, and sacred Band,
If ought I did could meritorious be,
If ever ought of mine were sweet to thee;
Pity our house, which must with my decay
Give early period to its soveraignty;

An

And put, I do beseech thee, far away
This cruel mind, if cruel minds hear them that pray.

For *thee* the *Lybian* Nations me defie,
The Kings of *Scythia* hate me, and my *Tyre*:
For *thee* I lost my shame, and that, whereby
Alone I might unto the Stars expire
The chaster fame which I did once acquire.
To whom my Guest (for Husbands out of date)
Dost thou commit me ready to expire?
Why stay I? Till *Pigmalion* waste my state?
Or on *Jarbas* wheels, a captive Queen, to wait?

Yet if before thou fled'st out of this place
Some child at least I unto thee had born;
If in my Court resembling but thy face,
Some young *Æneas* plaid; I should not mourn
As one so quite deluded, or forelorn.
Here ceased *she*. But *he* whom *Jove* had ty'd
With strict commands, his eys did no way turn,
But stoutly did his grief suppresse, and hide
Under his secret heart. Then thus in short reply'd,

For me, O Queen, I never will deny
But that I owe you more than you can say,
Nor shall I stick to bear in memory
Eliza's name, whilst breath these limbs doth sway;
But to the point. I never did intend
(Pray charge me not with that) to steal away:
And much lesse did I wedlock-bands pretend,
Neither to such a treaty ever condescend.

Would Fates permit me mine own way to take,
And please my self in choosing of a Land,
Ilium out of her ashes I would rake,

And glean my earths sweet reliques, *Troy* should stand
(The vanquisht Troops replanted, by my hand)
And *Priams* Towers again to Heav'n aspire.
But now have I the Oracles command
To seek great *Italy*; The same require
The Destinies. My Country's this; This my desire.

If you of *Tyre* with *Carthage* Towers are took,
Why should our seeking *Latian* fields offend?
May not the *Trojans* too new mansions look?
As oft as night moist shadows doth extend
Over the earth, and golden stars ascend,
My Fathers chiding ghost affrights my sleep:
My son, on whom that Realm is to descend,
And those dear eys do freshly seem to weep;
Complaining that from him his destin'd Crown I keep.

And now *Joves* Son (by both their heads I swear)
Was sent to me, my self the god did see
In open day, and with these ears did hear:
Then vex not with complaints your self and me,
I go against my will to *Italy*.
VVhilst thus he spake, she lookt at him askew,
Rowling her lightning eys continually,
And him from head to foot did silent view,
When, being throughly heat, these thundring words e

Nor Goddess was thy Mother, nor the source
Of thy high blood, renowned *Dardanus*,
But some *Hircanian Tigresse* was thy Nource,
Out of the stony loyns of *Caucasus*
Descended, cruel and perfidious.
For with what hopes should I thy faults yet cover?
Did my tears make thee sigh? Or bend, but thus

Thine eys? Or sadnesse for my grief discover?
Or if thou couldst not love, to pity yet a Lover?

VVhom first accuse I since these Loves began?
Jove is unjust, *Juno* her charge gives o're;
VVhom may a woman trust? I took this man
Homeless, a desp'rate wrack upon my shoar,
And fondly gave him half the Crown I wore:
His Ships re-built, t' his men new lives I lent.
And now the Fates, the Oracles, what more?
(It makes me mad) *Joves* son on purpose sent
rings him forsooth a menace through the Firmament:

if the gods their blisseful rest did break
VVith thinking on thy voyages. But I
Nor stop you, nor confute the words you speak.
Go, chase on rowling billows Realms that fly,
VVith fickle waves uncertain *Italy*.
Some curteous Rock (if Heaven just curses hear)
VVill be revenger of my injury:
VVhen thou perceiving the sad fate draw near,
alt *Dido*, *Dido*, call; who surely will be there.

when cold death shall part with dreary swoon
My soul and flesh; my ghost where-e're thou be,
Shall haunt thee with dim Torch, and light thee down
To thy dark conscience: I'll be Hell to thee,
And this glad news will make Hell Heav'n to me.

re, falling as far from him as she might,
She fainted e're her speech were finished:
Leaving him tossing in his tender spright
VVhat he should say to her, or leave unsed,

Her Maids conveigh her to her Iv'rie bed.
But *good Æneas*, though he fain would prove
To swage her grief, and leave her comforted,
Pierc't to the soul with her so ardent love,
Yet goes to view his Fleet, obedient unto *Jove*.

I, now the *Trojans* fall to work for good,
And hale their Vessels down from all the shoars;
The chalkt Ships are on float, and from the wood
They bring whole Oaks unwrought, and leavy Oars
For hast to fly away.
Through ev'ry Gate they pack and trudge amain:
As when the Emmets sally through earths pores
To sack, for hoard, some barn full stuft with grain,
Remembring barren Winter must return again;

The black troops march, and through the meadows bear
The booty by a narrow path; some hale
The heavie Corns; others bring up the Rear,
And prick them forwards that begun to fail,
The busie Labourers ev'ry path engrail.
VVhat sighs gav'st thou now *Dido*, looking out
From thy high Tower? How did thy fences quail
Seeing the shoars so swarm'd, and round about
Hearing confused shoutings of the *Nautick Rout*?

O tyrant Love, how absolute thou art
In humane breasts? Again she's forc't to fly
To tears and prayers, and bow her prostrate heart
To the subduing passion, glad to try
All cures before the last, which is to die.
Sister, said she, thou seest they all repair
To th'Port: and only for a wind do lie,

Inviting it with Streamers wav'd ith' air:
Had I but fear'd this blow, I ſhould not now deſpair.

Yet try for me this once; For only thee
That perjur'd ſoul adores, to thee will ſhew
His ſecret thoughts: Thou, when his ſeaſons be,
And where the *Man's* acceſſible doſt know.
Go ſiſter, meekly ſpeak to the proud foe.
I was not with the *Greeks* at *Aulis* ſworn
To raze the *Trojan* name, nor did I go,
'Gainſt *Ilium* with my Fleet, neither have torn
Anchiſes aſhes up from his profan'd urn.

VVhy is he deaf to my intreaties? whither
So faſt? It is a Lovers laſt deſire
That he would but forſake me in fair weather,
And a ſafe time. I do not now aſpire
To his broke Wedlock-vow, neither require
He ſhould fair *Latium*, and a Scepter leave:
Poor time I beg, my paſſions to retire,
Truce to my woe; Nor pardon, but Reprieve,
Till griefs, familiar grown, have taught me how to [grieve.

For ſiſterhood, for ſenſe of my diſtreſſe,
Let me this laſt boon, e're I die, obtain.
This *Dido* ſpake. The ſad Ambaſſadreſſe
Carries her tears, and brings them back again.
(As brackiſh tydes poſt from and to the Main)
But not an Ocean of bitter tears
Can alter him, nor will he entertain
The flatt'ring force of words: He only hears [tears.
The Fates, and *Joves* command, which dams up his mild

As an old Oak (but yet not weak with Eld)
Which ſhowers and blaſts to overthrow contend,
It cracks, and (the trunk ſhook) leaves ſtrow the field,
That ſticks in rocks, whoſe roots tow'rds hell deſcend
As far as towards Heav'n the boughs aſcend:
So ſtands the *Heroe*, beat with wind and rain,
His ſtout heart groans, and his affections bend,
Shook with their ſighs; but his reſolves remain
As unremov'd as rocks, tears rowl their waves in vain.

Then doth unhappy *Dido*, given ore
By her laſt hope, deſire to die. The light
Is irkſom to her eys. To confirm more
Her purpoſe to imbrace eternal night,
Placing on th' Incenſe-burning Altars bright
Her gifts, the holy water ſhe beheld
Converted to black ink (portentous ſight!)
And the pour'd wine to roaping blood congeal'd;
This thing to none, not to her ſiſter, ſhe reveal'd.

A Marble Fane too in the houſe ſhe had
Where lay her firſt Lords aſhes, kept among
Her moſt adored Reliques; 'twas with ſad
Dark Yew-tree, and the whiteſt fleeces hung.
Hence in the night ſhe heard her husbands tongue,
Call her, ſhe thought. And oft the boading Owl
Alone on the houſe top harſh dirges ſung,
And with long noats quav'rd a doleful howl,
Beſides old Propheſies, which terrifie her ſoul.

Cruel *Æneas* ev'n her ſleeps torments:
And ſtill ſhe dreams ſhe's wandring all alone
Through a long way with ſteep and dark deſcents,
Calling her *Tyrians* in a Land, where none,

But

But ſome pain'd Ghoſt Eccho's her with a groane.
As when mad *Penthëus* troops of Furies fright,
Who ſees a twofold *Thebes*, and double Sunne:
Or when *Oreſtes* flyes his Mothers ſight, (light.
Hunting his bloody track with Hel-hounds by torch-

Sunke then with grief, poſſeſt with furies, bent
On death, ſhe plots the meanes, and in her Eye
A feign'd hope ſpringing, hiding her intent
Accoſts ſad *Anne*. Partake thy ſiſters Joy,
I've found a way to make him burne as I,
Or turne me cold like him. Neere *Phœbus* ſet
At the lands end doth *Æthiopia* lye,
Where on great *Atlas* necke, the Heav'n thick ſet
With glorious Diamond-ſtarres hangs like a Carkanet.

Of a great Sorcereſſe I have been told
There borne, who did th' *Heſperian* Temple keepe,
The Dragon fed, and ſacred fruit of Gold
Watcht on the tree which ſhe for dew did ſteepe
In Honey, and moiſt Poppy cauſing ſleepe.
Shee undertakes to cure the Love-ſick breaſt,
And whom ſhee liſt to plunge in Love as deepe,
The waters courſe in Rivers to arreſt, (reſt.
And call down ſtars from Heav'n, and cal up ghoſts from

Under her tread thou ſhalt perceive Earth groane,
And Oakes skip from the hills; I ſweare to thee
(Calling the Gods to record, and thine own
Sweet head) that forc't to theſe black Arts I flee.
Thou on ſome Tow'r a ſtack build ſecretly,
Lay on it the mans cloathes, and ſword which lyes
Within, and, that which prov'd a grave to me,

My

My Wedding Bed. So doth the Witch advise,
Ev'n that I blot out all the traytors memories.

This said, grew pale. Yet thinks not *Anne* that shee
With these new Rites her funerall doth shade,
Nor fears such Monsters, or worse extasie
Then at *Sychæus* death; Therefore obay'd.
But *Dido*, a great Pile of wood being made
The place with flowr's and fatal Cypresse crown'd,
Thereon his cloaths and sword bequeathed laid,
His Picture on the Bed, the mystick ground
Known only to her selfe. Altars are placed round.

With haire dispread like a black falling storme,
Th' Inchantress thunders out three hundred names,
Orchus, and *Chaos*, *Hecate*-triforme,
Which Virgin *Dian's* triple-pow'r enseames,
She sprinkled too *Avernus* fabulous streames:
And hearbs were sought for, sprouting forth ripe Bane,
VVith brazen sickles, cropt in the Moones beames,
And puld from new born Colt, that lumpe, which, ta'ne
From the Dams mouth, no love t'her issue doth remain.

Her self in a loose vest, one foot unshod,
With meale in pious hands neer th' Altar drew,
Witnesse ye guilty starres and every God
(Saith she) I'm forc't to dye. Invokes them too
VVho care of Lovers take (if any doe)
Unequally. 'Twas night, and conqu'ring sleepe,
VVith weari'd bodies the whole earth did strew:
VVhen woods are quiet, and the cruell deep (keep,
When stars are half way down, when field: stil silence

And

And beasts and painted Birds, which liquid Springs
Inhabit, or which bushy Lands containe,
Nuzling their cares beneath sleepes downy wings,
Do bury the past dayes forgotten paine;
All but the hapleſſe Queen, ſhe doth refraine
From reſt, nor takes it at her eyes or heart.
After long ſeeming dead, Love roſe againe
And fought with wrath, as when two Tydes do thwart,
Whilſt thus her big thoughts toll & wallow to each part.

What ſhall I do? ſhall I a ſuiter be
To my old ſuitors, ſcorned by the new,
And wooe thoſe Kings ſo oft deſpis'd by me?
What then? ſhall I the *Ilian* Fleet purſue,
And ſhare all this mans fates? Yes, he doth ſhew
Such ſence of my firſt aides: Or ſay I wou'd,
Whom he hath mockt, will not his proud ſhips tro
Reject? Ah foole, by whom the perjur'd brood
Of falſe *Laomedon* is not yet underſtood!

Grant they'd admit me, ſhall I flye alone
With Mariners? Or chace him with the power
Oth' emptyed Towne, and ſervants of mine own,
And whom I ſcare from *Tyre* by the rout ſo tore,
Compell to plough the horrid Seas once more?
No, dye as thou deſerv'ſt, cure woes with woe,
Thou ſater, firſt, when I my teates did ſhowre
To quench theſe riſing flames, thou didſt them blow,
And out of cruel pity ſoldſt me to the Foe.

Why might not I (alas) have mourn'd a widdy
My widdow'd youth as well as Turtles do
Nor twice have made my ſelf misfortunes prey,
Or to *Sichæus* aſhes prov'd untrue?

Theſe

These words with sighs out of her bosome flew.
Æneas slept aboord, all things prepared,
To whom again *Joves* sonne with the same hiew
Divine, so silver-voyc'd, so golden hayr'd,
So straight and lovely shap't, thus rowsing him appear'd.

O Goddesse born, now dost thou sleepe? nor know
How many dangers watch to compasse thee?
Nor hear this good wind whispering thee to go?
Purpos'd to dye, great plots and dire broods she,
Who boyles with rage like a high going Sea.
Flye whilst thou mist flye. If the morning finde
Thee napping here, the Sea will cover'd be
With Ships, the shoare with flames: Fly with the wind,
Trust that, but do not trust a womans fickle mind.

This said, he mixt himself with night: But then
Æneas at these visions sore agast,
Starts out of sleepe, and cryes, up, up, O men,
Hoyse up your Sayles, flye to your Oares, row fast;
Behold a God from Heav'n again bids haste,
Cutting the wreathed Cable. O, who ere
We follow thee, obey'd as late thou wast
Most gladly. Aide what thou commandst, and steere
With prosp'rous stars bespoke as thou fly'st through (their sphere.

This said, whipt out his Lightning Sword, and strooke
The fastning ropes. Like zeale his patterne bred
In all. They snatcht, they ran, the shoares forsook,
Their Sayles like wings over the waves were spread;
They comb'd with Oares gray *Neptunes* curled head.
And now *Aurora* scattered rosie light
Upon the Earth from *Tythons* purple bed,

Whom

VVhom *Dido*, having scouted all the night, (white.
Discover'd from the Watch-Tower by her Ensignes

Seeing the Fleet sail smoothly on, she knocks
Three or four times her breast of Ivorie,
And tearing piteously her amber Locks;
O *Jove*, but shall he then be gone, said she,
And shall a stranger mock my Realm and me?
Shall not my powers pursue him from the shoar,
And my tall Galleys man'd out instantly?
Arm, Arm, ye men of *Tyre*, bring fire-balls store,
Hoise in a trice the sails, tug stoutly at the Oar.

What talk I? or, where am I? do I rave?
Poor *Dido*, now you see his heart; before
Could you not see it, when your Crown you gave
To his dispose? Behold the faith he swore
Who sav'd his gods, and his old Father bore?
I'll strow him on the waves, his men first kill'd,
And spitted upon swords, and sawc't in gore,
Ascanius to him his last meal shall yield,
The Fathers yearning bowels with his bowels fill'd.

But this would be a doubtful battel. Be't,
What should she fear whose wishes are to die?
I will blow up the Hatches, burn the Fleet,
Son, Sire, and Nation in one Bon-fire fry,
And my self last to crown the Tragedie.
O *Sol*, the Index of whose purging light,
Doth all the works of skilful Nature try;
And *Juno*, cause of this my woful plight, [night.
And *Proserpine*, cry'd through the Towns in dead of

And you revenging pow'rs, Gods which pertain
To dying *Dido*; All of you incline
Your Deities to this my prayer; both deign
Gently to hear, and lend me your divine
Assistance, due to such high wrongs as mine.
If one so clog'd with perjuries as he,
Must needs attain the Port he doth design,
And swim to shoar, because his Destinie
So wills, and such is *Joves* immutable decree:

Yet vext b' a warlike people, forc't to flie,
Torn and divorc't from his dear sons imbrace,
Let him beg forraign aid, see his men die
For crimes not theirs: And let him, when a peace
Shall be concluded by him with disgrace,
Enjoy nor Crown, nor life (then seeming good)
But be cut off in middle of his race,
And un-interr'd float on the restless Flood:
Thus pray I, these last words I pour out with my blood.

Then you, O *Tyrians*, breed your children in
Successive hate, so shall my wrong'd ghost rest;
Let peace or faith with these be held a sin,
Some one of ours with fire and sword infest,
The proud *Æneiades* where-e're they nest, [drive;
And through the world once more the stragglers
Now or hereafter, when your strength serves best;
Be shoars oppos'd to shoars, let our tydes strive
With theirs, and our late sons keep endlesse war alive.

This said, she cast to flie days loathed beams,
And calls *Sichæus* Nurse (her own was dead.)
Good Nurse, go bid my sister, dasht with streams,
Come straight, and bring the beasts I ordered

For

For Sacrifice: Do thou too bind thy head
With holy Fillet, I will consummate
Rites well begun, to *Dis*, and fire the Bed
Where the mans Portraict's laid, t' annihilate
All care; so she did gallop at an old wives rate.

But *Dido*, fearing what she wisht, sad doom,
Rowling her blood-shot eys, and in her face,
The paleness of the death which was to come,
With trembling spors, rusht to that secret place,
And climbing the high Pile with furious pace,
The Dardan Sword, not therefore given, unsheath'd,
Spying the cloathes, and well-known bed, a space
She paws'd, till some few tears she had bequeath'd,
And leaning on that bed her latest speech she breath'd.

Sweet pledges, whilst the Fates and *Jove* so will'd,
Receive this soul, and free me from this woe,
I liv'd and my good Fortunes circle fill'd:
And now my great Ghost to *Elizium* go,
I built a famous City, saw it grow
To the perfection which it boasts this day;
Reveng'd my Husband on his brother-foe:
My too much happiness had lackt allay,
If *Ilium's* wandring Fleet had never past this way.

Then groveling on the bed, but shall I die,
And not reveng'd? Yes, die; what, so present
My self to *Dis*? Even so. Drink with thine eye
Fierce *Trojan* this flames Comet-like portent,
And let my death bode thee a dire event.
Here her Maids saw her with spread hands fall down
Upon the reeking blade; A shrill cry went

To

To the high roofs, and through th' astonisht town,
Swift as a thunder-bolt the raging news was blown.

With sighs, laments, shrieks, and a female yell
Earth sounds, and Heavens high battlements resound,
As if, the foe let in, all *Carthage* fell,
Or mother walls of *Tyre* were brought to ground,
And Fanes and Houses one flame did confound.
Her frighted sister hears the baleful noise;
She thumps her bosome, and with nails doth wound
Her face, distracted through the presse she flies,
And *Dido*, *Dido*, O my sister *Dido*, cries.

Was *this* the businesse? wouldst thou cozen me?
Those fires, piles, Altars, hid they this beneath?
Scorndst thou in Fate thy sisters company?
I might have been invited to thy death,
One Sword, & one hour should have reft our breath.
Must I too build the Pile, and heaven invoke
For this? Thy cruel hand extinguisheth
Thy self, and me, Senate and common folk, [stroke.
And thy new-raised town, with one all-murth'ring

Tears bathe her wounds, suck her last breath my lips,
If any about hers yet hov'ring stays.
This said, she passes the high stairs, and clips
Her half-dead sister, whom she fostring lays
To her warm breasts, and as the breath decays,
Sighs new, the gore-blood with her garment dry'd.
She, striving her eys heavy lids to raise,
Fainted again, her wounds mouth gaping wide, [side.
Vents by a nearer way her hearts groans through her

Thrice

Thrice on her arm ſhe did her body ſtay,
Thrice tumbled backward, and with rowling eyes
Groapt for, and ſigh'd to find, the glaring day.
Then *Juno* pitying her long Agonies,
And pangs of Death, ſent *Iris* from the Skies,
Her wreſtling ſoul from twiſting limbs t' untwine.
For ſince of age nor maladie ſhe dies,
But by deſpair nipt earlie, *Proſerpine*
Had not yet cut her hair, and ſaid, *This head is mine.*

So *Iris* her great Miſtris will obeyes,
Deſcending to the Earth immediatelie
On curious wings, which the Suns oblique rayes
With water-colours, painted variouſlie:
And ſtanding right over her head (ſaid ſhe)
As I am bid, theſe vowed locks I bear
To Hells black Prince, and do pronounce thee free
From bodies bonds. This ſaid, cut off her hair,
Heat left her, and th' uncaged Soul flew through the Air.

FINIS.

Lib. 10. Epigr. 47.

Ad Julium Martialem.

Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem,
Jucundissime Martialis, hæc sunt:
Res non parta labore sed relicta;
Non ingratus ager; focus perennis:
Lis nunquam; toga rara; mens quieta;
Vires ingenuæ; salubre corpus;
Prudens simplicitas; pares amici;
Convictus facilis; sine arte mensa;
Nox non ebria, sed soluta curis;
Non tristis torus & tamen pudicus;
Somnus qui faciat breves tenebras;
Quod sis, esse velis, nihilque malis:
Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes.

A HAPPY LIFE

Out of MARTIALL.

THE things that makes a life to pleaſe
(Sweeteſt *Martiall*) they are theſe:
Eſtate *inherited*, not *got*:
A *thankful* Field, *Hearth* alwayes hot:
City *ſeldom*, Law-ſuits *never*:
Equal Friends agreeing *ever*:
Health of *Body*, *Peace* of *Mind*:
Sleeps that till the Morning bind:
Wiſe Simplicitie, *Plain* Fare:
Not *drunken* Nights, yet *loos'd* from *Care*:
A *Sober*, not a *ſullen* Spouſe:
Clean ſtrength, not ſuch as *his* that Plows:
Wiſh onlie what thou *art*, to *be*;
Death neither *wiſh*, nor *fear* to *ſee*.

On the EARLE of *STRAFFORDS* Tryal.

THE Earle yet made a gallant ſtand, to be
Judg'd by *one* Kingdom, and *arraign'd* by *three*.
He might have fled at firſt, or made his skreen
A Royal Maſter, or a Gracious Queen;
But this had been the *Touch-ſtone* to decline,
T' ingage in Mortals Quarrels, Powers Divine.
As artleſs Poets *Jove* or *Juno* uſe,
To play the Midwife to their labouring Muſe.
No he affects a labour'd Scene, and not
To *cut*, but to *untye* the Gordian knot.
Then if 'twill prove no *Comedy*, at leaſt
To make it of all *Tragedies* the beſt.
And that hee'l do, I know not what paſt fact,
May ſpeak him leſs, but for his lifes *laſt act*,
Times ſhall admiring read it, and *this age*,
Though now it *hiſs*, *claps* when he leaves the Stage;
So *ſtand* or *fall*, none *ſtood* ſo, or ſo *fell*:
This far fam'd *Tryal* hath no paralell.

But if 'th *Senate*, *Cæſar* had been *try'd*,
As he was *ſtab'd*, whilſt with their hands faſt ty'd,
The Armies had lookt on, and left *the Cauſe*
Of *Rome* to *Tully* only, and the *Laws*,
Thus had great *Julius* ſpoke, and lookt; diſtill'd
Pharſalia, *Munda Thapſus* hard-fought Field

All

All into Speeches; and free *Cato* mov'd,
Though he could never fear): yet then t' have *lov'd*,
And *pitied* him: For mixt of *Peace* and *War*,
He was a *Souldier* and an *Orator*.

A *Cæsar*? or a *Strafford*? *He* resolv'd,
To abide no *tryal*: *This*, to be *absolv'd*,
Or *dye*. Herein more like to *Otho* far,
Who gave his blood to quench a' *Civil War*.

Nor shall he die, unless these broyles t' assuage
Yet *more Civil War* himself shall wage,
Turn (what he us'd so well for his defence)
Against *himself*, his conquering *Eloquence*.
Spend his whole stock of favour too, to bring
To the *Three Kingdoms*, a *fourth* Power, *the King*:
Fourth Estate add to the *Parliament*:
And to the *Royal* give his *own assent*.

So fell great *Rome* her self, oppress at length
By the united *Worlds*, and her *own* strength.

The Earls pathetical Letter to the King, which is to be seen in Print, wherein he begs of His Majesty, to pass the Bill for his death, to quiet the Kingdoms.

TWO ODES
OUT OF
Horace,
Relating unto the
Civil Wars of ROME.

Againſt Covetous Rich Men,

Carm. lib. 3. Ode 24.

THough richer than unpoll'd
Arabian wealth, and *Indian* Gold,
Thou with thy works ſhouldſt drain.
The *Tyrrhene* and whole Pontick Main;
Thou couldſt not, when death layes
On *thee* his Adamadtine Mace,
Thy *Mind* from *terror* free,
Nor *Body* from *Mortality*.
Wiſer the *Scythians*,
Whoſe Houſes run on wheels like Wayns,

And frozen Getes, whose field
Unbounded doth free *Ceres* yield:
Nor is't the custom there,
To sowe a Land above a year;
And when that Crop is born,
The rest relieve it each by turn.
There women mingle not,
For Son-in-Laws a poyson'd pot;
Nor *Govern*: on their Dow'r
Presuming, or Adulterers pow'r.
Their Dow'rs *To be well bred*:
And *Chastity* flying the bed
Of others, their own trust
Perswading, and the price of Lust.
Oh! he that would asswage
Our bloodshed and intestine rage;
If he would written have,
His Countries Father on his Grave;
Let him not fear t' oppose
Unbridled Licence to the Nose:
So shall he gain great praise
In after times; since (woe the dayes!)
We envie living worth,
But miss it when 'tis laid in Earth;
For what do our Laws stand,
If punishment weed not the Land?
What serves vain Preaching for,
Which cannot cure our Lives? If nor
Those Lands which flames imbrace;
Nor where the Neighb'ring *Boreas*,
Shuts up the Ports with cold,
And snows fast nayl'd to the free-hold,
The Mariner repell?
If craftie Merchants learn to quell

The horridst Seas? the fear
Of that crime (*Wam*) making them bear,
And do all things, and balk
Severer vertues narrow walk.
Would Heaven wee'd carrie all
Our wealth into the Capital!
O in the next Sea duck
Our Jewels and pernicious muck,
Fuel of all that's naught!
If we repent us as we ought,
Strike at the root of ills;
And mould we our too plyant wills
To rougher Arts: the Child
Of Noble Linage cannot wield
A bounding Horse of War,
Nay fears to him more skill'd by far,
To stride off the Greek bowle,
Or the forbidden Dice to trowle,
The whilst his perjur'd Father
Deceives his Partners trust, to gather
For one that hath no wit.
So ill got wealth grows fast, and yet
Something still short doth come,
To make it up *An even Sum.*

TO THE

PEOPLE of *ROME*,

Epod. 16.

Commiserating the Common-wealth, in respect of the Civil Wars.

NOW Civil Wars a second Age consume,
And *Romes* own Sword destroyes poor *Rome*
What neither neighbouring *Marsians* could devour,
Nor fear'd *Porsenas* Thuscan Pow'r;
Nor *Capua*'s Rival Valour, Mutinies
Of *Bond-slaves*, Treacherie of *Allies*;
Nor *Germany* (blew-ey'd *Bellona*'s Nurse)
Nor *Hannibal* (the Mothers curse)
We (a blood-thirstie age) our selves deface,
And Wolves shall repossess this place.
The barb'rous Foe will trample on our dead,
The steel-shod Horse our Courts will tread;
And *Romulus* dust (clos'd in religious Urne
From Sun and tempest) proudlie spurn.
All, or the founder part, perchance would know,
How to avoid this *coming blow*.

'Twere

'Twere best I think (like to the *Phoceans*,
Who left their execrated Lands,
And Houses, and the Houses of their gods,
To Wolves and Bears for their abodes;)
T' abandon all, and go where our *feet*
Bear us by *Land*, by *Sea* our *Fleet*.
Can any man better advice afford?
If not, in name of Heav'n *Aboard!*
But you must swear first to return again,
When loosned Rocks float on the Main,
And be content to see your Mother-Town,
When *Betis* washes the Alpes Crown;
Or *Appennine* into the Ocean flies,
Or new Lust weds Antipathies,
Making the Hind stoop to the Tygers Love,
The ravenous Kite Cuckold the Dove;
And credulous Herds, t' affect the Lyons side,
And Goats the salt Sea to abide.
This, and what else may stop our wisht return,
When all, or the good part have sworn,
Fly hence! Let *him* whose smooth and unfledg'd breast
Misgives him, keep the rifled neast.
You that are men, unmanly grief give o're,
And sail along the Thuscan shore,
To the wide Ocean. Let us seek those Illes
Which swim in plenty, the bleit soyles;
Where the Earths Virgin-womb plow'd is fruitful,
And the unproyned *Vine* still youthful;
The *Olive Tree* makes no abortion there,
And *Figgs* hang dangling in the Aire,
Honey distills from Oaks, and *Water* hops
With creaking feet from Mountain tops.
The gen'rous Goats without the *Milk-maids* call,
Of their full baggs are prodigall.

No

No Evening VVolf with hoarse Alarms wakes
The flocks; nor breeds the up-land Snakes.
And farther (to invite us) the plump grain,
Is neither drunk with too much rain,
Nor yet for want of moderate watring dry:
Such the blest *temper* of the Sky.
Never did *Paris* to those Islands guide
His Piran-ship, and whorish Bride.
Sydonian *Cadmus* never toucht these shoars,
Nor false *Ulysses* weary Oars.
No mutrain rots the *Sheep*, no star doth scorch
The *Cattel* with his burning Torch.
VVhen *Jove* with brass the golden-age infected,
These Isles he for the pure extracted.
Now Iron raigns, I like a statue stand,
To point *Good Men* to a *Good Land*.

A Summary Discourse of the Civil Wars of Rome, extracted out of the best Latine Writers in Prose and Verse

To the Prince His Highness, upon occasion of the preceding Odes.

Most excellent Prince,

WHen, by the subversion of *Carthage*, *Rome* had lost her two spurs, *Emulation* and *Fear*, she sunk presently in her vertue, I mean all her vertues, except her Fortitude; there was but too much of that left still to do her self mischief withall; Yet, upon no unreasonable presumption that this also might languish with her much ease, and dissolving her self in pleasures, an *insurrection* there was in the neighbouring Province of *Spain*; but this *abroad*, though manag'd with so contrary fortune to the *Romans*, that two of her Generals, one after another, were forced to condescend to most dishonourable *Pacifications*, would have done her little hurt, had it not been the accidental occasion of those Factions and Divisions *at home* that were not so easily extinguished, as either the *Fire-brand* that kindled them (*Ti Gracchus* the Tribune) by *Scipio Nasica*, or as the occasion it self (the potent City of *Numancia*) was by that other *Scipio*, who had done as much before to *Carthage*, of which unhappy *Divisions*, thus *Paterculus*.

To Gracchus.

Hoc

Hoc initium in urbe Roma civilis sanguinis, gladiorumque impunitatis fuit, &c. Paterc. Franc. impref. p. 18.

This was the beginning of Civil War, and impunity of Swords in the City of Rome, *thenceforth Might overcame Right, and the most powerful was held the best man, and the discords of the Citizens, used to be healed by* Accommodations, *were decided by the* Sword; *and Wars were entred into, not for the* Cause; *but according to the* Pay: *which is not to be wondred at, for examples do not stop where they began, but though they* get in *at a* little cranny, *make themselves a* wide breach *to* come out *at. And when once the* Rule *is forsaken, we run amain down the hill, nor doth any man think that* dishoneſt *in* him, *which hath been* profitable *to* another.

In pursuance of this fury, about ten years after, *Caius Gracchus* stept into *action* (as the *Iriſh* call it) to play the second part of his *Brother*; *equal* in *vertues*, *equal* in *error*, *equal* in *puniſhment*, in *wit* and *eloquence* far *ſuperiour*; of both which brothers it is ſaid, that if any moderate things could have contented them, they might have had thoſe *Honours caſt upon them* in a *quiet State*, which they *fiſht for* in a *troubled*. The next that came upon the Stage *from contrary doors*, were *Cynna* and *Marius*, theſe were rough Gameſters (it was now grown paſt the power of the Pulpit (though from thence the firſt fire was flung abroad) to do either good or harm in the matter) originally they had been of *oppoſite Factions*, but being *expelled* the City for *ſeveral cauſes*, they united their Forces to *enter* it (as they did immediately one after the other) upon a *joint deſign*, to feaſt there at once their *ſpleen* and *avarice*, the latter of which was by them then made *the vice of the times*. C. Gracchus. *Cynna* and *Marius*.

Of

Pat p.32. *Omnia erant præcipitia in repub. nec tamen adhuc quisquam inveniebatur, &c.*

All things were in extream in the Commonwealth, nither yet was any man found, that either durst give, *or had the face to* ask *the goods of a Roman Citizen; afterwards that also was added, that* Covetousness *should minister fuel to* Cruelty, *and that the proportion of mens* offences *should rise to the proportion of their* money, *so that whosoever was* rich, *should consequently be guilty, and every one become the price of his own danger, nor any thing seem dishonest that was gainful.*

Sylla. By this means *the Game* play'd it self alone into the hands of *Sylla*, who having begun *a Set* with *Marius* some years before, and left it off when he had much the better of it, to prosecute a forreign War in *Asia*, and having been never to be withdrawn from that, to play out his first game, and mingle in the *Civil broyles*, until he had happily finished the *Forreign War*, found the hearts of men thereby, (whether as an argument of the *goodness*, or of the *greatness* of his mind) wonderfully prepared to receive him, whom they now look upon.

Pat. p. 34. *Non ut Belli vindicem, sed Pacis Autorem.*

Not as a *part of the War*, but as an *Author of Peace.*

Being himself a *Nobleman*, and the favourite of the *Common-people.* Which opinion of him, his quiet March, with a singular care of the Fruits, Corn, Men and Cities, and his endeavour to *compose* things by *just Laws* and *equal conditions*, looking with *one eye* upon *the Nobility*, and with *the other eye* upon the Commonalty, did exceedingly confirm.

Crescebat

Crescebat interim indies Sulla exercitus,
Confluentibus ad eum optimo quoq; & saniſſimo. Ibid.

By which means the Army of Sylla increaſed daily, through the confluence of the beſt and ſoundeſt-hearted men unto him.

But *He*, who was never *unhappy* till he aſſumed the ſirname of *Happy*, that is, till he had overcome.

Ex ſucceſſu animum ſumens, Pat. p. 28.
(Changing his mind upon ſucceſs.)

Began to exerciſe thoſe execrable *cruelties* and *oppreſſions* which are not to be paralell'd in any ſtory either before or ſince that time for the greatneſs and generality of them; his new invented horror of *proſcriptions*, not diſtinguiſhing betwixt *turbulent* and *quiet* ſpirits, nor ſcarcely betwixt *friend* and *enemy*; which if he could have forborn, and *managed* his unlimited power with the ſame Arts of *Moderation* by which he *got* it, he might have both *kept* it to himſelf, and alſo have *out off* a long tail of miſchiefs that were to come on his Countrey.

Videbantur finita Belli civilis mala, cum Sulla crude- Pat. p. 35.
liſate cuncta ſunt.
The miſchiefs of Civil War ſeem'd ended, when by the cruelty of Sylla *they were increaſed.*

If Your Highneſs demand the iſſue; this was *too hot to hold*: his power *burnt his fingers*, and he was glad of himſelf to let it go, finding it more ſafe to live a *private man*, and diſarm'd amongſt thoſe very men whom he had ſo highly provoked (obliging them now with that volun-

voluntary Resignation of his exorbitant power) than with it to go on ſtill hated and fear'd in the midſt of his Legions.

For brevity ſake, I skip over that which they call'd *Bellum Italicum*, as an external *Aſſociation*; that of the Bond-ſlaves, as *a Mutiny*, and that of *Cataline*, as a *Conſpiracy*; rather than properly *Civil Wars*: and come to what is of a piece with the former.

Cæſar and Pompey. Amongſt the *proſcribed* of *Sylla* was *Julius Cæſar*, then very yonng, who eſcaped that *Inquiſition* to act afterwards the longeſt and greateſt part in the *Tragedy* of theſe *Civil Wars* againſt *Pompey* and his *Sons*. The *Father* and *he* were *at daggers drawing* long before they came to *blows*; for notwithſtanding that there was *ambition* enough *in the beſt of them* to have engaged them ſooner: *The one not enduring an equal, nor the other a ſuperiour*; yet *the worſt of them* had *love* and *piety* enough *to his Countrey*, and *good nature* enough to his *Ally*, at leaſt whilſt the Bond laſted (they were *Father* and *Son-in-law*) to come unwillingly to that work: To which may be added, that though *both* were enough *conſcious*, and *confident* too enough; of their own *valor* and *conduct*, yet *neither* of them found any thing to deſpiſe in his *Adverſary*: Eut,

Pat. p 52. *Cum juſtiſſimus quiſquis & à Cæſare, & à Pompeio vellet dimitti exercitus.*

When every good man would have had both Cæſar and Pompey to have disbanded their Armies.

Ibid. *Curio.* *C. Curio tribunis pl. ſubjecit facem, vir, &c.*

C.

C. Curio a Tribune of the people gave fire, a man, &c. Describing a third *Gracchus*. *Ad ultimum ſaluberrimas & coaleſcentis conditiones pacis, quas & Cæſar juſtiſſimo animo poſtulabat, & Pompeius æquo recipiebat, diſcuſſit, ac rupit unicè cavente Cicerone concordiæ publicæ.* Ibid.

In fine, Thoſe moſt wholſome and healing conditions of Peace, which both Cœſar *juſtlie* demanded, *and* Pompey *as* fairly entertained, *this* Curio *ſhook in pieces, and broke off, not a man, but* Cicero, *labouring for* Peace.

* Hor. Carm. lib. 1 Ode 14. To the Commonwealth renewing the Civil War.

The concluſion of this VVar is ſufficientlie known, having crown'd *Cæſar* with that abſolute Victory, which *he* uſing with a clemency and moderation, that *Sylla* could not light on, made *Rome* for a time very happy, and the name of *Cæſar* to this day an *Imperial Title*; although it is true that he miſcarried in *his own perſon*, by the conſpiracy of a few men, ſome out of a *good* intention, and ſome out of a *bad*, when the *people* in general were now at the laſt infinitelie ſatisfied with his Government, which opened the ſluces to a new *Civil War*. This was the Conjuncture in which *Horace* (living in that Age) thought it high time for him, and all that lov'd their Countrey, to cry, *Fire, fire*, and bring every one his Bucket to quench it.

(1) *O navis referent in mare te novi fluctus.*
(2) *O quid agis.*
(3) Fortiter occupa Portum.
(4) *Nonne vides ut nudum remig olatus?*
(5) *Et malus celeri ſaucius Africo.*
(6) *Antennæq; gemant?*

(1) *What again to Sea* (quoth he in his allegorical alluſion, to a ſhip newlie eſcaped from wrack?) *what a Gods name doſt thou mean?* (art thou mad?) (3) *Hug thy port* (make much of the peace thou enjoyeſt) (4) *Doſt not thou ſee how thy Oarmen are waſht from the Decks* (the number of thy Souldiers impaired?) (5) *Thy Main-maſt ſpent* (Great *Pompey* ſlain?) (6) *Thy Top-ſail*

(7) *Ac ſine funibus vix durare Carinæ poſſint impetuoſius Æquor, &c.*

(8) *Quamvis Pontica pinus, &c.*

(9) *Tu niſi ventis debes Ludibrium cave, &c.*

(10) *Interfuſa nitentes vites æquora Cycladas.*

Brutus and *Caſſius.*

Top-ſail ſhot down (*Caſar* himſelf ſtab'd) (7) *And that without Ropes* (without money, the nerves of War) *Thou canſt not poſſibly live in ſo high a Sea?* with more to the ſame purpoſe: And wilt thou that art a *Marchant-man*, drawing unto *thee* alone the Trade and wealth of the whole World, turn *Man of War* again, to rob upon thy *own Coaſt?* (8) *Be not, be not over-confident of the thickneſs of thy ſides* (thy walls or frontiers) *to bear out all ſtorms.* (9) *If thou haſt not a longing to be made a Tennis-ball to the winds* (if thou haſt not a mind neighbouring Nations ſhould laugh at thee, if the Devil do not owe thee a ſhame) *take heed,* (10) *take heed how thou embayeſt:* But all this will not ſerve the turn, *Embayed* they are, and *embarqu'd* in a *New Civil War*: *Brutus* and *Caſſius* againſt *Octavius* and *Anthony*; which makes the Poet now *deſpair of the fortune of the Common-wealth* to that degree as to think of nothing but going to a *Plantation* in the ſecond of the foregoing Odes; for why?

Horat. *Ruſticus expectat dum deſluat amnis, at ille,*
Labitur & Labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

It was his own deſcription of *a fool that ſtood gaping by a River ſide, to ſee when the water would be all run out.* And *he* having ſeen and read how many Ages theſe miſerable Wars had laſted (with ſome Holy-dayes between) and how many fair *opportunities* and *overtures* which promiſed an end to their calamities, (eſpecially this laſt) had proved ineffectual, reſolved he would not prove ſuch another fool himſelf. Yet though this War went on, and being determined by the Battel at *Philippi*, another as diſmal ſprang out of the aſhes of it, between the Victors themſelves; this ſame

deſpairing

deſpairing *Horace* did live to ſee, and particularly to enjoy, other very different *times*, when the Common-wealth, after the defeat of *Mark Anthony* at the Battel of *Actium*, *being now quite tyred out with Civil Wars, ſubmitted her ſelf to the juſt and peaceful Scepter of the moſt Noble* Auguſtus.

Anthony. Tacit. p. 1. Qui cuncta diſcordiis civilibus feſſa nomine principis ſub imperium accepit. *Auguſtus.* Virg. Æneid. lib. 6. in the perſon of *Anchiſes* Ghoſt, ſhewing *Æneas* his future progeny.

Hic vir, hic eſt, tibi quem promitti ſæpius audis,
Auguſtus Cæſar, divum genus, aurea condet
Sæcula, qui rurſus Latio, regnata per arva
Saturno quondam, ſuper & Garamantas & Indos
Proferet imperium; jacet extra ſidera Tellus,
Extra anni, ſolisque vias, ubi Cœlifer Atlas
Axem humero totque ſtellis ardentibus aptum
Hujus in adventum jam nunc & Caſpia Regna
Reſponſis horrent divum, & Mæotica tellus,
Et ſeptem-Gemini turbant trepida oſtia Nili.
Nec vero Alcides tantum telluris obivit,
Fixerit Eripidem cervam licet, aut Erymanthi
Placarit nemora, & Lernam tremeſeceret arcu:
Nec qui Pampineis Victor juga flectit habenis,
Liber agens celſo Nyſæ de vertice Tigres.

This is that man of men Auguſtus, *he*
Whom (ſprung from Heaven) Heaven oft hath promis'd
That man that ſhall to Italy *reſtore* (*thee,*
The Golden Age *which* Saturn *gave before,*
And to the Parthians *and the* Ind's *extend*
His ſpacious Empire. At the Worlds fag-end,

Beyond the Ocean, and the ſtars beyond,
Out of the Stars and the Suns way, a Land
Doth lie, where Heav'n on Atlas *neck, thick ſet*
With Diamond ſtars, hangs like a Carkanet:
For fear of Him *the* Caſpian *fanes reſound*
With horrid Oracles; the Pharian *ground,*
And ſeven-fold Nile *now hides his frighted head,*
Nor Hercules *ſo many ſtrands did tread,*
Although the Erymanthian Boar he ſlew,
The braſs-hoov'd Stagge, and Lerna's *Monſter too;*
Nor Bacchus, *who deſcending* Nyſa *checks,*
With Vine-leaf-reins triumphing Tygers necks.

I muſt confeſs *Sir*, I am now where I would be, and from whence I would not be removed a great while, but for troubling Your Highneſs with unmannerly length; for this *Mirror of Princes* I have above all others ever admired, not for his great *Victories* at home or abroad, (theſe in themſelves had been but *ſplendid Robberies*) but for *this*, that he directed all his *ſtudies* and *actions* to *uſe*, and not to *oſtentation* and *glory*; nor to his *own* uſe, but to the uſe and benefit of *Mankind*, whom it was more his Ambition to *civilize* and *make happy*, than to *ſubject* them to his Authority. Hence it was, that when he could have been eaſily *the Prince of Roman Eloquence*, he affected a *plain ſtile*, both in ſpeaking and writing, *and ſuch as became a Prince*. Hence, that when he could have reach't the top of *Military Glory*, yet contenting himſelf with ſo much *Souldiery* as was ſufficient to aſſert his ſucceſſion to the Empire againſt *his Fathers Conſpirators*, and to tye the hands of *a potent mad people*, from doing farther miſchief to them-

themselves (for most of his forreign conquests he made by his Lieutenants) he chose to be *inferiour to Julius only* in *Martial Arts*, that *he only* might be *Superiour to Julius* in *Civil*. And *hence* it was, that he was heard often to deride the pride and folly of *Alexander the Great*, for enquiring after other Worlds to conquer, and such like expressions; as if it were not more honor and content to a truly great mind to *govern one*, or a little part of one well, and to the felicity and content of the Subjects, than to *subdue a hundred*. How dextrously and successfully *he* for his particular acted this part, having been but toucht upon in one word by *Virgill*, I must borrow prose to explain:

Nihil deinde optare à diis homines vihil, &c. Pat. p. 79.

Thenceforth there was nothing that men could desire from the gods, nothing that the gods can bestow upon men; nothing that can be conceived by our wishes, nothing that can be consummated with happiness, which Augustus, (after his return to the City) *did not bring to the people of* Rome, *and to the whole World. In the* 20. *year the Civil Wars were ended, forreign buried, the fury of Arms everywhere laid asleep; Force restored to the Laws, Authority to the Judges, Majesty to the Senate; the power of the Magistrate reduced to the former channel (only to the eight Pretors, two more added) the old and ancient forms of Government recalled; Culture returned to the Fields, Honour to things and persons sacred, security to mens persons, to every one a certain possession of his Estate, Laws profitably amended, wholsomly made; Election of Senators without rigidness, not without gravity; Persons of Quality, and such as had been honoured with Trimphs, and gone through eminent Commands, by the Prince himself were invited to be Ornaments to the City.* The publick happiness under *Augustus*.

When I reflect upon all these things, methinks that Character which the same *Virgil* bestows a little after upon the *Roman Nation* in general, would have better *fitted*, and perchance also better *pleased Augustus*, than the former, as most insisting upon that excellency wherein he valued himself *most*.

Vir. Æne. lib. 6.

Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,
Credo equidem: Vivos ducent de Marmore vultus,
Orabunt causas melius, cælique meatus
Describent radio, & surgentia sidera dicent.
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
(Hæ tibi erunt artes) pacique imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis, & debellare superbos.

Which I paraphrase to Your Highness thus:

Others may breathing Mettals softer grave,
Plead Causes better, and poor Clients save
From their Oppressors: With an Instrument
They may mete out the spacious Firmament,
And count the rising Stars with greater skill,
Rein the proud Steed, and break him of his will.
Better their Sword, *and better use their Pen.*
Breton remember thou to govern men,
(Be this thy trade) And to establish Peace,
To spare the humble, and the proud depress.

The Prince of Peace protect Your Highness most excellent life.

FINIS.